

'Tis The Season

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'Tis The Season

by [kkmbrly7](#)

Summary

Punz: Look at this shit.

There was a link attached showing a preview to an advent calendar on Amazon. Sapnap clicked on it. The image of a box with the title ‘The Advent Calendar For Two Friends That Have Too Much Sexual Tension’. He blinked slowly and swiped back to his messages with Punz to read the last message.

Punz: It’s fucking funny.

Sapnap: I know two people that would be fucking great for.

Punz: Gag gift?

Sapnap: Hell fucking yeah. Maybe they will stop third wheeling me all the time.

Or a story about three idiots falling in love with poor communication and probably too much sex.

Notes

Guys.... I'm not actually done writing it but I want to start posting so you all get to suffer the consequences of my inability to wait...

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

November

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

November 19th:

Sapnap's phone pinged obnoxiously from next to his head where he had let it fall before going to sleep. Sleepily he decided to ignore it, not wanting to wake up and deal with his two roommates yet. When it pinged twice more he groaned and rolled over to grab it. Whoever was starting to blow up his phone better have a good fucking reason for it.

There on his lock screen was the notification for three text messages from Punz. He sighed heavily and opened his phone, praying Punz wanted to go get coffee or something and it wasn't just some silly memes. He rubbed his eye with one hand and slid the screen up with an uncoordinated thumb.

Slowly he navigated to the messages and forced his eyes to focus on the white text surrounded by the gray message bubble.

Punz: Look at this shit.

There was a link attached showing a preview to an advent calendar on Amazon. Sapnap clicked on it. The image of a box with the title 'The Advent Calander For Two Friends That Have Too Much Sexual Tension'. He blinked slowly and swiped back to his messages with Punz to read the last message.

Punz: It's fucking funny.

Sapnap typed out a response, forcing his sleep heavy fingers to work with him.

Sapnap: I know two people that would be fucking great for.

Punz: Gag gift?

Sapnap: Hell fucking yeah. Maybe they will stop third wheeling me all the time.

Punz: Bro I doubt that will ever happen. Just move in with me.

Sapnap shook his head. That was an ongoing argument between the two of them. Punz wanted a roommate. Sapnap seemed like the best option to him, so every time Sapnap so much as whined about his two best friends, Punz would bring it up. Of course, Sapnap didn't actually want to not be living with Dream and George. He just didn't like when he was in between them and their oblivious flirting and sexual tension.

If it wasn't watching the two of them shamelessly flirt it was sitting in between them knowing they would rather be pushed up against each other without him separating them. He loved both of them a lot though, so he would continue to be their buffer and third wheel despite how exhausting it was sometimes.

Sapnap: Nah, bro. I'll just continue to point it out to them when they do it. And give them this stupid thing. Maybe they'll stop. Or finally fuck out all that sexual tension. Lol.

He flicked over to amazon and bought the advent calendar without much thought. It probably

wouldn't even get to them before December with it being the end of November. He could give it to them and they would all laugh it out before it would inevitably be discarded.

November 20th:

Sapnap may or may not have completely forgotten about the calendar. That morning was a blur of not being quite awake before coffee, the conversation completely lost in his mind as just another exchange between him and Punz. So, when a box came and he opened it to find the large advent calendar sitting innocently surrounded by brown cardboard, the memories came rushing back.

He pulled it out with a heavy sigh. Might as well plop it between the two idiots sitting in the living room, he had bought it to torment them after all. He wasn't really sure what his sleepy brain had been thinking, but at least this should prove to be mildly entertaining and a change of pace to their relatively slow and boring day.

He picked up the large, colorful box and lugged it over to the coffee table. Dream was slouched down scrolling through something on his phone. If Sapnap had to guess it was probably Twitter. George had a laptop propped haphazardly on his lap making an effort to at least pretend to edit the code for whatever 'Minecraft, but my friend is a...' video the two of them had planned next. Some movie played on the screen but the volume was turned almost all the way down.

"You know, we could turn on the Hallmark channel and actually enjoy the holidays by watching some of their stupid Christmas romance movies." Sapnap huffed out in a heavy breath as a killer on the screen shoved a knife through someone's ribs. He grimaced slightly. He did enjoy a psychological thriller, but gore for gore's sake was a waste of cinematography.

Both Dream and George looked up at his words. "We don't want to watch your cheesy gay Christmas movies, Sapnap." Dream rolled his eyes. His tone was more fond than harsh though, so Sapnap disregarded the playful jab.

George either wasn't listening or didn't care. "What's that?" He asked, tilting his head to the side and pushing his laptop onto the couch unceremoniously.

"Oh." Sapnap looked down at the brightly decorated box, "This little thing?" He plopped the box down on the table. "Just something I got for the two of you. An early Christmas present if you will."

Dream raised an eyebrow at him, "For both of us?"

George scooted closer, always the more selfish one out of their group. His long pale fingers reached for the box and pulled it closer. "What is it?"

Sapnap answered Dream's question over George's. George would figure it out as soon as he read the words on the front of the box. Sapnap had unwittingly faced the words towards him so George would have to rotate it, but his question would be answered all the same. "Both of you. Since you two are always making me the third wheel, I decided to get you a little gift. A hint if you will."

A sharp smile spread onto his face as a sadistic glee filled his chest. He could imagine the surprised expressions that would spread across the clueless men sitting in front of him followed by the deep embarrassment when they realized the words on the box.

He watched as George rotated the box around and paused to read the words. Utter excitement at finally, *finally* getting one up on the older two filled him. He could already feel the giggle that

wanted to come up as a pressure in his chest.



Commission by @AlexTucker

George's deep brown eyes flicked over the words before a sardonic snort left him. He shook his head and pushed it over to Dream, "should have told us about it on stream and left it at that. The fans would have gone wild."

Dream's soft chuckle followed George's almost harsh words, "You are such an idiot, Sap. George and I don't have sexual tension."

"You two flirt all the time. I am constantly third wheeling" Sapnap crossed his arms. This wasn't how he wanted this gag gift to go. He wanted them to be embarrassed by it. Instead they were ribbing him.

"Not our fault you are horny all the time." George had an almost cruel smile on his face. "You are almost as bad as the Twitter stans who write all that smut fic. Who was it that read that one fic?" George leaned forward, like a cat who found a mouse he wanted to play with.

Sapnap wrinkled his nose, "to be clear, you read it too."

"He has you there." Dream pushed the box back fully on the table. "You did read that fan fiction too."

The scoff George gave as he turned his eyes to Dream was familiar and Sapnap resigned himself to being their buffer to flirting yet again. He couldn't help that his eyes lingered on the slight dusting

of a blush one George's cheek though. "We need to know what the fans are invested in so we can keep them hooked. It was research, Dream."

The beautifully proportionate lines of Dream's face screwed up as he mocked George right back, "it was research." His tone returned to normal, "it wasn't research when Sapnap read it."

"He went looking for it." George huffed, the stain on his cheeks growing darker.

Sapnap tilted his head up. Maybe he would move in with Punz. At least then it would just be Bro time and not watching two idiots bicker like an old marry couple because they wouldn't admit their feelings and take care of the palpable sexual tension between them.

"Would you two shut up." He sighed, glancing around for his keys, "I'm going to Punz's. Bye." He would rather deal with Punz's pestering about moving in than be used as a barb for one friend to throw at the other in horrible mean flirting teasing.

Maybe they would read the gag gift and get over themselves.

He could at least hope.

Chapter End Notes

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December 1st

Chapter Notes

Day 1... Let's see where this goes...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 1st:

Sapnap stopped at the light. He glanced in the rear view mirror, checking the large box in the back of his truck a bit obsessively. He knew Dream hadn't exactly agreed to it, but Sapnap loved Christmas. Thus he needed a tree. Plus, at that moment Dream was tied up with a big manhunt video drop and wouldn't notice Sapnap's extended absence while he went shopping for a tree and ornaments.

Pursing his lips he glanced at the light before grabbing his phone to send a quick text to Dream.

Sapnap: So... I hope you don't mind that I did a little shopping.

Dream: ...

Dream: ...

Dream: ...

Dream: Shopping?

Sapnap: You'll see.

The light turned green so Sapnap locked his phone to finish the last few minutes home. He turned up the song on the radio so he could sing along, easily settling into the Christmas music with a smile plastered to his face.

Back home he backed his truck in so he wouldn't have to carry his tree as far. If he was lucky he could convince George and Dream to come help him lug it in. Once he was backed in he grabbed his phone to shoot their group thread a text.

Dteam

Sapnap: Help. Plz.

George: Why?

Dream: Shopping -.-

Sapnap laughed at Dream's response, shaking his head. He ran his hand through his hair, finally turning his truck off. He listened to the soft noises his truck made as the engine settled for a moment, staring out the window. Part of him wished they weren't in Florida so they could actually enjoy a white Christmas. Another part of him knew that would be a bad idea and he would spend

the entire time shivering his ass off.

He shook his head and hopped out of his truck into the humid air. It wasn't even chilly yet, instead a nice mild 80°F. When he rounded his truck to grab the boxes of generic ornaments he had purchased he faltered at the sight before his eyes. There, coming through their front door was Dream and George.

That wasn't actually what made Sapnap falter. What made him falter was where slightly tan skin met pale skin. Dream and George had laced their fingers together in a way that spoke to way more intimacy than Sapnap had ever seen them express before. It was the kind of hand holding that Sapnap tended to do shamelessly with Dream, Punz, Karl. It was not something he had ever seen George do with anyone ever.



George hated people touching him when they didn't need to. The only touches he allowed were small ones from Dream here and there. Never anything so blatant. Right before his eyes George's thumb stoked gently across Dream's where it lay in an almost too simple fashion.

Sapnap's thoughts were immediately at war with each other. Did he comment and draw attention to it? That could lead to them immediately dropping each other's hands. Could lead to them not feeling comfortable with those small touches and innocent hand holding in front of him. He didn't want that.

Sure he hated being their forever third wheel, but he desperately needed them to be comfortable

with whatever they had going on as it pertained to him. He didn't want them to feel uncomfortable with him in the room if they wanted to express some form of physical affection. He wanted his friends to be as relaxed with him as he always was with him.

Part of him wanted to ask though. Part of him wanted to track the clasped hands with his eyes and comment. Part of him wanted to know more. Wanted to know what had spurned them to finally be willing to possibly admit there was the possibility of more. If that's truly what this amounted to.



“Shopping?” Dream’s voice broke over him like a cold bucket of water and Sapnap jerked his eyes up to meet Dream’s eyes. There was a smirk on the taller man’s face and he slowly quirked a brow.

Sapnap had been caught staring at their interlaced hands. At least by Dream. A quick flick of his eyes to George told him that George had noticed his staring too. The delicately arched brow and burning deep brown making heat rise to Sapnap's cheeks.

Sapnap swallowed and decided if they weren't going to bring it up he wasn't going to bring it up. "Um, yeah." He pointed to the big box in the back of his truck, "I bought decorations and maybe a tree..."

There was a scoff from George and a groan from Dream, "Sapnap..."

"To be clear, you never said no. I'll do all the decorating, I just need help carrying it in." He turned his head to look at the two of them over his shoulder. At some point in his life he had mastered the art of an awkward put on pout that always worked when turned on his friends. He used it then.

George's head rolled to the side, "Don't do that." He huffed, his own put upon pouty look being directed at Sapnap.

Dream for his part sighed heavily, ignoring the pouting war about to develop between his two friends, "Okay, fine. I'll help. Stop it you two."

The clasped hands unlaced and Dream moved to the end of the truck bed. Sapnap flicked his eyes to where George's hand hung uselessly before following Dream. He wondered if George's hand felt cold despite the warm humid air now that Dream's large hands were wrapping around brown cardboard instead of ivory digits. He discarded the thought moments later when the three of them were raising their voices and arguing about the best way to drag the overly large tree into the house without knocking anything over.

Chapter End Notes

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Day 1: Holding Hands

December 2nd

Chapter Notes

It's short. So is the 3rd... You guys will get that later today because I'm NICE.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 2nd:

Sapnap leaned back in his desk chair, stretching his arms over his head. Editing for hours at a time tended to make his shoulders cramp up. If he wasn't so set on living up to Dream's expectations he would have just sloppily spliced his clips together, but then he would have to listen to Dream and George ream him for lazy editing.

He yawned as his arms came back down, bringing one hand up to cover it even though he was alone in his room. Habits like that seemed to prevail even when no one was watching. Slowly he checked the time, wondering how long he had been at it. When his phone read that it was still only 6 pm he sighed. Maybe an energy drink to perk himself up wouldn't hurt.

He pushed back from his desk, heading downstairs to grab a drink. If he was still wired from the caffeine when he finished editing he would just stream a bit or something. He usually preferred not to drink them this late, but he really wanted to finish his video so he could post it.

A small smile graced his lips when the soft glow of lights illuminated the base of the stairs. Despite Dream's grumbles and George's eye rolls he had successfully assembled the large tree and decorated it. Now he got to enjoy its soft lights and sparkling ornaments until Dream forced him to put it up. Which would hopefully be after the New Years at least.

He stopped for a moment to admire his work, the red ornaments hanging gracefully from emerald green branches, reflecting dancing lights from the soft yellow LEDs wrapped around the tree. The lights shimmered as the tree shook for a moment. He looked down to see patches emerge with one of the soft stuffed ornaments he had picked out specifically for her caught between her teeth.

He crouched down, running a hand across the soft fur on her head, "do you think your father would let me buy an ugly sweater for you?" He asked it without much thought, but the words did bring images to his head. Him, Dream and George in ugly Christmas sweaters in front of the tree. If Dream still was dodging his actual face reveal he could have his mask on, like the Halloween photos from right before George moved in.

He chewed on his lip in thought. It would take a little convincing and possibly bribery but he might be able to convince Dream and George of it. Especially if he got the fans on his side before he bugged them about it. If there was anything he could count on Dream and George easily giving in for it was fan service.

With that cheery thought in mind he continued to the kitchen. He abruptly stopped in the entrance to the kitchen at the sight his eyes landed on. It took him a moment to process the picture.

Dream's muscle thick arms wrapped around George's thin petite waist. George's face buried in the line of Dream's collar bone. Dream's eyes closed in some form of peaceful bliss.

Sapnap's eyes traced their embraced figures, studying the lazy way George's fingers curled into the short hairs at the base of Dream's head. The way their hips didn't quite line up because of their height difference. The way he could see George's heels slightly raised so he could better press against Dream in the hug.

"Fuck." He breathed and quickly snapped his eyes away and towards the fridge just passed them. He didn't mean to intrude but if he was honest he lived there too and he had every right to squeeze past them to get the sweet nectar of caffeinated energy drink in the fridge.

He purposely didn't look back at the two of them until he had closed the fridge door with the cold sting of a metal can in his hand. He regretted it as soon as he did. George's eyes burned into him from where he had turned his head to rest on Dream's collar bone. There was a soft quirk to his lips that spoke volumes towards him being entertained by Sapnap's obviously flustered reaction.



Dream hadn't moved, just opened his eyes a crack to watch Sapnap. The heat of his half lidded gaze burned into Sapnap's skin even more than George's dark look. "Something wrong, Sap?" He asked in a low rumble that Sapnap had grown to associate with the tone he used when George was

being particularly idiotic on stream and Dream dropped his voice to mutter a low ‘oh, come on.’

“No.” He answered ignoring the heat that raced to his cheeks, probably betraying him to the other two men. “Just kind wish I had someone to be that enamored with.” It was a line he used before when he felt left out by the other two as they orbited around each other. They never seemed to get the hint though. Forever flirting but blind to their own desires.

The hug told him otherwise, however. It was an intimate hug. One he had never shared with anyone that wasn’t one of his previous high school flings. Maybe his two idiots were finally getting the picture. Maybe they had woken up to what was in front of them. He just hoped they didn’t leave him behind as they got swept up in their own world.

Idly he wondered if that advent calendar had pushed them over the edge. He shook that thought off, though. It honestly wasn’t any of his business.

“Are you jealous of our undying love for one another, Sapnap?” George asked, a cruel smile gracing his beautiful delicate features.

Sapnap gave them both a bored look. He opened his can with a sharp noise, one Karl would have been proud of, and glance passed them to the doorway they were practically blocking. “Nah, just would prefer you not canoodle right in the kitchen entry.”

“Oh, so if it was in the corner out of your way you wouldn’t care?” Dream laughed, finally letting go of George’s slim waist. George didn’t move for a moment before pulling away as well.

“Whatever you want Daddy Dream. You are the one who pays for my lifestyle.” Sapnap took a long sip from the white monster. The cool slide of it down his throat promised him a much needed burst of energy.

Dream’s head fell back as he wheezed out a loud laugh. George and Sapnap soon followed. It was a dumb joke and he knew it, but he held onto calling Dream daddy like a vice. Especially after the first time where Dream had gotten so flustered he could barely speak.

He breezed past them after their laughter died down. His unfinished video was calling to him and he wanted to leave Dream and George to whatever it was they were slowly exploring.

Chapter End Notes

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Day 2: Hug

December 3rd

Chapter Notes

Here you guys go. :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 3rd:

Sapnap crossed his arm and glared heavily at George and Dream. “If you two won’t watch Noelle with me I will go to Punz’s and not come back until you agree to it.” He scrunched his face up in mild annoyance with them. He understood most people weren’t as obsessed with Christmas as he was, but he just wanted his best friends to humor him a little bit.

George raised his brows, “Well, you can stay there then.”

Dream shook his head, walking between both of them, “Fine.”

“What?” Sapnap asked with blushing hope in his chest.

“What?” George asked, the ‘t’ not fully being pronounced as he watched Dream with surprise.

“He will ghost us. Don’t question Sapnap’s stubbornness. You think you can out stubborn him and then it’s been two weeks and Punz is talking about having a new roommate on stream.” Dream sat down in his usual spot on the couch, his legs spreading in a way that pulled Sapnap’s eyes to his thick thighs.

It was an intrusive thought and he knew it but Sapnap couldn’t help himself. He was horny a lot and then when you had two hot roommates who had sexual tension you could cut with a knife it made it all a lot worse.

“I’m more stubborn.” George frowned, his arms crossed and hip cocked with pure annoyance.

Sapnap gleefully realized he had won. Dream capitulating meant George would too. Eventually. He slid over to his big comfy chair that was situated next to Dream’s spot on the couch so he could make his snarky comments without disturbing George.

“You think you are. But when it comes to Christmas things Sapnap will pick whoever will let him have the most Christmas things. That means Punz. Do you want to lose one third of the Dream Team to Punz?” Dream turned to look at George.

Sapnap could see the quiet conversation they had with mirrored raised brows. He wasn’t exactly sure what they were arguing about without words but obviously Dream won as George’s shoulders fell. “Fine. I’ll watch the stupid movie.” He shot Sapnap a nasty look as he moved to the couch.

Sometimes Sapnap wondered if they had a telepathic connection with how in sync they could be. He promised himself he wasn’t jealous of it. He did feel a little left out though. Especially in those moments where the two of them came to a conclusion without even speaking words. This time it worked in his favor. It often didn’t though.

Sapnap settled back only to pause and swallow heavily. Maybe he had been a little hasty in assuming this was actually working out in his favor. George gracefully slid into Dream's lap, wrapping one arm around behind Dream's neck and leaning back against the armrest of the couch.

@AlexTucky



Sapnap could see the way their legs easily slotted together through a space between their shoulders. His eyes strayed to the hand that Dream had rested on the slight curve of George's waist. He couldn't help the way his mind imagined that tan contrasting with the ivory that was bound to be beneath the fabric covering his torso.

They were torturing him with their sudden affection. He didn't want them to know that though. Couldn't let them know. They would get worse if they knew. They wouldn't let him live it down.

That thought in mind, he kept his eyes turned to the movie even if he barely registered the images before him. He really didn't want to think about how right George looked in Dream's lap. He couldn't help his mind straying to that thought. He couldn't stop the image that was burned into his retinas from replaying in his head instead of paying attention to the movie.

The final question that haunted him was why they were suddenly so affectionate when George had always been so physically distant. When had everything changed?

Chapter End Notes

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Day 3: Sit on lap

December 4th

Chapter Notes

Here you guys go!! :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 4th:

Sapnap ruffled his hair roughly glaring at his reflection in the mirror. Honestly he was really thinking about getting a haircut. He knew everyone would scream no in chat or on Twitter if he brought it up, but he was over the almost perpetual bedhead he seemed to have and he had no idea how to style his hair.

Shaking his head he grabbed a hat and put it on his annoying locks. Carefully he styled it around his hat and nodded. There, now he looked presentable. He snatched his phone up and texted Punz to double check he would be there soon.

Sapnap: You are on your way, right?

Punz: Be there in 5. Ur buying, bitch.

Sapnap: Whatever. Ur the bitch.

He locked his phone and pocketed it along with his wallet. It wasn't his fault he wanted a 10 piece meal, didn't want to order it in and didn't want to drive. Dream and George both firmly texted no when he had texted them. Punz was the only one who had his back. His immediate 'yes' a testament to their friendship.

Sapnap ruffled his hair one last time and left his room. He carefully herded Patches away from his door when she tried to bolt in, probably to sleep in his mess of a bed. He didn't want her in there when he wasn't there to police her knocking things off his desk though.

He closed his door firmly despite her protesting meows. When she gave him a nasty cat look at the denial he raised his brows, "I'm definitely ordering you an ugly Christmas cat sweater now. Dream can fuck off if he has any opinions about it."

She scuttled off towards Dream's room, making Sapnap question if she could understand him for a bizarre moment. He shook it off after a moment and hopped down the stairs, not bothering to be quiet. He knew Dream and George weren't doing anything that required relative, respectful silence. All three of them were generally pretty good about warning each other.

All thoughts of them being good about warning each other of things flew from his head as he stumbled to a stop at the foot of the stairs. Dream and George were really beginning to get out of hand. It had only been a few days but their displays of affection were starting to tilt Sapnap toward new heights of insanity.

He had always wanted them to accept their sexual tension and work through it. He wasn't expecting it to fall along the lines of a live rom com for Sapnap. A Christmas love story. It made

Sapnap want to accept Punz's never ending offers of rooming together. He loved the two of them too much though. He wanted to be privy to it all too. If they felt comfortable with him seeing he wasn't going to do anything to make them uncomfortable.

Sapnap swallowed and let his eyes linger on their forms for probably a moment too long. Dream was sitting on the couch in a mirror of his position the night before. George was leaning over him whispering something in Dream's ear. He was on his toes with his elbows resting heavily on the back of the couch, his forearms pressed into Dream's upper back. The sight of them bathed in the warm light of Sapnap's tree only added to the atmosphere of a love story.

Sapnap couldn't help the audible click in his throat when he swallowed again at the sight of Dream turning his face into the press of George's nose. George's eyes flicked to Sapnap and a slow evil smile spread across his lips. While holding Sapnap in place with his eyes, like a predator staring down prey, he leaned forward a little bit more and pressed a soft kiss to Dream's cheek.



The internal scream that sounded in his mind is what finally made his feet unstick from the ground, George's spell over him being broken. He fled out the front door, preferring to wait in the warm humid air of Florida than stand in the room with the two of them any longer.

In the safety of the outdoors Sapnap blinked his confusion, cocking his head to the side slowly. There was something that struck Sapnap as deliberately intentional in those movements that George made. The way he was whispering could have been any sort of innocent teasing. The way

his gaze had snapped to Sapnap before gluing him down with its heavy weight as he leaned forward to press his too pink lips to tan skin had been entirely different.

Had he been waiting for Sapnap to come in before kissing Dream on the cheek like that? Surely not. Then again... Sapnap paused his thoughts and pulled up the dreaded link Punz had sent him a couple weeks ago. Could they have actually opened that stupid calendar? If they had, surely they wouldn't have been following up on it.

He hesitated only for a moment before ordering a second calendar. It was next day delivery, just like the original. That was good. He wasn't sure the last four days could all be attributed to the calendar, but it seemed to line up way too well. Some investigation wouldn't hurt. He could just open up the days and see, it wasn't like he had someone he had too much sexual tension with to complete the dumb thing with anyways.

He ignored the nagging reminder his brain wanted to supply to him about how he struggled tearing his eyes away from the way his two friends looked together. He ignored the tiny voice in the back of his head that perpetually felt left out, especially now with what seemed to be Dream and George finally falling in love and fully realizing their feelings for one another.

Chapter End Notes

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Day 4: Kiss on the cheek

December 5th

Chapter Notes

MUAH

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 5th:

Sapnap was sitting in the middle of the couch impatiently waiting for the amazon package to arrive. Every time he obsessively checked it's status all he would get was 'out for delivery' which wasn't actually detailed enough if you asked him. He needed an exact street the stupid package was on.

He especially needed it when first George, then Dream entered the living space in their usual comfort wear and trapped him in between the two of them. Sapnap felt on edge with them after the past few days and honestly didn't trust being in the room with them at all. Especially when Dream had that level of shit eating grin on his face.

"I can move to my chair." He said and braced his legs to stand.

He felt fingers clench onto his shoulder and force him back down. "Actually," Dream breathed out, way too close, "I was curious. I saw this thing on Twitter where people were asking one another what pet names they were comfortable with, so I asked George."

"That's great." Sapnap huffed, turning his head to look at where Dream's fingers were digging into the meat of his shoulder. He was met with George's eyes a whole lot closer than he expected them to be.

George's lips quirked into a half smile as he continued on the thread of Dream's thought, "See, I told him I tend to like things like babe and beloved." He paused and glanced just past Sapnap to where Dream was behind him. Sapnap became highly aware of the press of Dream's arm into his shoulders and the sudden burning pressure of George's hand landing on his thigh, "and I also told him that depending on the person I'm quite fine with kitten as well."



The flush that flooded Sapnap's cheeks was hot and definitely visible. This was too much information and why exactly was George "I keep everything as private as possible to the point that I can be an ass" NotFound, sharing this with him?

"Exactly. And see, I told him, I don't know, that I like to be called baby and love. And, oh, I don't know, daddy by some." Dream's voice was a rumble in his ear. Too close. Sapnap was pretty sure the other man had leaned forward, effectively trapping him against George, whose fingers were digging into Sapnap's thigh.

The flush that was hot on his cheeks spread down his neck in a hot fiery red line. Sapnap generally loved fire. The aesthetic of it matched everything he loved. Right now he kind of hated it. Hated how the feel of them and their stupid oversharing made him feel like combusting. "That's awesome for you guys. I'm glad you two talked it out." He desperately searched for an out, wanting to squirm away from the harsh reminder that they were so close and he was just trapped between them. Physically and metaphorically.

"Well, see, then we got to talking and we were wondering if you had pet names you preferred." Dream's voice was the low teasing tone that Sapnap generally thought he reserved for George. Having it turned on him seemingly out of nowhere was a bit confusing. He had the sinking realization that he understood why George's cheeks often looked so pink in those streams where Dream was being particularly annoying with his flirtations.

"I don't have a preference." He rushed out, trying to end this conversation before it could start. It

was going to lead nowhere good when the two of them were throwing things like ‘kitten’ and ‘daddy’ around. Especially when he knew his mind would conjure up George saying Daddy and Dream saying Kitten at very inopportune times.

“Oh, so you wouldn’t mind if we called you baby?” George’s other hand came up to press him firmly back into the couch where he had unwittingly started to lean forward looking for an escape of some sort.

“I, uh-” Sapnap turned wide eyes to George, his normal witty jabs and quick curses lost as the roll of the word ‘baby’ dripped from George’s tongue promising sweet nectar and the danger of something more.

“What about princess?” Dream leaned in a bit more, the hard line of his chest pressing against Sapnap’s arm. “Isn’t that what you joke about already? Being Daddy Dream’s little princess?”

Sapnap pressed his thighs together hard, ignoring the dig of George’s fingers. When Dream had said he liked to be called daddy he didn’t even think about his own tendency to throw out ‘daddy Dream’ as a quip or brag about how Dream seemed to love to spend money on him. He wasn’t sure he would ever be able to make that joke again. Not after hearing the low tone of Dream calling him princess like that.

The doorbell rang, pulling all three of their attentions toward the entry hall, jarring Sapnap out of the molasses sluggish feeling that he hadn’t even noticed taking him over. Dream and George just seemed to have that effect on him. Which was unfortunate because he had the distinct feeling they would be bringing this conversation up on stream and would never let him live down the way he had just tensed up because of their simple honeyed words.

He stood while their attention wasn’t purely focused on him. “Stop being little bitches about whatever it is you two have going on and work it out without dragging me into the middle of it.” He huffed, his cheeks stained wine red and probably blotchy with it. Walking in on them had been one thing, this was something else entirely.

He didn’t look at them as he made his way to the front door. He didn’t want to give them that satisfaction. So what if that had been one of the hottest things he had been involved in? His friends were hot, he was highly aware of that. Being pinned between them with their sexual tension and practically used as a conduit was even hotter.

He also didn’t appreciate it. He didn’t need that kind of torment in his life. He didn’t need to live day in and day out half hard because they couldn’t work their shit out without using him as a buffer.

Perhaps that was the crux of the issue. He was half hard with no gratification in sight. They had one another, obviously. Even if it hadn’t escalated past innocent hugs and kisses on cheeks, they had each other. Sapnap had his hand and a vivid imagination. That was it.

He opened the door and sighed in relief at the sight of a familiar sized package. Finally, maybe he would have some answers. He picked it up and turned to make his way up to the safety of his room.

“What is that?” Dream asked as he breezed past the couch where the other two were still sitting.

“Christmas secrets. You don’t get to know.” Sapnap tossed over his shoulder with a large innocent smile directed at them.

He pretended he didn't hear George mutter a soft, "and with that our fun is ruined. Wanna look at the cat code?"

Sapnap kicked his door closed behind him and dumped the box on his bed. He used his keys to pop open the amazon tape on the box and pulled out a duplicate to the cursed advent calendar he had given Dream and George. The colorful decorations on its exterior seemed to mock him now instead of bringing him gleeful joy.

He shook his head. He would open day one and see that it was nothing. It would be something like 'take a walk in the park.' and not what he had been witness to on December 1st. Not holding hands.

He popped a hole in the plastic wrap before easily tearing it from the box. Trepidation filled him with an almost anxious energy. This was supposed to be a gag gift. Though, if they had decided to follow up on it he would tout that he had gotten them together.

It was a weird dichotomy of feelings he was generally very used to. Hope that his friends would finally admit their feelings. Dread that he would be left behind.

The pop of the serrated cardboard as he pushed the number 1 slot on the side of the box open would have been satisfying if he wasn't so anxious about it all. It really was very nicely decorated. A little tree with a bright red 1 over it.

He didn't take the time to enjoy the Christmasness of it. He pulled out the little wooden token and read with swirling dread 'hold hands' scrawled in a pretty script outlining the circle of the item.

Sapnap's hands trembled as he set the token to the side. He popped open the number 2 slot. Out popped a similar token, this one read 'hug' in big bold letters, scrawled across the center. Sapnap swallowed the image of his two friends embracing in the kitchen coming to mind.

What was the saying? Once was a fluke, twice was a coincidence, three times a pattern.

Carefully he laid the second token on top of the first. He took a deep breath and rotated the box to look at the number three. He felt like it was taunting him with it's bright colors and cartoonish pictures. This time the token was a dark wood and the letters an engraved silver color. He read them slowly, knowing that he had messed up. 'Sit on lap.'

He had a feeling day 4 would be kiss or something like that. He had no idea what today entailed for him though. That weird exchange on the couch wasn't anything concrete like the other things had been. Carefully he opened 4 barely glanced at the glitter red on black token that read 'Kiss on the cheek' and quickly moved to 5.

It gave him the same feeling of when he would doom scroll on TikTok or Twitter. He knew the news before his eyes wouldn't change, but he kept looking with the hope that something different would happen.

Day 5's little token made George and Dream's strange behavior so much clearer. 'Discuss Pet Names' was printed on the silver painted coin in garish green letters. He let the offending piece of wood fall to his bed and put his head in his hands. So they were playing out the events of the advent calendar. It was torment, but it was torment he put himself in.

If he was honest he kind of deserved it. Buying them that stupid thing on a whim as a gag gift. Of course he would have to watch his two idiots actually fall in love or tear each other apart if they did it. He prayed it was the first. He didn't want to be caught between them if they did have a falling out over this. The guilt would eat him alive.

On the other hand, he also wasn't quite happy being caught between them while they were so obviously playing through these events and becoming obsessed with one another even more than they were before, but he would rather that option.

Absently, Sapnap's fingers tapped the corner of the box, trying to decide if he should look ahead. If he should see how their Christmas love story was going to go. With a put upon sigh he decided to let it be. He knew now they were following the script he had given them, he didn't need to interfere any more.

Chapter End Notes

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Day 5: Pet Names

December 6th

Chapter Notes

Happy Holidays

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 6th:

Sapnap rubbed his eyes sleepily. He decided to stay up way too late streaming after his little discovery. His fans were quite happy since it had been a couple weeks since he had last decided to hit that little ‘go live’ button. They were even happier when he decided to actually continue one of those single player games he so often started and never finished.

They were a bit floored when it hit hour 5 of his stream and he showed no signs of ending. He was forced to call it quits when he hit the 6.5 hour mark and was basically falling asleep on stream. So around 4 in the morning he had finally gone to bed.

Here he was just waking up at 1 in the afternoon because of his night owl stream, though. He was sorely regretting staying up so late because his sleep schedule was completely thrown off. It would take him at least a week of forcing himself to stay up until he couldn’t any more before going to sleep to fix it.

He yawned, trying not to bang around in the kitchen too much in case George or Dream were doing some important video recordings, cursing himself for not checking their group chat before coming down. With a nice warm cup of coffee in hand he stared blankly at the fridge, trying to decide on if he should bug Dream about making food or just order something in.

Bugging Dream won over and he pivoted to go knock on his door. Instant regret filled him when he spotted George and Dream talking quietly in front of his bedroom door. There was a soft look on Dream’s face and a mildly annoyed one on George’s. He had the distinct feeling he was intruding on something.

A small sound escaped his throat and he took a step back to give them their privacy. After figuring out they were actually using the stupid gag gift he had bought them he really didn’t want to make the situation worse by purposefully inserting himself as the third wheel. That happened naturally enough as it was.

Dream’s eyes flicked to his figure and he flicked his tongue out to wet his bottom lip. One hand came up to grab George’s chin in what Sapanp assumed was a vice-like grip, holding him in place as Dream leaned down to press a gentle kiss to his lips.



@Alex

Sapnap's eyes widened when he could see George's visibly tense shoulders relax as he sunk into the kiss, his own hands coming up to clutch at Dream's shirt. Sapnap's stomach swooped in an almost ugly way. He was sure what the feeling was boiling deep inside him as he finally tore his eyes away from where they were connected and fled to his room.

Obviously the calendar was working if the tenderness in that kiss was to be believed. But why had George looked annoyed before it happened? And why had Dream kissed him knowing Sapnap was there?

Fuck pretending he didn't know and not cheating on what days were what. Sapnap needed all the

information possible if he was going to have to live with this developing in the same house as him. He knew exactly where to get that information too.

He pulled the big colorful box out from where he had kicked it under his bed and opened up Day 6. The innocent black lettering on the white face of the token read ‘Kiss on the lips.’ That lined up with what he had just witnessed. He moved to day 7, hesitating with his fingers resting over it.

Something wasn’t lining up. They kept seeming to do the advent calendar items in front of him. Dream’s green eyes looking at him before capturing George’s lips in a soft kiss flashed in his mind. George’s dark brown holding him captive as he pressed his lips to Dream’s cheek. Both of them looking at him while they hugged tightly in the kitchen.

Once was a fluke. Twice was a coincidence. Three times a pattern.

Sapnap groaned. They were purposefully doing the advent calendar events in front of him. Maybe he wasn’t a match maker. They were just torturing him. He sat down hard next to where the box was resting on his bed.

His eyes were pulled back to looking at the box sitting innocuous on his bed like a magnetic force making him look at the stupid thing. How far were they going to take it? He thought maybe George would end it soon based on the annoyed look he was giving Dream. He thought maybe Dream didn’t want to end it based off the fond look in the lines of his face.

With tentative fingers he pushed the door to day 7 in. He pulled out the little coin with black glitter lettering that read ‘Make out.’ Sapnap swallowed heavily at the too innocent letters. Surely they wouldn’t go that far. Surely they wouldn’t make out in front of him. Surely their boundaries were better than that.

He roughly pushed the box off his bed and threw the coin into the pile he had of the other days. If they did make out in front of him he would know for sure they were doing it on purpose and he would decide what to do then.

After watching of course.

Chapter End Notes

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Day 6: Kiss on the lips

December 7th

Chapter Notes

Muah Muah Muah

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 7th:

Sapnap thought for a few blissful hours that he was wrong. It was evening, George was streaming, he and Dream were sitting on the couch. They were both scrolling their phones, ignoring one another and the TV in favor of good old social media. He felt safe knowing he would go to bed soon and his theory from the night before would be completely disproved.

He yawned and stretched in his spot, barely taking note of Dream's eyes snapping from his phone to Sapnap. He couldn't help the quip at noticing though, it came out before he could stop himself, "oh I'm sorry, am I distracting you?"

Dream's face took on a mask, a nonplussed look carved from a tan colored marble. "No. Honestly I had forgotten you were there. Headed to bed soon?"

Sapnap pressed his lips together and narrowed his eyes slightly at Dream. He was ignoring the soft pang at the thought of being so forgettable that Dream didn't notice him right next to him on the couch. "I think so. I'm getting a little sleepy." He brought one hand up to press his palm into his eye.

"Wait." Dream sat up a bit, "watch the new Mr. Beast video with me. Karl said it's supposed to be hysterical."

"Can't it wait until tomorrow?" Sapnap yawned again, half covering it with the back of his hand he had just used to rub his slightly dry eyes.

"It's Christmas themed." Dream's voice was dry, "come on." It dipped into that low register and Sapnap felt the sleepiness drain from his body, feeling almost light suddenly. How the hell did George manage having that turned on him all the time?

"Okay. Fine." He settled back and watched the screen, willing his flush away, as Dream turned the TV to YouTube and pulled up the video.

He had to suppress an eyeroll when 2 seconds into the 20 min video Dream was back on his phone, typing quickly. He probably was yelling at children on Reddit. Again.

Slowly over the first 5 minutes of the video the alertness from Dream using his low toned voice started to wear off. He found his eyes starting to grow heavily with sleepiness again.

At the 10 minute mark he jerked fully awake as heavy feet on the stairs warned him of George coming down after ending his stream. His eyes tracked George as he emerged from the base of the stairs and made his way over to the couch. Half of Sapnap expected him to take his chair, the only actual open spot in the living space.

He shouldn't have been so surprised when instead George unceremoniously straddled Dream's lap, laced a hand into Dream's hair, took one tiny peak at Sapnap, and leaned down with spiraling intent. His lips latched onto Dream's bottom lip and both of them made a small noise, tilting their heads slightly for ease.



Sapnap was frozen, his mouth parted and stifling his own noise at seeing them in that state of intimacy. It had all happened very quickly. One moment he was falling asleep the next he was

watching George force Dream's mouth open with his tongue, the hand in his hair obviously being used to control the bigger man.

Heat laced through him and Sapnap had to admit to himself that he was a little more than half hard in his joggers at the sight. They were a lot to see like this. Their mouths breaking apart with a small line of spit connecting them before the dove back in with heavy wet sounds as their lips slid together.

He felt a little bit like he was getting to watch his own personal porn show for free. It made guilt eat at his heart. He quickly stood with warring feelings of horny need and swirling guilt as he brushed past them and up the stairs as silent as he could.

It proved his thought the night before. They had to be doing it in front of him on purpose. Playing a game of see how far Sapnap will let this go before he breaks. It wasn't the first time they pulled that kind of bullshit on him. Siding with one another and leaving him on the opposite side without anyone to back him. The downside of having a triad friendship.

But-

He took a stuttering breath, closing his bedroom door behind him and willing his chub away.

But. There was a giant but to his trailing thoughts of them doing this just to fuck with his head. He knew they had a weird friendship. Something that lay so deep in their hearts it had bonded them deeper than he could ever hope to be a part of. They moved as one. In tandem in their dance of life.

It had translated into the last week as well. Easy capitulation on how their bodies would meld together for the stupid tasks the tokens would demand. No question on how they would work. No awkward movements and stuttering tries to fulfill their task of getting physical to make Sapnap uncomfortable.

There was a tenderness in how they handled each other as well as the fire of desire that had been sparked somewhere along the way. It was more than just tormenting him now. Dream and George may be competitive with him to a fault. But they would have drawn the line at today's actions if there weren't threads of want pulling them back towards one another.

He let his head bang back against his door and watched the opposite side of the wall with unfocused eyes. So his best friends were acting out the advent calendar. They were acting it out in front of him. And they were actually falling acutely in love and lust with one another while they did it. They were idiots and spectacularly stupid when it came to one another. That being said they probably wouldn't stop. They would use this excuse of making Sapnap suffer to keep it up. So they could keep playing this game of touch and be touched that they were falling down a deep hole of no control.

He needed to know what he was going to witness. If making out was day 7, exactly how far was the box going to take him? Take them. How far until he broke or until they stopped doing it all in front of him.

Honestly he wasn't sure there was far enough they would stop doing it in front of him. They didn't really have a lot of boundaries with one another. Sapnap would just prefer they didn't fuck in front of him, he already felt left out enough as it was, he didn't need that level of 'you are in the outside looking in' to be rubbed in his face.

He felt like he was underwater when he pulled the cursed box out again. He opened every little punched out square. Blanching when a few of the cubby holes held things like blindfolds and little

green and red candles. What had he bought?

He lined the coins up and looked over them, making a mental list of the days, including those days that had already been completed. He bit into the knuckle of one finger as he read each coin individually and glanced at the offending toys that had come in the bigger slots. It escalated quickly to say in the least. Doing things that he had never even imagined doing, and he thought he had an active imagination when it came to sex.

With a shaky exhale he texted Punz. Where the fuck had he found the stupid calendar?

Sapnap: wtf is this calendar, Bro?

Punz: Don't tell me you actually bought it XD

Sapnap: I fucking did. And now they are acting it out in front of me.

Sapnap: Every day.

Sapnap: I think I hate them.

Punz: Bro I saw it in a Spencer's. I thought it was funny so I looked it up on Amazon and sent you the link for a good laugh.

Sapnap: a fucking Spencer's

Punz: The back of the Spencer's. Yk with all the sex shit.

Sapnap: yk what. I hate you more than I hate them.

Punz: you dug this hole bitch.

Sapnap: wtf bro. This shit has ROPES in it. And AND a day where they are supposed to do something in public. Like wtf. It's bad enough they are making me live with this hell.

Punz: XD XD XD XD XD

Sapnap: I hate you.

Chapter End Notes

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Day 7: Make Out

December 8th

Chapter Notes

Might post another one later since it's Christmas... Or not we shall see.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 8th:

The first thing Sapnap did when waking up was tweet to complain vaguely about his misery. He needed people to understand he was living in a hell of his own making that his best friends seemed to just want to make it worse.

@sapnapalt: I royally fucked up

He watched as both Dream and George immediately replied. Dread settled in his stomach.

@dreamwastaken: get over it come downstairs

@GeorgeNootFound: lol a little bit of a mistake

He groaned and hit his head on his pillow a couple times. He hated them so much and he had a vague idea of what he was going to be witnessing today. He was not ready. He wouldn't be ready for the next week ever. Hickies all the way to dick sucking. They had no clue how deep the torment ran for him. A mix of feelings conflicting in his mind. Discordant need to see more, driven by a deep lust he had spent so much of their friendship ignoring. The helplessness of feeling left behind as his two friends very obviously fell for one another.

He switched to his private account to whine some more about his predicament.

@sapnappivate: no. guys. I bought a gag gift for dnf and now they are tormenting me with it in a way too serious way.

He had forgotten Dream followed his private.

@dreamsecretclub: next time think thru ur dumb gifts. Stop hiding. Come down.

He wrinkled his brow in annoyance.

@sapnappivate: no. Fuck off green man.

Dream's reply popped up almost immediately.

@dreamsecretclub: then we will come up.

They weren't going to let him avoid watching them literally suck bruises onto each other's skin today were they? He just wanted some peace from the sexually frustrated, sad, left out mess he had become in the last week. Was that so much to ask?

He swapped to texting, not needing to give their fans more fodder to work with. They were

probably already trending things like gag gift and green man. And definitely were already trending DNF and Poor Sapnap. Possibly Thirdwheel Sapnap.

Dteam

Sapnap: do I get anything out of coming out of hiding, since it's all on the table that I know you know and you know I know.

George: that depends.

Dream: sure. You have to wait though.

Sapnap flicked his eyes between both responses. What the fuck where they getting at now? Taking some new turn on their game of torment probably. He just thought maybe he could garner a ride to ice cream out of one of them. In exchange he wouldn't say shit when he walked in on one of them with their lips on the other.

Sapnap: I don't want to wait. Get me ice cream.

George: brats don't get what they demand.

Dream: you have to wait. Come down.

Sapnap: no?

George: no ice cream then.

Dream: wtf George.

He heard George yelp from downstairs and counted it a slight win. Even if he was very confused at where their texts were taking them.

Sapnap: I'll settle for a 10 piece meal if neither of you want ice cream.

Dream: I'll order you fucking McDonalds. Just come down.

Sapnap swallowed heavily and shifted, only mildly surprised when Patches let out a protesting meow from next to him on the bed. It was beyond him when she had snuck in, but she tended to do it sometimes. He gently picked her up and held her against his chest in some form of protection.



"Your dad has lost his mind, sweet girl." He muttered against the top of her head. He poked his head out. When he discovered the coast was clear he let her down and quickly made his way into the bathroom to get ready to face the day.

He might have been avoiding Dream and George still. It was only delaying the inevitable though. He was aware of that based on their conversation. They were going to keep making him watch even though the cat was out of the bag. Maybe it was a thing for them. He wasn't sure. All he knew is that he was too much of a wuss to stand up to them, obviously.

He brushed his teeth with lackluster energy and ruffled his hair until it looked less an untidy mess perched on his head. It wouldn't matter to them anyways. Both of them had seen him sleep ruffled and barely awake before. The perks of being roommates he guessed.

He dragged himself downstairs. Only the promise of ordered McDonalds pulling him each step forward as the now familiar need for more and dread of loneliness filled him. He honestly wasn't sure what he wanted more at this point as he walked to his fate of simple observation. On one hand he wanted to be out of this punishing trap his two friends had sprung on him, hating the reminder that one day they would settle into being a pair and no longer need him as a buffer for whatever it was they had going on. On the other hand, he never wanted it to end. Even if he was just a simple bystander in their life of happiness he would happily be a line to their triangle, no matter how small.

He discovered the living room was empty and continued onto the kitchen, idle fingers glancing over the Christmas tree as he passed. He couldn't help but be continuously pulled into its gentle glow.

In the kitchen Dream and George were standing on opposite sides of the room. So it wasn't really starting off exactly how Sapnap had been imagining and hoping. Part of him had expected to find them already in the midst of acting out the day's command. It was how most of the other days had worked.

Reality was always different. Cautiously he took a step further in, his eyes glancing from George's petite form swaddled in Dream's massive hoodie over to Dream's lazy posture, arms crossed and muscles slightly stretching the already worn t-shirt he had donned for the day.

"I'm down." Sapnap raised his brows slowly, nodding in a way that left an awkward bitter taste in his mouth.

Neither of them said anything, the heavy weight of their eyes on him leaving him bereft of any idea of what was going on. Sapnap took another hesitant step forward. Maybe they weren't going to make him watch any more and his back and forth uncertainty would be brought to an end as far as the whole farce went.

"Okay..." He sighed out deflating slightly, "Can I at least have your phone so I can order what I want, Dream?" He decided to ignore their foreboding attitude and shifted his attention fully onto the tallest of the three of them.

A slow smirk graced Dream's beautiful face. A smirk Sapnap knew spelt danger for him. A smirk that made something in his lower belly swoop with something dangerous. Dream could really look like a wolf stalking its prey sometimes when he wasn't bleeding golden retriever energy for George. He reached into his sweatpants' pocket and held out the innocent black form of his phone. "Here." His tone held a warning to it that drew Sapnap in even more than the smirk or the lazy way he was leaning against the counter.

Sapnap let his eyes drop to the phone and swallowed. This really was not at all how he expected this encounter to go. He awkwardly tucked his hands into his basketball short's pockets and approached Dream, closing the distance in two short steps. It felt like it should have taken more. One hand reached up slowly for the phone, Sapnap's brain feeling a bit like he was underwater and

fighting a current trying to pull him under.

Dream's smirk turned into a dangerous smile as he raised his phone up, "I think you called me the wrong thing, Princess."

Oh. The swooping feeling returned with a vengeance, "I- Uh, What?"

There was a sudden pressure and warmth against his back, George's chin digging into his shoulder with a sharp string, "I think what he said, baby, was that you called him the wrong thing."

Confusion made him blink stupidly the feeling of fighting against the current and loosing the battle suddenly a lot. "But, he's- you're Dream."

Hot breath fanned across his ear and George leaned against him hard, pushing his body along the hard line of Dream's, "Remember what he said a few days ago? You usually use the name unabashedly anyways. Something about Daddy Dream." A scoff followed his words, in true George style. Making fun of him in little jabs and soft scoffs that made it obvious there was something there besides innocent words.

@AlexTuckr



A hot flush ran through Sapnap's body and the chub he knew he had been supporting for days returned with a vengeance. They really were going to make him do this? Humiliate him like this? Some deep, primal part of his brain filed this entire encounter away for spank bank material. It would come up in the middle of the night when only the darkness and his hand gave him company.

"Daddy?" He asked very quietly, his voice smaller than he had ever expected it to go.

"Yeah." George breathed in affirmation, "He's the one who is going to buy you McDonald's right?

Your sugar daddy.”

Sapnap jerked his eyes up to look into the eyes of his best friend from childhood. He was surprised to find them dark with intent and trained fully on Sapnap’s face. He was enjoying watching George pull Sapnap apart. Enjoying his boyfriend? Pressing their eternally third wheel friend tightly between them and whisper words that clearly left Sapnap a pile of mush?

“I-” He swallowed hard and watched one of Dream’s eyebrows quirk upwards, like he was waiting oh so patiently for that one word of liquid sin to drip from Sapnap’s lips, “Can I have your phone so I can order my food, Daddy?” The current keeping his mind sluggishly underwater pulled him further at the sight of the dark look in Dream’s eyes as the words floated into the air, small in a way he had never sounded small before.

Dream’s hand lazily came back into Sapnap’s reach and he easily let Sapnap pluck the phone from his fingers. He said nothing, just let the slow feral smile on his face speak in louder volumes than his voice would ever go even after he had just won a Manhunt.

“That was all you needed to do, baby.” George’s voice dripped down his spine like molten honey, stirring the fire in his body more. He pressed Sapnap even tighter against Dream’s body, leaning over him and latching his lips right onto Dream’s neck.

Sapnap swallowed heavily, he couldn’t even properly watch with their proximity. He couldn’t even concentrate on watching if he wanted to. Dream’s phone was clutched tightly to his chest as the sensory overload of being so tightly sandwiched between the two of them made him let his head fall back and his eyes fall shut.

The noise Dream let out vibrated through his chest and into Sapnap. The leg that slotted between his distracted him completely from everything else, until one big hand somehow wormed between the press of George against his back to dig hard fingers into the curve of his ass.

He couldn’t help himself as his hips slowly started to move against the friction offered to him. The noise Dream let out was even louder, his fingers digging into Sapnap’s ass even more, pressing what Sapnap knew would be finger shaped purple bruises into the meat of his cheek.

“I think that is a nice shade of purple, love.” George’s voice was like the shock of ice water being dumped on his head after a particularly long workout.

Sapnap’s hips stilled momentarily before Dream’s hand forced him to start moving again in purposeful rolls of his hips. Cold air met his sweat damp shirt as George stepped back and delicate fingers dragged down the material. Sapnap was sure his entire body would have frozen, was frozen, outside of where Dream’s big hand was controlling the movement of his hips.

“Dream.” George’s voice was icy, “Too soon.” His knuckles dug into Sapnap’s flesh and suddenly the hot press of Dream’s hand was gone.

“Come on Kitten, he’s desperate.” Dream’s normally composed voice was tilting towards whiney, “Desperate for his daddy to take care of him.”

“No.” His tone was firm and gentle fingers laced around Sapnap’s hips and pulled him roughly off Dream’s leg. “Too soon.”

He gently maneuvered Sapnap to the counter and let him rest against it. His warm brown eyes captured Sapnap’s gaze. Sapnap felt a little bit like he was getting lost in those depths. A moment later George nodded seemingly at nothing before grabbing the still worked up Dream in a death

grip and dragging him away.

Sapnap was even more confused, left alone in the kitchen with Dream's phone clutched in his hand, than he had been during the entire weird encounter. What had just happened? And why exactly was it over before it fully started?

He sighed heavily and glanced down at the phone sitting too innocently in his hand. The entire thing slamming into him at once. Being pressed between them. Calling Dream Daddy. Getting a raging boner that was still stubbornly present, grinding against Dream's leg.

Sapnap was well and truly fucked.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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Day 8: Hickeys

December 9th

Chapter Notes

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY HOLIDAYS EVERYONE !!!

I'll be posting again later me thinks... Keep an eye out. :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 9th:

Sapnap scrolled through his phone lazily. He was hiding. He was man enough to admit he was hiding. He was man enough to recognize he was a coward who had ordered his McDonalds and then ran upstairs to spend the rest of the evening. He had streamed and everything as an excuse to not go back down and face his two best friends. When they had texted him he ignored them.

Come morning he was still highly embarrassed at his reaction to them. Heat soaring to his cheeks any time he so much as thought of them. So instead of facing them he scrolled through TikTok. It was the safer option. He also may have finally ordered that Christmas sweater for Patches. And maybe also ordered Christmas sweaters for the rest of them too.

At some point he would have to face them. Not yet, but at some point. He did figure if they were going to torment him like this, not only as an emotional buffer but now a physical one, he got to shove them in ugly Christmas sweaters and make them take pictures in front of the tree. He would live up to being there for the fans, damn it.

That did mean facing them and facing what was on for day 9. He wasn't exactly sure how a 'Sex and Safe Words Discussion' would go. How they were going to figure out how to make him sit through that was beyond him. They had certainly somehow managed the pet names talk. Though, that was less them having the talk in front of him and more them informing him of said talk.

A message popped up at the top of his screen that filled him with equal parts dread and stirring excitement.

Dteam

Dream: George has Donuts and I made those things you call kolaches. Stop hiding, we have peace offerings.

Donuts might have gotten him up. If they were lucky. But kolaches. They were a weakness of his, and could only reliably be found in Texas in the US. A sad fact he had discovered after moving. Dream must have listened to one of his streams when he was bemoaning his homesickness. Now he was using that knowledge against him. He dragged himself out of bed to get presentable and eat delicious sausage surrounded by doughy goodness.

He couldn't help letting them know exactly what had won him over. The need to get a jab in at George never ceasing to control his actions in an almost stupid way.

Dteam:

Sapnap: Dream wins. George your offering sucks.

George: No Donuts for you then.

Sapnap: That's fine. Daddy Dream always wins. He knows me best.

Dream: That's fucking right I do.

The easy banter of their text messages put him at ease. They were fine. They weren't holding it against him the way he had sunk into them and almost used Dream's thigh to get off. They were fine. He just had to live through the day as an emotional buffer. He could manage that. Could tune them out. Easy.

Turned out it was not so easy. They were sitting on either end of the couch with the kolaches placed too innocently right between them. He had a feeling, eyeing their situation with a skeptical look, that they had set a trap for him. He, being the eager mouse looking for food, was about to walk right into that trap.

The kolaches sang to him, though. It had easily been months since he had any and Dream, being a peach, had made at least a dozen from the looks of it. That would last Sapnap a few days if he stopped himself from scarfing them down all at once.

Carefully he rounded the couch, trying to figure out how to grab the plate without also getting within reach of either Dream or George. If he could grab the plate the kolatchies were arranged on and made a mad dash up to his room he could continue to avoid them for a few days and live off the deliciousness Dream had offered him.

He did his best to ignore the way Dream's eyes tracked his movements or the way George leaned forward slightly as he passed his position on the couch. "Sapnap." He said slowly, reaching lacklusterly towards Sapnap as he passed.

"What?" Sapnap barely glanced at him as he stepped towards the plate, praying they let it be. He knew they wouldn't. Had known them for too long. Knew they were somehow going to drag this through until the end, never knowing when to stop and always willing to take one step more.

George flashed him a blinding smile that pulled Sapnap's attention fully away from the plate and the other man behind him. "Why didn't you want my donuts?" he emphasized the word nuts, making Sapnap flush even more.

"Well, I—" A heavy hand wrapped around his wrist and Sapnap was pulled off balance.

Somehow George managed to grab the plate before he landed, rescuing the food from his failing body. Dream, the culprit of pulling him off balance, hauled him over onto his slightly spread legs and trapped him in place with a firm arm.

His voice was a smooth, smug rumble, "That's because he wanted my sausage, kitten."

"Don't you start." George gave Dream a sharp look from over Sapnap's shoulder, "We are just talking today."

"That's what I was doing. Isn't that right, Sap?" Dream hooked his chin over Sapnap's shoulder, pressing him more firmly into the curve of his body.

Sapnap had the feeling that if he took Dream's side on this George would inevitably get pay back. He couldn't help it though, never one to turn down being petty against George, "He was just

talking, George.”

“And has his hands all over you.” George leaned forward, setting the plate down on the coffee table. He shooed Patches away from where she was smelling it, thinking she might try a bite.

Sapnap flushed at the reminder of Dream’s hand digging into his waist and the press of his ass against Dream’s crotch. “To be clear, all you were talking about was in reference to you and not to me.”

“You should know Sapnap will always take his daddy’s side.” Dream’s voice dipped low and a hand started to drift down Sapnap’s stomach.

“If you can’t behave, Dream, he can’t sit in your lap.” George shifted closer to them, curling into their bodies. Despite his words he let one hand rest on Sapnap’s thigh.

Once again Sapnap was thoroughly trapped by them. This time he couldn’t even be mad about it, having known it was a trap before even going into it. He let himself go boneless, knowing fighting them was futile. They would get what they wanted in the form of him witnessing what today’s task was. George’s fingers dug in slightly, pulling his leg a little wide so it was draped over Dream’s instead of cradled between his legs like the rest of him.



“Are you going to behave, kitten?” Dream’s tone tilted towards danger, a mimic of his lore voice.

George huffed and gave Dream a look of pure annoyance, his cheeks blushing a pretty pink, “Just wanted to make sure Sapnap wasn’t going to hide from us like he has been.”

Heat flared in his chest, equal parts primal need and annoyance at being talked about like he wasn’t

there. “Can you two stop bickering like a married couple and get on with it?”

“Get on with what, baby?” George asked in a low tone, his gaze suddenly pinning him down against Dream.

Sapnap swallowed heavily, one hand searching for something to anchor himself too. Something about having their attention fully on him was almost too much. He almost preferred being the easy bystander that they forgot about. Even if being the bystander meant he was the physical buffer for whatever they had going on.

“Whatever form of torture you two are going to put me through today.” His searching hand found Dream’s where it was still pressing into his lower abdomen. He wrapped his smaller fingers around his friend’s big hand.

“Didn’t seem much like you were being tortured yesterday.” Dream muttered, pressing his lips against Sapnap’s ear as he did so, his hot breath tickling the hairs along his neck.

Sapnap shuddered and went even more boneless, that slow feeling of his brain being muddled starting to cloud his thoughts. Having his two friends with their very dominant personalities driving the car on this trip made it very easy for Sapnap to stop thinking in the moment. Almost too easy.

“We are supposed to be talking, and he can’t talk if you do that.” George’s sharp tone brought his thoughts back to the front of his mind. Vaguely Sapnap recalled that today was supposed to be a discussion of their own wants and desires. A discussion of communication and safe words. Why did it matter if he could talk? This was between them.

“Then talk, George.” Dream relaxed back into the couch behind him, pulling Sapnap with him as if he were just a doll for the two of them to admire and play with at their behest. He would never admit it, but he kind of liked being a doll.

“Okay, well...” George rolled his head and turned his eyes away from them. Somehow Sapnap was able to relax more, pretending he wasn’t sitting between the two of them like this. It was easier without George’s eyes on him. “I obviously like being in charge.”

Dream snorted, “You think?” Sapnap moved with the sharp exhale of breath. He let his eyes drift closed.

“Shut up. You are such an idiot, Dream.” George’s tone was gentle despite his sharp words. Spanap always thought that was how George said ‘I love you.’ “I like humiliating people.”

“There is something we both have in common.” Dream muttered quietly. Something didn’t seem to quite line up with that. Sapnap couldn’t bring himself to wonder about it.

“I could have guessed that.” George’s hand tightened slightly on Sapnap’s thigh. “You aren’t exactly quiet about it. Even on stream.”

“It’s- I don’t know- more, better on stream.” Dream’s voice was quiet, not small like Sapnap’s had gotten when he was pinned between them, just quiet. He seemed contemplative.

“Exhibitionist.” George snorted from next to him.

Sapnap finally opened his eyes again. He didn’t quite focus on them, instead staying in the easy relaxed state he was in as he asked, “is that why you two are still making me watch?”

He hadn’t meant to address the elephant in the room. Didn’t want to make them feel weird about

their subconscious use of him as a buffer. Didn't want to bring attention to himself. Their attention on him was a lot and so far they had been ignoring him outside of where the weight of their hands kept him pinned in place.

"Well—" Dream started only to be interrupted by George.

"Somewhat. Also, you are just, uh, a little too responsive to not keep you involved. Even when we aren't—" he stopped and let out a soft hum.

"When we weren't actively pulling you into it. Your reactions were—"

"Perfect." George tacked on when Dream trailed off. His voice was a lot closer than it was before.

Sapnap turned to look at him slowly, "perfect?"

"Yeah." Dream breathed out and squeezed him tightly. "Even now. Just letting us do what we want with only a little persuasion."

Sapnap shivered lightly, "is that why, uh, yesterday happened?"

George's hand that wasn't holding his thigh in a vice like grip came up and stroked his cheek. Delicate fingers stroked over his cheekbone, "partially."

"It mostly happened because I let George be in charge and got a little carried away." Dream mumbled.

Sapnap craned to look at Dream, shifting in his lap and ignoring the sharp dig of George's fingers when he moved. Dream cheeks were stained wine red with his own embarrassment. "It was supposed to stay more innocent than that." Dream mumbled, "but you and George are so..." he trailed off with a huff. His chest forcing Sapnap to move slightly.

"He likes humiliation a lot. Apparently more so when he's a passive part in enacting said humiliation." George mumbled softly.

"I also have a daddy kink." Dream's eyes moved from Sapnap's own flushed face to George's.

Sapnap followed his gaze, ever entranced by them. Pulled in by the spell they so easily cast on him. He could die a happy man if he could continue being a passive part of their love. He knew he would always want to be more of a part in it, but he would settle for being a permanent buffer for their wildfire emotions. He could be the road that stopped them from burning each other up into nothingness.

George rolled his eyes, "I'm not calling you daddy Dream. That's final." His tone was hard. Sapnap was a little distracted by the way he said 'that's final.' Why did his hind brain like that so much?

Sapnap knew he liked to look at beautiful people. He knew his two best friends were beautiful people. He had faced the unfairness of his life the day George moved in and he had discovered the Brit was somehow prettier in person. He had to read lots of whining texts from Dream about that too.

Not only were his eyes pulled toward George he knew Dream was staring unabashedly at him too. Once upon a time he had thought in the loneliness of his childhood bedroom that maybe he would be lucky and Dream would figure himself out and then realize Sapnap was right there.

Then George had joined their group and Sapnap knew he could never hope to stand a chance. So instead he soaked in that he had two pretty best friends and handled his own shit behind his closed door. It had just gotten exhausting when he was the one soaking in their sexual tension.

Now he was completely submerged in it and had no idea when they had pulled him under.

“Sapnap calls me daddy.” Dream’s tone was bored, like he knew he had won some argument between them before it had even started.

The ever present heat in his cheeks spread like burning flames down his neck. “Maybe I will stop that and start calling you bitch.”

George’s ever present grip edged into the realm of pain to the point where Sapnap knew pale skin on his inner thigh would have small bruises from the dig of his fingers. “I don’t think that’s what any of the three of us want.” He said in a low tone.

“Oh, come on now.” Dream’s voice dripped with that easy charm of his. Sapnap wasn’t sure if it was turned on him or on George though. “Sap was just playing, isn’t that right, Princess? Just showing us you have a little bite.”

If it wasn’t the stony firmness George had that would kill him, it would certainly be the honeyed softness that Dream dripped down Sapnap’s back. He swallowed heavily and gripped onto Dream’s hand even harder. “I- just- uh...” he blinked slowly, flicking his gaze between them and slouched back against Dream’s hard chest.

“Why don’t you tell us what you like, Princess?” Dream asked slowly, twisting his hand to lace their fingers together, completely unphased by how hard Sapnap was gripping at him.

“Um-“ Sapnap was not prepared to be an active participant in this discussion. Honestly he had no idea the things he really liked. He had only done some cursory exploring with a girlfriend he had in high school. Nothing as interesting as he knew the future days spelt for them. When had it turned into them with him included in his mind? “I don’t know?”

He asked it more than said it he knew. He wasn’t completely naive despite his distinct lack of experience. He had watched lots of porn. He had read lots of fanfic. Not that he would admit to it outside of Heatwaves. It wasn’t his fault they had talented authors in their fandom. It wasn’t his fault links popped up on his timeline and the summaries sounded interesting. It wasn’t his fault their fans were as horny as he was.

“You don’t know what you like?” George asked, his hand drifting into Sapnap’s hair to pet gently. It was a weird contrast to how George tended to be normally. He liked his personal space. Very rarely willingly let people in it, even off stream. Now he was crowding into both Dream’s and Sapnap’s space.

“To be clear, there are a lot of things I would be willing to try I think. I just haven’t tried much of anything.” Sapnap almost wanted to shy away from George’s intense look. All he would be doing is pressing himself further into Dream’s chest though.

“Did you like what we did yesterday?” Dream asked in a quiet tone, one hand gently rubbing up and down Sapnap’s side.

Sapnap nodded, tilting his head back to look up at his best friend. This dynamic of hard and soft was really messing with his head. He wasn’t really sure how they were going to work with one another, they obviously were going to be fighting for control for most of their relationship.

Sometimes that's how love worked, he guessed.

Dream's eyes were dark when he met Sapnap's gaze, "yeah? Liked when George broke you down and I made you move your hips against me?"

Sapnap whined. He couldn't help it. He tried to push it down when he felt the pressure of it build in his throat. Tried to pretend he was unaffected and fine. But it bubbled out small and needy. He never thought he was going to be the babbling mess when it came to sex. Always imagined himself hovering over a pretty girl or wrapping a thick collar around the neck of a too large man.

Yet here he was. In Dream lap. George's hands on his thigh and wrapped in his hair. Whining.

"I think that's one thing he likes then. Dirty talk." George's lips quirked in a smirk that made Sapnap melt even more. Molten rock turning into liquid lava.

"All we are doing is talking and he's already a hard mess. Look at him." Dream's chin hooked over his shoulder, trapping his torso firmly against Dream's chest as he looked down Sapnap's rapidly panting chest. When had he gotten so out of breath?

George's eyes left Sapnap's face to look down where Dream had indicated and slowly Sapnap followed both of their gazes as if in a trance. There in his sweats was the outline of his hard and heavy cock, showing proudly like there should be nothing to hide. He watched as it jerked with the humiliation of being caught red handed. The hairs on his arms raised and he squirmed slightly, wanting to close his legs and hide the evidence.

George's hand almost lost its grip on his thigh before his fingers dug in sharply and yanked his leg even further towards him. "Don't hide, baby." There was a bite to his tone even as Dream's hand started to drift down from his side to his lower abdomen.

Sapnap's abdominal muscles jumped against his will at the soft trail of fingers where he was slightly ticklish. He squirmed again and let his head fall back, wanting to dance away from those fingers but unable to due to the press of his and Dream's hand into his diaphragm.

"No." George said in a heavy sharp crack of a word. His hand letting go of Sapnap's hair and gripping on Dream's. The sound of Dream's yelp told Sapnap that George had actually been gentle with his hair. "Talk today. That's all. It was your fucking idea Dream. If I have to be good, so do you."

The words barely processed in Sapnap's mind, his eyes trained on the ceiling as he desperately tried to grasp at his own thoughts. It was so difficult when his brain wanted to point out the hard line of Dream's own hard on pressing against his ass. When it wanted to focus on the sharp points where bruises were being dug into his thigh. When it wanted to reach down and push Dream's hand the last few inches down to where he wanted most.

"Fucking fine." Dream almost growled. His hand came back up to clench on Sapnap's waist. It wasn't the gentle drag it had been before, Dream taking out his frustration by digging his fingers into flesh with malicious intent to leave marks.

"Safe words were the other thing listed on that dumb ass coin I think." George's tone was suddenly gentle. "I think that's probably the most important thing. Especially when Sapnap doesn't know fully what he likes."

"The stop light system is the easiest. Red, yellow, green." Dream's voice was strained and there was a soft thunk that made Sapnap imagine him letting his head fall back onto the couch without

remorse or worry where it landed.

Sapnap had definitely read fics where that was employed. He could get behind that. It was easy and he wouldn't have to remember words more complicated than primary colors he had learned at the age of 4 or 5. Texas public school education at its finest. "M good with that." He mumbled, trying to get his shuddering breaths under control.

"I think—" Dream started and cleared his throat when his voice came out a hoarse rasp, "I think I need to go to my room and have some alone time with my hand now."

"We could—" Sapnap tried to sit up and turn around.

George's hand flying to the back of his neck and holding him fast in place stopped him. "Dream and I made a deal when we started this. We would do what the coins said. Nothing more, nothing less. Today was a sex discussion and settling on safe words. Nothing more."

"Yesterday we did more." Sapnap's voice was a whole lot more sullen than he meant for it to be. He was fucking horny god damn it. And they were right there. He couldn't tell if George was hard but he could distinctly feel Dream was behind him.

"I lost control yesterday. You were being too sweet with the whole daddy thing and pressing tightly against me like that, looking small." Dream let go of his side. Sapnap knew his pale skin would already be showing the bruises in purple and blue blossoms like the rolling hills of bluebonnets during wildflower season in Texas.

Maybe Sapnap could make him lose control again. He braced his free hand on Dream's thigh and ground his ass back against Dream. Pressing roughly into the line of the thick cock that had been pushing intently into his ass for most of the conversation.

The moan that was ripped from Dream's chest was feral and deep. That was all Sapnap got from him before Dream's tan hands gripped into his hips and held him up. A harsh grip grabbed his hair and pulled him forward slightly.

"Such a needy whore, baby." George's voice dripped with malice. "Don't do that without our permission."

The whine Dream breathed through his nose sounded a lot like the whining moan he would randomly voice on calls. "Fuck." He followed with a breathy tone.

"I know." George's voice was soft with Dream again. Like he knew Dream was about to break. "Let's all go to our rooms and take care of ourselves and then we can cuddle and watch a movie."

That was not at all what Sapnap wanted. He was tired of his hand and having found out that he really was going to be their physical buffer made him want to reap the benefits. It was what he was going to have to live with though.

Carefully he stood, thankful when Dream's hands fell from his hips. When he turned, the picture of Dream was branded into his mind. Sapnap knew he would be imagining the flushed rose color in Dream's cheeks and the way his freckles stood out because of it. He would picture himself straddling Dream's thick thighs and grinding down. Dream's arm was flung across his eyes covering them so he couldn't see George or Sapnap.

Sapnap could only imagine that was something he was doing to keep himself from pressing George against the wall and taking what he so desperately wanted. It was a perfect image to be branded into his mind. Perfect for his own mental material to help himself get off. Especially when he was

going to be doing just that once he was upstairs.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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Day 9: Sex Talk/Safe Words

December 10th

Chapter Notes

Second post of the day. That's it for today! I have a chapter for sure for tomorrow. After that I will be posting as I finish the days. I'll try not to keep you guys waiting too long. :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 10th:

Dteam:

Dream: I made charts.

It was too early for this.

Dteam:

George: charts?

Sapnap checked the time. It was much too early for this. 4am was too early for anything. Didn't Dream and George sleep like normal fucking people.

Dteam:

Dream: well. We got derailed yesterday and I have done a bunch of reading so I decided in order to track everyone's Hell yes's and Hell No's and Maybes I would make charts.

George: that's a good idea. We should put them somewhere with easy access in the house so we can add or see them when we need to.

Dream: the fridge?

George: if it fits.

Dream: I'll make it fit... lol

Sapnap: shut the fuck up you freaks and go to sleep.

George: someone is grumpy.

Dream: come cuddle.

Sapnap groaned and flopped into his back. This was his life. Putting up with demands from men that were prettier than he could have ever dreamed up in his mind late at night when no one was around.

Dteam:

George: I'm on my way. No idea if Sapnap is going to join. Seems a bit grumpy like he doesn't want us giving him attention.

Sapnap: Shut up, bitch. I'm coming.

He rolled over with a low groan. He had no idea what they had planned for him today. Even with knowing what the rest of the coins say, today's task was vague. His eyes drifted over the dark pile on his desk. Today was 'Do something you discussed. Leave your clothes on.'

He swallowed heavily. They hadn't discussed much yesterday. At least not enough for him to know exactly what they were going to do. He smoothed his hands down his thighs and shuffled over to Dream's door. It was cracked open. Dream was sitting up in the middle of his bed, his laptop on his lap. George was sleepily cuddled into his side, bundled up in a massive hoodie and gray sweats. He looked soft and comfortable. Dream looked content.

Part of Sapnap felt like he was intruding on a soft moment. Still the small part of their triangle at the base, barely holding them apart from becoming one succinct line. It wasn't a good feeling. He was a little too selfish to turn around and head back before they saw him in the doorway though.

He didn't walk further in despite the selfish need to join them. To not be alone. He waited, half focused eyes drifting over the lazy drag of Dream's fingers against George's shoulder. Down to the easy way George had tucked his head against Dream's chest, his half open eyes watching whatever Dream was doing on the screen.

Sapnap's chest ached at seeing how easily they fit together. How much they obviously loved one another. He was grateful they were finally figuring out their emotions. He just wasn't sure where he would fall if they decided they didn't need him as a buffer anymore.

Dream's eyes slowly left his computer screen and came to rest on his hovering form. He raised one brow and shifted to tap the side of the bed next to him that was empty, an expectant look on his face. Sapnap glanced between him and the space next to him for a moment. He would take what he could get while he could get it with them.

He easily settled into warm comfort, only letting out a small surprised noise when Dream wrapped his arm around him and pulled him firmly into his side. He settled easily, curling in close. He felt small fingers wrap around his hip bone and pull him even tighter against Dream's side. Glancing up he caught George's eyes on his face. There was something unfathomable in their depths, deep and assessing.

Blinking slowly, Sapnap decided to not think too hard on what George was thinking. If he took issue he would make sure it was known. His fingers on Sapnap's hip were grounding though, so Sapnap doubted George was taking issue. It was probably just him thinking too hard.

He turned his own gaze away from George's deep brown to watch what Dream was doing. Dream had his editing software open and was working on a thumbnail for George's latest video. "How did he con you into this?" Spanap asked quietly, his voice sounded raspy with sleep. He didn't bother to clear it.

"I promised him he could be fully in charge today and I wouldn't fight it." George mumbled, his own tone rough. "The only condition is if he tries to push further than the schedule allows."

Sapnap let out a soft noise and tucked his face more against Dream's chest. He really had no idea what Dream would be planning then. He was too tired to think about it too much anyway. "Make sense." He mumbled sleepily.

“Go back to sleep, Sap.” Dream’s tone was gentle in a way he normally only directed at Patches or George. It gave birth to fluttering butterflies in his stomach. He pressed his face harder into the line of Dream’s chest to hide the heat in his cheeks. He didn’t need to start catching full on feelings, Dream had no business turning that tone on him.

He waited until the fluttering feeling died down before nuzzling into a more comfortable position and letting his mind drift to the sounds of Dream clicking and typing on his laptop. It wasn’t a deep sleep, but one of those sleeps that left you feeling full of energy but like you hadn’t really slept. Like time had skipped somehow with only soft sounds and gentle mumbles ticking away the seconds.



When he came back into consciousness, he was warm and surrounded by a comforting weight on either side trapping him in place. The quiet mumbles slowly came into focus in words that didn’t quite make sense.

“I don’t understand how loud ass Sapnap is so quiet and soft.” That was George. His mind was slow to recognize that it was George. It shouldn’t have been so slow with his accent so thick from just waking up. There were only two other people who lived there with him and only one of them had a British accent.

“He has always been more gentle than people expect of him. Quieter than he lets on. More in his head than even me. He doesn’t like for people to think that though, so he acts out and pretends to always be larger than life.” Dream’s tone was almost a whisper. Sapnap became aware of a gentle hand carefully brushing through his hair.

Sleepily, it occurred to him that he should be arguing with that observation. He wasn’t quite awake enough to muster his voice up. Still fighting the waves of sleep wanting to drag him back under.

“It isn’t just that. If you had asked me in November if I would have pinned him as a dominant or a submissive type I would have said dominant every time.” George sighed and a soft wind blew across his face. Sapnap figured the body pressed into his front with an arm resting over his waist was George.

“Oh. Yeah. Honestly that kind of surprised me too, but it makes sense now that I think about it.” Now that Sapnap was waking up a little more he could feel the rumble of Dream’s voice against his back where his chest was tightly pressed against his back.

“We got fucking lucky.” George mumbled, a gentle hand came up and cupped his cheek gently. “I was worried those first few days of the calendar. We are too...” He trailed off.

Dream chuckled quietly, “Two dominant switches is a lot without someone in between to balance them out.”

“Yeah.” George agreed quietly.

A comfortable silence fell between them. Sleep almost pulled Sapnap back under, but then the fingers gently running through his hair caught on a knot in his hair. The sharp tug of it jerked him awake with a surprising spike of arousal adding to the normal thrum that he tended to wake up with. A soft moan fell from his lips and he gently fluttered his eyes open.

George’s eyes were immediately what came into view, dark with curiosity. “I think he liked whatever you just did, Dream.”

Dream gave a gentle rumble of affirmation. “I noticed.” Dream’s voice was quiet, contemplative. The hand in his hair had frozen when it had hit the snag, probably immediately worried about waking Sapnap up. Now he moved his hand with purpose, lacing his fingers into the strands and clenching his fist so his knuckles dug into Sapnap’s scalp.

Sapnap brought his hand up to twist into George’s hoodie just in time for sharp pain to lace through his scalp as Dream tugged with sharp intention. Sapnap’s mouth dropped open against his will and a whining noise burst forth from his throat. The sharp pain boiled down his spine, settling low in his gut lighting a fire where there was already a simmer.

George snorted and one leg moved from where it was pressed against his to press in between Sapnap’s legs. “Have a little pain kink?” George’s voice was low and mocking.

Sapnap gasped when Dream tugged on his hair again, pressing his own body tight against Sapna’s back and trapping him completely between both of them. Hot breath ghosted over Sapnap’s ear when Dream chuckled lightly. “I could have told you that from last night.”

Before the waves that had wanted to drag him under were waves pulling him towards the ocean of sleep. Now they were pulling him towards an empty head and broken neediness. He huffed out a breath when George's hand on his hip shifted up and under his shirt to dig blunt nails into his flesh. "Baby, color?" George asked quietly, his words almost a soothing balm on the heat building in Sapnap's body.

"Green." He breathed out followed by Dream's own quiet, "Green."

Sapnap blinked a little confused at the sound of Dream's voice. In the fanfics he had read, those that were dominant normally never said colors and were always the ones to check in. He focused on George's face, watching as his eyes focused on Dream's face. Had George really been checking in with him or just with Dream?

The ghost of the conversation drifted through his mind. They needed him to be between them while they figured out how their own personalities were going to fit in bed. Maybe he really had only been checking on Dream.

"You?" He asked quietly, tugging on George's hoodie to pull his attention down towards him. He didn't know why he asked, just that after hearing Dream say Green he wanted to make sure George would say it too.

George's intense gaze dropped from Dream's face back to Sapnap's, something in the lines of his face going soft as he studied Sapnap's face. "I'm green, baby." He leaned forward and captured Sapnap's lips with his.

At first Sapnap had the jolt of being kissed by George, followed by the cold reality that his mouth probably tasted of morning breath. He tried to pull back with a quick mutter, "I haven't—"

Dream cut him off, "Shut up, Princess." He tugged hard at his hair even as George's hand grabbed onto his chin and dug his fingers in to open his mouth.

"I honestly don't care, baby." George mumbled before licking into where Sapnap's mouth was forced open.

Sapnap couldn't keep his eyes open anymore. They slid shut as the overwhelming press of both Dream and George started to edge towards too much. His brain was muddled and unable to fully process everything.

Hot wet lips trailed up the side of his neck before pain raced down his spine making his hips stutter forward against George's thigh. Dream's teeth were leaving crescent roses in Sapnap's neck. George bit roughly into his lip with a soft laugh, pushing his thigh more firmly up against Sapnap's rolling hips. He wasn't even sure when he had started rutting so shamelessly against the hard press of the thigh where he felt the most need.

The teeth on his neck let go followed by a soothing press of wet tongue. The whine that built in Sapnap's chest was guttural and overwhelming. When it leaked through his open mouth George pulled back. Sapnap managed to open his eyes only to find George watching him with burning lust. "You have to beg Dream so you can cum."

Dream's fingers let go of his hair only to dig roughly into Sapnap's hip, just below where George's fingers were still carving purple bruises into Sapnap's side. Dream's firm grip brought his hips to a stop from where they had been uncontrollably pushing against George's leg, chasing his own pleasure without care. "That means no more fucking against George's thigh, Princess."

“Dream! No! Let me!” He couldn’t help the whining cry that left his lips, only realizing how close he was when Dream pulled him away from the easy source of much needed friction.

“That’s not how you beg, and that’s not what you call him.” George let go of his jaw and one of his petite pretty fingers slid into Sapnap’s mouth, pressing his tongue down in a heavy weight that contrasted how small he always seemed, “If you aren’t going to be good and call him what you should and beg like you should you don’t get the option.”

There was a hard press behind him as Dream used the leverage of his hand to pull Sapnap’s ass back into his hard cock. There was a moan that broke through the air. It took a long moment for Sapnap’s slow thoughts to realize it came from him, cracking when his voice gave out. He panted hotly around the finger pressing his tongue down and focused back on George’s face, finally looking past his lust ridden eyes.

His cheeks were as flushed as Sapnap knew his own felt. Hot blushed rose petals high on his cheekbones. His lips were closer to wine red than the normal pretty pink. His chest was rising in almost as quick succession as Sapnap’s panting breaths. White ivory teeth peaked out as he pulled his bottom lip in between them.

“Are you going to be good and beg like George wants you to, Princess?” Dream whispered hotly into Sapnap’s ear, a low moan following his words. The sound of it stoking flames higher and burning brands across his skin. He nodded quickly, a soft whine following when the weight of George’s finger barely let him move his head back up in the nod.

“George, Kitten, let him talk.” Dream’s voice wavered at the end, his hips grinding forward almost incessantly against Sapnap’s ass where he held him.

George huffed out a breath, shooting Dream a pouting look. He pulled his finger out anyway, dragging the tip of his nail against Sapnap’s tongue as he did so. “You’re lucky, baby. I was looking forward to choking you on my fingers.”

“We will have time to break him like that.” Dream huffed heavily onto Sapnap’s ear. “Beg, Princess.”

The whimper that broke past his lips would have honestly made him beyond embarrassed if he wasn’t being consumed alive by burning need. Now though, all he did was twist his fingers more in George’s hoodie and let out needy, broken words of, “Dream, Daddy, please. Please. I need-” He broke off in another whimper when nimble fingers slipped under his shirt and pinched cruelly at his nipples.

“George.” Dream panted softly, “Your leg.” His own grinding movements were starting to edge more towards frantic, closer to chasing his own pleasure against Sapnap’s ass instead of using it as a way to tease him.

George let out a soft hum, the most composed out of the three of them. He brought his leg up and ground it slowly against Sapnap’s hard and leaking cock. Sapnap became increasingly aware of how wet his boxers were despite not having cum yet. How much he had been leaking despite their clothes all still being on. Despite the lack of real touch. Just their words and small bursts of pain breaking him down until he couldn’t think straight.

“Keep begging.” George whispered against his lips, nipping at his bottom lips cruelly, “Otherwise I’ll find a different way to use your mouth.”

“Please.” He whimpered brokenly, not even sure what he was asking for anymore as hot roaring

pleasure started to crash in large tidal waves over his aching body.

Dream's breath against his ear edged towards a consistent pant and he asked with a wavering voice, "Please what, Princess?"

Sapnap tried to find words. Tried to figure out what he was asking for. Tried to swim against the continuous crashing waves dragging him under, closer and closer to almost too much. Sharp pain pulled him further down when a blunt nail dug into an already over sensitized nipple. He gasped out a sharp whiny "Daddy, please."

He wasn't even sure whose hands were whose anymore. The hand on his hip dug fingers in more, blooming further blossoms of marks across the jut of his bone. A hand in his hair tugged sharply, making his head tilt backwards until there was a shoulder there stopping it from tilting back more.

Teeth dug into his adam apple, the sharp dig of pain racing like a direct line to his cock, where it jumped and leaked more. It was too much. Too much and the perfect amount of everything. Pain and pleasure mixing into a swirling mass through his entire body, intense in a way he had never felt before.

Dream's voice broke behind him in a low moan and the consistent pressure of his rough grinding started to slow. "Fuck." He breathed out a hot puff of breath adding into the constant swirl of sensations that Sapnap could barely process.

There was another sharp dig of teeth this time below, at the very base of his throat. The hard leg that was grinding up into his dick pressed just a little bit harder, edging toward pain. It all accumulated into a tsunami of sensation that crashed hard over him. Pleasure racked through his body burning him up inside.

Slowly loud whining moans started breaking through his circulating broken thoughts. It took him a moment longer to realize the sounds were coming from him. Like hot slow honey, awareness started to come back. He realized there were sharp fingers digging into his leg just behind his knee.

Low moans were being pushed into his mouth, lips pressing sloppily against his. There was the line of a hard cock being pressed into his leg, rough and sloppily. Right as he started to realize George had moved him so he could chase his own pleasure a low moan vibrated through where his hands were still pressed against and George's hips stilled.

A sloppy kiss was pressed against lips. Another one was pressed into his shoulder where his t-shirt has slipped to the side slightly.

"We should clean up." Dream's voice was gentle where it hadn't been before, "My clothes are super gross. And maybe move to one of your beds for cuddles. Mine is covered in our sweat now."

"We only have two showers." George huffed softly, still panting from his own climax. "Plus the calendar said clothes on. I don't think we are supposed to see each other naked, yet."

Without speaking Sapnap mumbled, "That happens in a couple days." He opened his eyes slowly to find George staring at him with raised brows.

"You know what the days are?" Dream asked slowly, his hand gently stroking Sapnap's side.

Sapnap swallowed, was he not supposed to know? "Yes."

"Don't tell us." George said quickly, Dream's words that he started to say, lost in the loud rush of George's accent.

Dream's huff moved Sapnap's body with him. "Fine." his big hand moved from Sapnap's side to playfully tug at George's hair.

"We need to shower." George pushed his hand away with a scowl, "You two smell." He rolled off the bed and stood up. "I call dibs on the bathroom Sapnap and I share." He quickly made his way out of the room, waiving one of his dainty hands in the air.

Dream shifted back slightly, pushing Sapnap's shoulder until he was laying on his back, "You good?" His voice was soft, almost the hair of a whisper.

Sapnap nodded slowly, "Yeah. Feel a little bit like jelly, but I'm not sure that's going anywhere any time soon. Can I-" He cleared his throat slightly, "Can I shower in your's real quick?"

Dream's eyes flicked back and forth over Sapnap's face for a moment before he nodded, falling back onto his own back next to Sapnap. "Yeah, go ahead. But the three of us are cuddling once we are clean. No getting out of it."

Sapnap swallowed. He felt a little bit like cuddling after that would be intruding on them still, but he knew not to argue with Dream when his tone dipped towards that level of seriousness. He wasn't sure how long they were going to keep him between them. He kind of hoped they would always need him there, even if sometimes he was more on the outside looking in. After experiencing both of their focus on him like that, he didn't ever want that to end.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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Day 10: Keep Clothes on, have fun.

December 11th

Chapter Notes

Alright you guys have caught up with me. :')

I'll try to have the next chapter ready tomorrow but it may be Tuesday. Christmas made it hard to work on because I was so busy. Life is mostly back to normal for now though so writing again!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 11th:

George and Dream's lack of sleep the day before had taken them both out for most of the day. Sapnap had woken up curled against Dream's back a little bit before noon. After scrolling twitter for an hour, not wanting to wake them up by getting out of bed originally, he gave up and slid as carefully as he could out of the large bed in George's room.

He stood in the hallway for a long moment, wondering what to do with himself. It was funny how in just the span of a few days Dream and George and this whole advent calendar thing had eaten up his entire sense of what to do with his time. His mind drifted for a moment before conjuring the memory of the day before. Heat bloomed on his cheeks and cautiously he peered into Dream's room.

Logically he knew Dream was fast asleep in George's room. Knew he wouldn't be caught looking somewhere he wasn't sure he was really allowed to. Still, the lingering sense of cautious dread filled him. Dream liked his privacy. He liked not having people filling his space unless he invited them. Sapnap had always been very aware of that.

Honestly, it made him curious if George knew and didn't care or if he was not aware of Dream's position on personal space in his room. He had caught George barging into Dream's room more than once already. Dream and George had always had a special relationship though. The kind of relationship that exempted George from a lot of Dream's unspoken rules.

Sapnap glanced down the hall towards the cracked open door of Dream's room. When no movement seemed to come from inside he squeezed his way into the room. The bed was a mess. Despite their clothes having stayed completely on there were clear stains on the sheets. The blankets were kicked to the base of the bed. The sheets crumbled.

The memories displayed on the bed made his stomach clench with swirling confusion. The kind that had grown into his closest friend recently. The most consistent part of his life. Sapnap glanced around the rest of the room and took a deep breath. He hadn't intruded in Dream's room to be nosy. It was more that he was called by the siren song of the mess they had left of Dream's bed the day before.

They had been too lazy to bother fixing it even after laying in bed most of the day. Sapnap let out a long breath and decided to at least be of some use. He pulled the sheets and blankets off the bed slowly and carried them downstairs to the laundry.

After throwing the laundry in he decided to try and stream for a bit, getting lost in the easy routine of playing his game, occasionally answering messages that popped up in his donos, and thanking his subs. Before he knew it he had been streaming for 5 hours. Exhaustion that only came with hours of streaming started to slow his reactions and his ability to prattle on about nothing.

He ended, raiding Tommy. He sat back in his chair, closing his eyes for a long moment. It was always rewarding to see the response he had when the viewers filtered in. Even on an alt stream. His stomach grumbled, reminding him that he hadn't eaten. He made his way downstairs, not bothering to acknowledge the forms of Dream and George curled on the couch with a Marvel movie on the TV.

The sandwich he made was simple but filling. With his hunger sated he returned to the living room, just in time to see Spiderman catch a terminal from falling on his head. "Civil War? Really?"

"It was Dream's pick." George huffed, "I wanted to watch the first Avengers but he wanted the angst of them beating up one another." He twisted in his spot to roll his eyes at Sapnap.

Something fond welled in his chest at the sight of George's obvious gentle exasperation with Dream. He couldn't help the small smile that graced his face. Their fondness for one another really was something. Something Sapnap wanted to bathe in. Something he wanted to keep around himself forever.

He rounded the couch, headed for his chair, only for George's hand to grab him and force him to sit between them. Dream threw an arm around his shoulders, pushing down to ensure Sapnap couldn't move from the position George had tugged him into.

When Sapnap turned to give Dream a nasty look for working with George against him, he found his friend's eyes completely on the movie. He sighed heavily and slouched down, resigning himself to being pinned between them yet again while they watched whatever movie Dream wanted to watch. At least he had a little bit of personal space this time around. He wasn't pressed up against their sides to the point that all he could feel was heat radiating off of them.

That didn't last long.

In the middle of the Avengers crumbling apart at their roots, George shifted next to him. Sapnap didn't think anything of it at first. Just George getting into a more comfortable position. He didn't imagine the more comfortable position was going to be pressing up hard against him until he felt the need to shift himself over into Dream's side.

Dream shifted to the side slightly when Sapnap tried to give George more room. He spread his legs more though, not really giving Sapnap the room he was seeking. George kept pressing though. Not in a way that was painful, just insistent. A warm push against his side.



He tried to ignore the almost pushy way George was pressed against him. Putting his arm up on the back of the couch. George just used the space he opened up to press harder into Sapnap's side. When the credits started to roll he turned his head to glare at the side of George's head, "Can I help you?"

George's eyes shifted to look at him just barely. A small quirk of his lips told Sapnap he was right in assuming this insistent press was on purpose. George didn't give him an answer though.

"He's not getting it, kitten." The vibration of Dream's voice against his shoulder was almost a surprise. Almost. What was definitely a surprise was the easy way Dream wrapped an arm around Sapnap's waist and pulled him up and into his lap. "There you go, Princess. That's what he wanted you to do." Dream's chin dug into his shoulder gently.

Sapnap sunk back into Dream's hard chest, a mirror of the position from a couple days before. "Why do you two like me in Dream's lap?" He narrowed his eyes at George.

"You look tiny there." George shrugged, "Plus, I let Dream watch that stupid, honestly horrible movie, with the deal I was in charge today." The sly look on his face was something akin to what Sapnap imagined a cat who got the cream would look like.

Sapnap let his head drop to the side with an annoyed huff, “You two and your deals.”

“You love it.” Dream pressed a hand into Sapnap’s lower abdomen. The reminder of the overwhelming lust during their conversation had Sapnap’s legs trembling with need before they even actually did anything. “It keeps you on your toes, Princess.”

“Look at him.” George’s voice broke through the fog that had somehow clouded Sapnap’s mind. “Already trembling for us.”

Sapnap slowly opened his eyes, not sure when he had closed them. George had a cruel look on his face. One of self satisfied enjoyment. Sapnap had the feeling that tonight both he and Dream were going to suffer at George’s hands before they would finally feel satisfaction.

“Let’s watch another movie.” A small smile spread on George’s face, “Dream, what stupid Marvel movie do you want to watch now?”

“George, Kitten...” His voice sounded low and whiney, “Don’t play like this.”

George grabbed Sapnap’s hair, gently pulling his head out of the way. He leaned forward, the line of his chest pressing into Sapnap’s arm and his voice dropping into the low one he used when he was only truly frustrated with Dream. “I will play how I want. Pick a movie, pet.”

“George.” Dream’s voice was surprisingly high, his hand on Sapnap’s stomach pressing in hard.

Sapnap could see George’s hand that wasn’t in his hair move past him. The whining moan that ruffled his hair let him know George had done something to Dream to prove a point, “I’m in charge today, pet. Pick. A. Movie.”

There was silence from Dream for a long moment, then his voice came in a small whisper, “Infinity War.”

“Are you sure? I can’t watch that one without watching Endgame.” George raised one of his elegant brows, “I don’t care. You are the one that will suffer for your movie choice.” His dark eyes shifted slowly to look at Sapnap. “Just more time for me to play.” He tugged ever so lightly on Sapnap’s hair.

The sharp pain that raced down his spine made him squirm slightly, fog robbing him of his ability to stay aware of Dream or George or even the sound of the post credits scene playing in the background. There was a soft noise from behind him and a heavy weight as Dream pressed hard down on his stomach, trying to hold him still. Hot breath against the back of his neck made his skin feel moist and too tight.

“You have to follow the rules.” Dream’s voice filtered past the hazy need as his mind started to clear, “If I have to follow them, you have to follow them.”

“Don’t you worry your stupid little head about it. I’ll follow the rules.” George huffed, his hand finally letting go of Sapnap’s hair. He soothed his hair back and let his hand run down Sapnap’s back, resting at the base of his spine.

Sapnap could only imagine the press of his knuckles against Dream’s stomach was driving Dream nuts already. He wasn’t sure how they were going to last through an entire movie let alone two. He hoped Dream changed his mind and picked a shorter one. Dr. Strange or either of the Spider-Man movies.

“I want to watch Infinity War.” Dream’s tone tilted towards that light teasing one. Sapnap lifted a

hand and squeezed the one on his stomach hard. There was a soft kiss pressed into the base of his neck, but no other words came from Dream.

The half smirk George gave Dream settled like a rock in Sapnap's stomach. It was heavy and felt like lead. He wasn't sure how he was going to last five and a half hours. He wasn't sure how Dream was going to either.

There was already firm hardness pressing into his ass from behind where it was nestled against Dream's hips. Sapnap swallowed heavily and let his head fall back on Dream's shoulder so he could look at him. "Can't you pick something a little shorter?" He whispered so George wouldn't hear him. He really wasn't sure why he didn't want George to hear. He just felt like if George did hear he would shut Sapnap up before he could even begin to convince Dream.

Dream's eyes slid off the screen where he had been navigating to Infinity War on Disney+ with one hand. They stopped to rest on Sapnap's face, his head only slightly turned. "George may be in charge tonight, Princess, but you have absolutely no say in any of this. Got it?" He didn't lower his voice like Sapnap had, instead drawing George's idle gaze off of where it had been trained on his phone.

"Sapnap." George's voice was the whiney tone he used at the beginning of MCCs. Sapnap was pretty sure he would never be able to do that bit without thinking of Dream's half hard cock digging into his ass and George's dark eyes trained on him with pointed almost cruel intent. "Did you forget you aren't in charge?"

Sapnap swallowed heavily, barely processing the start of the movie in the background. "I- uh- I mean. I could be?"

Dream snorted loudly, his hair tickling Sapnap's cheek as he shook his head. "Princess, that was a very dumb thing to say."

Sapnap huffed, turning to look back at Dream, "I could be. Who says I couldn't be? You two have just been bossing me around and trapping me so I couldn't even try." He crossed his arms, glaring at the side of Dream's head.

Dream smirked, dipping his voice low into the tone that made Sapnap's insides melt. "But you obviously like it, Princess. Don't fight it." Twitter loved to call it his lore voice and simp for it. Sapnap definitely would be joining in with them verbally next time. That tone needed to be simped for.

Sharp fingers dug into his cheeks, forcing him to turn and look at George and robbing him of his ability to talk. He hadn't even managed to force his thoughts straight, still recovering from the muddy haze of melted arousal Dream's tone had left him in. He tried to get his thoughts together as George leaned forward with intent. Tried to push the hazy jumbled way his brain was focused only on the heat of Dream behind him and the sharp pricks of pain where George dug his nails in.

"Baby." George looked like he was fighting a smile with all his might, like when he would want to make a sex joke on stream but had to push it down because that was not the vibe he wanted to give off, "You are such a slut for me and Dream that we didn't even have to try and trap you. You trapped yourself."

A hand, too small to be Dream's, it must have been George's, pressed roughly against the line of where his hard cock rested. It was almost too much, going from almost nothing to heavy stimulation. A moan ripped from his throat, his hands flying down to grasp at Dream's legs where they bracketed him. He squirmed backwards against Dream, heat filling him to the brim. Liquid

hot lava burning through his core.

A low noise vibrated from behind him, the hand on his stomach sliding lower. Sapnap couldn't tell if Dream was trying to hold him still or wanted to press his own hand into where George's hand was grinding on the edge of cruelty. He didn't care. Not when George's hand slowly started to lighten in its press. Not when Dream's own hips had started to roll up in order to meet his squirming motions, soft hot pants being pressed into his cheek and making it moist.

George's hand stopped its movement, but didn't leave its place. The press of his fingers against his cheek disappeared. Sapnap panted softly, his hips twitching slightly against the now simple, gentle warm press of his hand. A moment later Dream's breath against his cheek was gone.

He slowly turned his head so he could look back at Dream out of the corner of his eyes. He could just barely see Dream's head being forced back at an awkward angle, his mouth dropped open and his eyes staring over at George with an unfocused look. It was hot. It was beyond hot.

"Dream, you don't get to cum until after Endgame is over." George's voice crashed over Sapnap and the whining moan that came from Dream tugged at something in him. "That's your punishment for making me watch the most heart wrenching movies from this franchise."

George's eyes turned towards Sapnap, the bored look in them somehow made this all so much more. "Since you don't seem to understand how much of a little slut you are I'm going to teach you a lesson." The hand that had been in Dream's hair grabbed onto his chin with the same bruising force as before. Sapnap wasn't sure how such small fingers could have so much strength in them. Probably too much Minecraft.

"George, kitten, he doesn't know." Dream's voice was quiet and his warm hand pressed into his stomach felt more like a comfort than stimulation. "He doesn't know what he looked like."

He tried to look at Dream again. His brain not cooperating as it tried to make sense of simple words. Struggling thoughts unable to process exactly what was being said around him. He could only really process warm hands and the lack of friction where there had been almost too much. Even the rhythmic panting from Dream behind him had started to fade.

George barely glanced at Dream before focusing back on Sapnap, "Color?" He asked, very obviously ignoring Dream.

Sapnap blinked, feeling beyond stupid. He could barely make sense of the question for a moment. When it finally processed he whimpered. George could so often just be mean in a normal situation he had no idea that he was really being mean as a sex tool now. "Green." He mumbled quietly, digging his fingers into the meat of Dream's thighs even harder.

George smiled finally. It wasn't a nice smile. It was the kind of smile a bully would have when they fully got their way. The hand that had just been almost innocently resting over the heavy weight of Sapnap's cock started to grind down again.

Hot racing pleasure assaulted his senses. It wasn't at all like the day before. That built slowly until he lost all sense, deep in a pit over overwhelming need. This. This consumed him in flames. Fire burning through him. He wasn't aware of his reactions. All he could process was the way too good press of George's hand. The way he didn't even bother to wrap his fingers around his cloth covered cock, just ground his palm down.

The pain that sparked from the almost too much pressure was just fuel to what was burning him alive. The heavy press of Dream's large hands as he desperately tried to hold him still. The flex of

hard muscles under his fingers. Nothing else processed outside of one sensory feeling, his brain throwing away everything else in favor of the racing feelings running along his nerves.

He hit a peak too fast. The fire of pleasure roaring to a height before dying down to burning embers. Moans started to slowly process as well as the wet sticky feeling of his cum sticking to his dick and boxers. He opened his eyes, trying to focus on his surroundings, only for hot lips to press against his slowly.

Sapnap fell into the kiss easily, endorphins rushing through him and making him lax. He followed blindly after the lips when they pulled back, only faltering when George's voice filtered through his completely empty head. "That's one, baby."

Confusion filled him. Different than the flavor of confusion he was so often used to. "One?" His voice came out broken and hoarse. He closed his eyes tightly and cleared his throat. When he opened them again George had a contemplative look on his face, his eyes slowly glancing between Sapnap and Dream.

"His head really is empty. Nothing but thoughts of what he wants." He sounded bored, lounging back against the arm of the couch.

"Princess, he's counting your orgasms." Dream's voice matched his, only the raspy sound of his voice was accompanied by a heavy strain. "I don't know which one of us is going to hate him more by the end of the night."

"That depends on which one of you breaks first." George kicked his feet up into Sapnap's lap, pressing his damp clothes into his slowly softening cock. "Can't have you getting soft on me now, baby. Come on."

Sapnap couldn't help letting his eyes drag up the line of his leg clad in thick gray sweatpants until his eyes landed on George's pretty face. He somehow looked completely unbothered by the situation he had put his friend and boyfriend in. "George..." He whimpered quietly, slight overstimulation clouding his senses just as he was starting to gain them back.

"Color?" Dream panted against his neck, his lips a white hot press of sensation.

He let his body sag back against him, taking fortitude from his friend's support and similar suffering. "Green." The word was barely a whisper of sound, squeezed out around a whimper as George slowly ground his heel into his hardening cock.

"Both of my boys need to stay hard and needy for me, baby. Dream get's the luxury of just staying hard. You are going to have to get it up again and again and again." At the end George's voice had the playful tone of easy uncaring that only he could pull off.

Sapnap opened his eyes to look at him again. It wasn't the quick loss of senses that had happened only moments before, but he still somehow hadn't even realized he had closed his eyes. He looked over at the lazy way he was lounging on the couch, a soft whimper vibrating through his lips.

The sounds of fighting could be heard on the screen, but the noise filtered in and out of his brain like water rushing through a broken glass. His focus was purely on the lazy way George shifted his own eyes to watch the movie. On how Dream's panting breaths blew hotly across his neck. On the needy clench of Dream's big hands on his waist, leaving more bruises to accompany the fading colors across his skin. On the incessant press of George's foot against his aching cock.

Sapnap knew he must look like a mess. He didn't care. He let his head fall back onto Dream's

shoulder squirming slightly and waves of overwhelming need started to take over his mind again. “Use my foot, slut.” George still had that bored tone in place, his foot lifting up slightly to the insistent pressure was only a light graze.

He needed the break. The waves of too much starting to lessen into a gentle tide. Boiling heat decreasing to a simmer. He barely registered the impatient huff from across the couch. The sharp breath Dream let out when he didn’t immediately obey George’s order.

“Dream. Make him.” The demand was sharp and on the edge of whiney. “Since he won’t do it.”

“No, no. I’m going to, give me a second.” He rushed out in a small panic. He needed the moment. If he didn’t take it he was going to cum again too soon. It would take longer to get hard again and if George really was planning on making him cum over and over for the length of two movies he was pretty sure he would collapse.

“I don’t think you understand, slut. You are mine to use. Right now, I’m using you to torment Dream. It’s quite funny to watch actually. Dream.” His voice turned dangerous on Dream’s name, “Make him.”

Dream huffed a hot breath, his hands shifting to hold onto Sapnap’s hips, digging his fingers in with intent. Sapnap’s hands flew from where they had been tightly clenched on his thighs to grip onto Dream’s hands on his hips, “Dream.” He whimpered in protest. Sweat gathered on his collarbones as a spike of pleasure made his dick twitch at the easy way Dream lifted his hips up.

“That’s not what you call me.” Dream’s voice was rough, cracking over the words. His fingers dug in more, forcing Sapnap to grind up into the press of George’s foot.

Molten hot pleasure crashed over him, a sea of fire racing over him. He arched his back up, scrabbling at Dream’s hands. Pressing his hot cheek into Dream’s he whimpered lowly, “Daddy, please, daddy, stop.” He pulled his legs up to try and get some form of leverage to escape the all consuming fire licking down his spine, heady and addictive in an almost painful way.

“Too little too late, Princess.” Dream panted hot moist breath into the air Sapnap was sucking in around his broken whines. His cheek pressing right back against Sapnap’s, sweat making their skin stick together in an almost tacky way.

He felt a screaming moan crawl it’s way out of his chest, his body starting to lock up against him. The boiling pit in his stomach burst out with fiery heat, pleasure racking through him in an almost too intense way.

It felt like a crack in his sanity, the way his orgasm pulsed through him. A wildfire burning him down. Blearily he felt his body go limp in Dream’s hold. His brain focusing slowly on the sticky way the added cum to his clothes made him feel so much more gross.

A quiet whimper bubbled up his throat when Dream used his grasp on his hips to bring him back down and push his ass roughly against the line of his hard cock. “Daddy.” He whimpered brokenly, unsticking their cheeks so he could turn his head and press his lips sloppily against Dream’s cheek.

“Dream.” George’s voice pulled his sluggish slow mind away from the hot press of Dream, back to the reality around him. “Don’t even think of trying to get yourself off yet.” Weight settled on his thighs. It took a moment for his brain to realize it was way too heavy to be hands.

It took a lot of strength to convince his eyes to open. When he finally did he couldn’t make them

focus. He should have been worried, but he was surrounded by Dream's arms again, his hands having finally let go of his hips and moved to hug Sapnap against him.

The figure before him could have only been George. "You should see his face, Dream. And we are only on number two." George sounded self satisfied.

"Both of you are heavy." Dream complained quietly, a finger absently finding one of Sapnap's nipples through his shirt and rubbing over it in a soft drag. It made Sapnap's entire body twitch, feeling like an exposed nerve was being plucked at continuously.

"Shut up." George huffed, leaning over Sapnap, pressing him hard into Dream's body behind him.

The sensation of George's own hard cock pressing into his stomach leaked into his barely conscious mind. Something smug filled his chest that despite George acting completely unaffected by the sight of him and Dream, he definitely had been.

George let his entire weight settle down onto Sapnap's lap, ignoring Dream's slight groan. He leant over Sapnap, a hand coming up out the side of his peripheral. The wet slide of sloppy kissing filtered directly into Sapnap's ear. He panted slightly, taking the slight break in George's attention for all he could.

Maybe with his full attention on Dream, he could actually recover. He had enough of a reprieve that he was able to finally make his eyes focus. Slowly he processed the sight of the Thanos snap on the screen. Dread settled in his stomach. They were only just getting to the end of Infinity War. How were they not at least partially through Endgame?

His attention snapped away from the screen when George slowly rolled his hips down into him. He shifted his head slightly so he could look over at his two best friends and couldn't stop the whimper that slid from his throat at the sight of them.

Dream looked as much of a mess as he felt. His cheeks were flushed, bright pink blossoms making dark colored freckles stand out. His hair was sticking to his forehead and dripping sweat was sliding down his temples. His eyelashes were clumped together, with tears or sweat Sapnap wasn't sure.

George on the other hand was almost pristine. Only one of his pretty flushes high on his cheekbones giving any indication of his current raging hard on pressing into Sapnap's stomach. Their lips were locked together in a messy dance, their spit leaking past their lips and dripping onto their chins.

Sapnap knew if he hadn't already cum twice he would have been supporting a raging boner himself just at the sight, let alone with the knowledge that he was firmly wedged between both of them. As it was he was easily half hard and twitching, his exhausted cock wanting to be involved despite how much he felt like a live wire.

George pulled back slightly, a hand in Dream's hair keeping him from needily chasing after his lips. A slow cruel smirk twisted his lips and his dark eyes shifted to look over at Sapnap. "Needy slut." He raised his brows. "Twice wasn't enough?" He rolled his hips down again, this time with purpose.

"Does it matter?" Dream groaned, the vibration of it shaking Sapnap to his core, "You are going to make him cum again if only because of how hard his squirming is making this for me."

"Shush." The quick look George shot Dream was fond, despite the harsh tone in his voice, "Kitten

is still playing, pet.”

Dream’s hips rolled up against his ass despite the combined weight of George and Sapnap pinning him down. “Kitten, please.”

George shifted his attention to focus on Dream again. “Color?”

“Green.” Dream mumbled after a second, his fingers digging into Sapnap slightly. Sapnap honestly wasn’t sure which one of them had it worse. Dream having to hold himself back from cumming on sheer will power alone, or him having to cum over and over again on George’s whim.

He watched as the delicate pale fingers that had been grasping onto Dream’s damp dirty blond locks shifted to cup his cheek with gentle fondness. “Are you sure?” George’s voice was soft and gentle. In a way it hadn’t been since Sapnap had joined them on the couch.

The feeling that he was intruding flared in his chest in an almost sickly way. George was soft with Dream in a way he never was with Sapnap. Dream leaned into George’s touch, vulnerability in his eyes as he slowly nodded. Dream had never looked at Sapnap like that. Not even when they were kids and talked to each other in the dark of the night about their own stupid high school insecurities. Dream was always slightly guarded.

“I don’t know if I can last through Endgame.” Dream whispered it, like if he was quiet in his admission it wouldn’t be true. Like the weakness wouldn’t be heard by Sapnap.

“Try.” George gave him a quick soft kiss. When he pulled back the soft fondness was gone and his attention was turned back to Sapnap. “How many times do you need to cum before you won’t get hard at the sight of Dream and I kissing, slut?” He asked the question, shifting to roll his hips down against where Sapnap was, miraculously, still hard.

The exchange had been a harsh reminder that he was their buffer. Somewhere in the fighting noises of Infinity War and the hot press of George and Dream he had forgotten. He had forgotten he was just a pawn for them to use in a way to sort out how they were feeling. His punishment in bringing them to the reality of what was between them before they were ready for it.

“I don’t know.” His voice came out weak and needy sounding despite the cool reality settling in his bones.

“Let’s find out.” George ground down his hips with intention this time. Heat surrounded the ice that had settled in him, not hot enough to melt it, just the right side of warm to mask it. A small fire in the midst of winter.

He let his head fall back, his mind blanking out again as the press of George against him and Dream’s panting breaths behind him licked across his body in rolling waves. It was easy to fall back into it until the pleasure pain of too much and overstimulation clawed down his spine.

Whimpers broke past his lips and he squirmed as much as he could, his body automatically wanting to run away from the too much feeling of the rhythmic press of George’s hips against his. The exhausted way pleasure started to pulse through him in a too quick fashion hurt.

“George.” He whimpered quietly, one hand grasping hard at Dream’s hand on his chest and the other twisting into George’s sweat. If he was trying to hold him still or make him move faster he wasn’t sure.

“Sh, Princess. It’s best to just let him have his way.” Dream’s breath in his ear was quiet. Sapnap wasn’t even sure George heard him over the low moan he let out.

“My fucking slut.” Sharp fingers dug into his chin, bringing his head up from where he had been letting it lay flopped back on Dream’s shoulder, “Look at you. Such a mess.” He moaned lowly, his hips speeding up slightly, “Could never have imagined you could look like this. Dream, I wish you could see him fully, it would break you. He can’t even focus his eyes, not a thought in his head, just how much he wants us.”

Sapnap whimpered, pleasure bursting like fireworks too close. Hot and bright and too loud. He came with a scream, not even realizing he was going to until he was twitching against both Dream and George uncontrollably. It hurt in a good way.

George didn’t stop his movements despite Sapnap’s broken whimpers. The hot press of his hips edging towards a frantic type of movement. George leaned forward just enough to press a heavy kiss to Sapnap’s slack mouth.

The building feeling of too much brought hot wet tears to Sapnap’s eyes. He clenched his fingers even harder to where he was blindly grasping. He sobbed wetly squirming more, trying to find relief, but being trapped between two unyielding forms.

“If he can cum again before me you can cum Dream” George’s voice crashed over him hard, his brain processed it too late. Dream’s hot lips attached to his neck sucking roughly. His fingers twister hard on his oversensitive nipples. His hips grinding up against the soft flesh of Sapnap’s ass.

“D- daddy.” He sobbed out brokenly, trashing slightly even as heat filled his cock again. He didn’t think he was even fully hard yet. Everything was sticky and overwhelming. “Please.” His voice cracked on a sob. His body weakly trying to find a way to escape the assaulting sensations. Anywhere he moved he either met George’s rolling hips or Dream’s hard body.

A sobbing scream was ripped from his throat as something that felt like an oragasm but oh so much worse broke over him. He trembled and his body went completely lax. His mind unfocused, not even able to process anything.

George’s low moan came a few moments later followed by a much louder gasping one from Dream. Sapnap barely registered that they had stopped moving. He was floating, not fully present. Smoke billowing away from a fire burning everything it touched. Only a byproduct of heat and what it burned.

Slowly he became aware of the gentle press of a cool cloth on his forehead, of murmured words. When he finally pried his eyes open he registered that he was laid out across Dream’s chest. He felt sticky and gross and raw. Clean clothes sat on the table in front of him. There were gentle fingers in his hair and another set trailing down his back.

He shifted slightly when footsteps filtered through the sound of Endgame’s credits. “I can take him now.” George’s voice was quiet.

“I hate that we can’t clean him up.” Dream’s own whispered words had the edge of sorrow to them. “His clothes can’t be comfortable at all.”

“I know. But the calendar hasn’t said anything about taking our clothes off yet.” George huffed out, on the edge of too loud.

Sapnap groaned, “I’m not looking forward to what anything more than dry humping is going to bring.” His voice was a rasp, not at all the teasing lilt he had been going for.

“Well...” Dream laughed beneath him, the motion of it making him move up and down.

He slowly sat up, reaching for the clean clothes. “I’m going to shower. You stink too.” He weakly flicked Dream’s forehead. He slid off of Dream’s lap, shakily making his way towards the stairs.

“You’ll come back down, right?” Dream asked after him in a rush of words.

The memory of feeling like an intruder during their soft exchange slapped Sapnap in the face. He really did love and hate being their third wheel. He really did love and hate being the spare on their bumpy ride. He needed a moment to breathe though. Needed to not be pressed between them, feeling the most alone he had ever felt for a moment. “I don’t know.”

“We will watch one of your stupid Christmas movies.” That was George, he was trying to bargain.

“I’m really tired. I think I’m just going to go to bed.” Sapnap gave them a reassuring smile. Or as much of one as he could manage. “I’ll be down in the morning.” He fled the pair of them before they could break his resolve down. He knew they would be able to. He knew of all the people in the world he would give up everything for Dream and George.

He just wanted a moment without his sense of self being completely consumed by them.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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Day 11: Dry Humping

December 12th

Chapter Notes

Muah. :)

Give me a few days to write the next chapter. I'll keep you guys updated on Twitter!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 12th:

Sapnap wished he could focus on something. Wished he could read posts on reddit about Minecraft. Wished he could even feel the addictive pull to keep scrolling TikTok in order to pass the time. He couldn't though. Every time he forced his eyes to dance across words or pictures on his screen all his lovely brain would conjure was pink stained cheeks and the hot press of bodies.

He hadn't left his room since sequestering himself into it like a coward. Yesterday had been a lot. A little too much honestly. Sapnap wasn't sure exactly why it had suddenly become too much. Wasn't sure when the bittersweet taste in his mouth had started to turn sour.

That was a lie. It was a massive lie. It had been the tender way George had looked at Dream. It had been the way Dream had opened like a flower to his sun, vulnerable beauty showing forth. He was sure soon they would figure out how they fit together without him. He just wanted to protect himself.

He wanted to dig out the soft fluttering feeling in his chest. Wanted to cut it off at the roots and watch it die before it could fully bloom. He loved his best friends. He cared for them so deeply. He would never let himself come between them.

He had been stupidly selfish the past few days. Wanting to be that small spike in a long tall triangle. Wanting to be there in however small a part they would let him. But the reality of it was different than his struggling hopes.

The reality was his best friends were so hopelessly in love. They always had been but now, now they knew it. And he was just there. Little old awkward Sapnap. The third wheel.

They weren't a tricycle; they never were. They were a bicycle and he was their training wheels. Soon they wouldn't need him to ride. Soon they would remove him from their spokes and leave him behind to gather dust.

He needed to not be attached when that happened.

The problem with that was that he had always had some sort of longing emotions when it came to his best friends. Stirrings of something not quite there. Feelings he buried deep down and never let come to the surface.

Not until late nights cuddling with both of them and hot moments pressed between them had broken down all his barriers. Emotions had started to sprout under their witless nurturing and he had stupidly let it happen.

He swallowed heavily and rubbed his face with a hard hand. There was the distinct possibility that by the time this was all over he would actually need to move in with Punz. Whether it was to get his distance or to give them space to be together didn't matter. He just wasn't sure that when he was left behind he would be able to stuff it all down and watch them from a distance without the lurking lonely feeling being too much to ignore.

He startled from his empty staring when a knock sounded at his bedroom door. He turned in his bed and sat up slightly, "come in?" He asks slowly, his eyes on the door.

There was a soft huff from the other side of the door. A moment later the handle turned and Dream slowly poked his head in. He gave Sapnap a tentative smile, "hey."

"Hi." Sapnap knew he sounded hesitant. He wasn't sure what was going on. He knew the stupid fucking calendar said today was stripping. But he wasn't quite in the mood to watch them strip. He wasn't in the mood for them to bully him into stripping soon.

"I made some fried chicken and mashed potatoes." Dream's face was the picture of a golden retriever puppy.

Sapnap felt guilt eat away at his heart, "I'm not really in the mood to play y'all's games today."

His face fell slightly and he pushed the door open slightly, "I kinda figured you were wanting to stay in bed today after yesterday's exhausting activities. So, I brought you a plate."

Now that the door was fully open he could see a plate held in one hand, white Amazon packages were tucked under Dream's arm, and a large Starbucks coffee was in his other hand. The plate was lightly steaming. "I—" he swallowed heavily and pushed himself to sit up more, "that Starbucks isn't for you, is it?"

"No." Dream took a slight step inside, setting the cup on Sapnap's desk and gently closing the door behind him.

"Why did you make me food and buy me Starbucks and then bring it up to me?" He narrowed his eyes slightly at Dream's big form.

Dream shuffled forward more, shifting his arm open and dropping the white packages at the foot of his bed, "these came in for you earlier." He said it almost conversationally, completely ignoring Sapnap's question.

Sapnap glanced at the packages, there was a slight delay in his mind as he tried to remember what they could be. A moment later the memory of him ordering christmas sweaters popped into his mind. Nothing important. An idea he might throw away all together at this point.

"Thank you." Sapnap mumbled and tracked Dream's form as he walked up and set the plate on his side table. He was at a bit of a loss as to where all this was coming from and Dream wasn't helping him.

Dream let out a soft hum, his eyes tracking around Sapnap's room for a moment before stopping on the coffee on the desk. He quickly shuffled and grabbed that, bringing it right back to the side table, "what's in the packages?"

Sapnap flicked his eyes off of Dream to the packages then back to Dream, "Christmas sweaters. For all of us. And Patches."

"Oh." Dream nodded slowly. He awkwardly shifted from foot to foot, not really looking at Sapnap

but also not acting like he was heading towards the door.

The last time Sapnap had seen him like that they had just had a massive argument. It had been at the beginning of them living together. Sapnap had wanted to watch an anime over a football game and the rest was history. After the game, Dream hovered outside Sapnap's open door, not sure how to apologize but wanting to make sure they were going to be okay.

At the time Sapnap had been simmering from the argument still, heated in a way they never got over the phone. Sapnap had given in, the guilt at seeing broken dejected Dream hovering there in an unsure way when he was never unsure, making him sigh and invite his friend in.

Dream was a mirror of that now, broken golden retriever puppy energy bleeding from his partially slouched form as he looked around the organized chaos that was Sapnap's room. Sapnap sighed and scooted towards his side table where the steaming plate and coffee were sitting, "Do you want to cuddle?"

Dream's eyes jerked to him, flicking to the empty space. He hesitated for a moment before crawling into bed next to Sapnap. He wasn't exactly gentle about it, shaking the bed and flopping down half on top of Sapnap. "Yeah." He smiled slowly up at Sapnap from his position.

The stuttering breath that left Sapnap's chest ached. This was the opposite of avoiding things that would make him catch feelings fully. But he couldn't ignore a pouting Dream. He wasn't sure what happened to make Dream look unsure and skittish, but it obviously was something. "Okay, you big lug." He sighed, "I need to eat the food you brought me."

The huff Dream let out shook the bed. He scooted over slightly so that his head was resting on the pillows instead of Sapnap's hip. He left his arm flung over Sapnap's lap, giving him a look that clearly said, 'that's all you get.'

Sapnap rolled his eyes at his best friend's antics. He still wasn't sure what was going on, but at least now Dream looked content and not upset. Navigating to YouTube he picked a random video the algorithm suggested and propped it on his knee. He slowly and carefully ate the offered food, humming occasionally at the taste of it. In another life, Dream had to have been a professional cook.

Then again, his mom was a lovely cook and Dream had learned everything from her.

It was on the second video, while he was sipping at the delicious sugary latte Dream had brought him, that there was a murmur from next to him. Slowly he glanced down. Dream had nuzzled into his hip bone and was fast asleep.

Sapnap sighed again. When had he become such a pushover for the massive dumbass? Somewhere in the moments of laughter and soft evenings Dream had quietly molded Sapnap into the biggest sucker and he had completely missed it.

There was another quiet murmur, this time more discernible, "Sap... Mine..."

A weird fluttery feeling erupted in his stomach, making him feel borderline nauseous. Maybe he had just eaten too much. The press of Dream's face combined with the weight of his arm across his hips pulled at Sapnap. It was weird having this without George. George should be the one Dream was doing this with, not him.

He grabbed his phone, opening the messaging app and sending a text.



Sapnap: Come get your boyfriend.

George: Not my boyfriend and he's your problem.

Sapnap: um. What?

George: Which part was confusing?

George: I thought you were only stupid when Dream and I had our hands on you.

Sapnap: You two aren't dating? But...

George: Are either of us dating you?

Sapnap: Well no, but that's different.

George: How?

Sapnap stared at the question for a long time. He didn't know how they were different logically, outside of how in love George and Dream obviously were. They only needed him because... because they felt too much. Because he was always the one between them. Because they both burned so brightly and he was the solid wax wall that stopped them from burning each other. Sure they melted him a little bit in the process, but they didn't hurt each other then.

Either way he didn't have a good answer for George if he didn't realize the difference. If he hadn't figured out how deep and obvious his feelings were for Dream. If he didn't know, Sapnap wasn't going to tell him.

Sapnap: He's asleep half on me and heavy.

That was a bit of an exaggeration, but he really felt like George should come get Dream.

George: He's asleep?

Sapnap: Yes. That's what I said dumb ass

Sapnap: Can you not read American or something?

George: Good. He needs sleep.

Sapnap: He could be asleep somewhere else though.

George: It's your turn and he's sleeping. Suck it up.

Sapnap: My turn? He's your problem.

George: Nope.

Sapnap sighed. George was an immovable object obviously. Dream squeezed his hips slightly, pulling Sapnap impossibly closer. "My Princess."

Sapnap let his head fall back, hitting the headboard of his bed. He was definitely making Dream put on the ugly sweater he bought him later. And George. Both of them. Ugly Christmas sweaters on and their dumb asses in front of the tree to take photos. It was happening.

Later, Dream woke up and pressed a kiss to Sapnap's hip. "Hi." His voice was low and the soft way he peered up at Sapnap was way too intimate.

"You fell asleep." Sapnap observed quietly, equal parts scared of breaking the moment and wanting to tease Dream to the ends of the earth.

"Hmmm." Dream shifted and pressed his face hard into Sapnap's hip, "Text George and tell him to come here. I'm too comfy to move."

Sapnap narrowed his eyes at Dream slowly, "Why does he need to come here?" It was bad enough he had Dream's face pressed into his hip for the past few hours while he scrolled social media, adding George to the mix was dangerous.

"Because, we have to do today's task, and I am not moving." Dream looked up at him out of the corner of his eyes again, "Which means you aren't moving."

A lump formed in his throat as something possessive flashed in Dream's eyes. A heady feeling followed, almost addictive. "To be clear, I could move. I could leave you and your lazy ass here

and go downstairs.” He probably shouldn’t have pushed. Probably shouldn’t have given Dream an opening.

The breath was knocked out of him as Dream pressed him down into the bed hard and buried his face into Sapnap’s stomach. The weight of his body pinned Sapnap’s legs to the bed. “Nope.” He shifted his head to dig his chin into Sapnap’s stomach, his green eyes dancing with mirth. “You are stuck. Text George.”

Sapnap: Dream said you have to come here.

George: Why?

Sapnap: He won’t let either of us move...

George: Sucks.

“He won’t listen to me.” His voice had the edge of a whine to it that he really wasn’t expecting.

“Give.” Dream held his hand out, digging chin in harder.

Sapnap wasn’t sure it was a smart idea, giving his phone to Dream willingly. But, he also was pretty sure if he didn’t Dream would get it one way or another. In the time he took to debate it, Dream must have decided he was just going to get the phone on his own.

Fingers dug into his hips and pulled him roughly down, further underneath Dream. Sapnap squawked, flailing under Dream. He pushed roughly on Dream’s chest, “Get off me you fucking giant.”

“Nope.” Dream huffed, snatching his phone out of his hand. He tapped away at the screen quickly, a self satisfied look on his face. “There.” He handed Sapnap’s phone back to him and went limp on top of him, “And you can’t run away.”

“I wasn’t trying to.” Sapnap narrowed his eyes at Dream. He flipped his phone around and read it.

Sapnap: it’s dream

Sapnap: if you don’t get your ass over here I’m stripping him without you

George: fuck off you idiot.

George: I’m on my way.

“Dream?” He asked quietly. His eyes kept trailing back to the words, ‘I’m stripping him without you.’

“Hmm?” Dream pushed off of Sapnap slightly, just to flop back down on top of him, further up his body. He tucked his face into Sapnap’s neck slowly, the press of his nose a little intimate and more than a little heady.

“Why are you planning on stripping me without George?” It was taking a long moment for his brain to catch up with what was happening. Sluggishly rereading the message again and again.

“Because. I want to see you.” Teeth dug into his neck slowly before pulling away, dragging the skin of his neck out and along the rough edges. “And that’s what today is for.” Dream’s voice dipped low.

Sapnap felt himself shiver. The shake of all of his muscles twitching with it. “You do know I bought that for you and George.” His voice was breathier than he meant for it to be.

“We know.” That was George, from the doorway. “We just don’t care what your intention was.” His tone was edged with iron, hard in a way that usually meant he was pissed with Dream. At least, that’s the only time he has heard George sound like that.

Sapnap sat up as much as the weight of Dream on top of him would allow. George was shooting an ugly look at the back of Dream’s head. “What?” Now his voice was closer to a croak.

“I was actually editing my video, you actual idiot.” George finished walking through the room, sitting on the bed next to them. Sapnap couldn’t see what George was doing with his hands, but he felt the way Dream’s head jerked up and away from his neck, “You couldn’t wait a few more minutes?”

“Nope.” Dream had a self-satisfied look on his face, “I’ve waited long enough and now I get to see both of you.” A hand slid down Sapnap’s side and up under his shirt. “You can edit later.”

Sapnap snorted at that, only mildly distracted by the big hand sliding up his side. “I think we both know he won’t.” He met George’s heavy gaze and was very glad Dream was on top of him, making it harder for George to enact whatever revenge was brewing behind the dark brown orbs.

Dream laughed loudly, his hand pausing in its journey up his torso. “So true. So, so true.”

“Shut up. Both of you.” Despite Dream’s bodily protection, George managed to reach around and pull the top of Sapnap’s hair. “I will edit it, I’ll show you.”

Sapnap snorted around the moan that bubbled up at the sharp spike of pain at George’s tugging motion. He wanted to give a sharp quip about how he would believe it when he saw it, but Dream took advantage of George’s lax grip on his hair and dug his teeth back into Sapnap’s neck.

The combined pain through his scalp and neck had him arching up into the heavy weight of Dream on top of him. He must have let out a noise he wasn’t aware of while he was being consumed by swirling delicious pleasure-pain because George let go of his hair.

“The coin just said for us to strip today, nothing more.” George’s tone was low and bored. When Sapnap opened his eyes he was met with flushed cheeks and an excited light on George’s face despite the tone. “We have to stick to the calendar.”

“Fuck the calendar. I’m tired of waiting.” Dream’s fingers danced up to Sapnap’s chest and pinched lightly at one pert nipple. He dug one of his blunt nails in, shifting his head slightly so he could place a sloppy kiss right under Sapnap’s ear. The hot rush of his breath left Sapnap’s neck moist and warm.

Soft fingers brush along his neck and suddenly Dream was being roughly pulled up off of Sapnap into a kneeling position by a pale delicate hand on his neck. George shifted to kneel behind him, “We made a deal, we stick to it.” His voice was a low whisper, pressing his pink lips against Dream’s ear.

The shiver that ran down Dream’s form was visible. Sapnap wasn’t able to decide if he wanted to watch the easy and lax way Dream settled at George’s commanding stance. Or if he wanted to watch the way George’s fingers flexed slightly, putting pressure on Dream’s throat. The contrast of their skin tones and even just their size difference was a heady thing to see.

Deep in his mind he imagined the delicate digits of George’s fingers or Dream’s large calloused

tan hands wrapped around his neck. Wondered what it would feel like to have that power robbed from him. To know they held his life in their hands.

Looking at the dazed look in Dream's eyes and the possessiveness splayed across George's face he figured that was probably something for just between them. Not something he was going to be privy to. Outside of their lust driven need to keep him in their hazy cloud of want, there were things between them he would never have. There were always things between them he would never have.

Dream nodded slowly, "Okay, kitten. We stick to it." Sapnap swallowed at the low rasp of Dream's voice. He couldn't help the way that his eyes dragged down Dream's form, taking in the sleep rumpled clothes wrapped around a lax body. The outline of his obviously very hard cock was prominent in the way it begged for release. "I won't touch."

Slowly George's fingers let go of Dream's neck, "Are you going to be able to control yourself?" George's tone returned to being laced with boredom as he sat back on his own heels behind Dream.

"Yeah." Dream nodded, but the way his eyes immediately focused on Sapnap seemed to say something different. "You doing okay, Princess?"

It took Sapnap's slow mind a moment to process the question before he nodded slowly. "'M good." He felt heavy, even though Dream wasn't smothering him with his form anymore.

"He looks like he's doing good." George's head poked out around Dream, letting his sharp chin dig into Dream's shoulder. "I think he likes the show. Look how hard he is."

Humiliation flushed through Sapnap, filling him to the brim. He hadn't even been aware how hard he had grown, entranced as he was in George and Dream's little display. They seemed to do that to him though, cast a net over him and pull him in so easily. He was helpless to their whims and desires.

It wasn't a new feeling when it came to Dream. The easy way he had orbited around Dream from the moment he met him. How charismatic he was despite how nerdy he tended to be behind closed doors. How he shared his deepest joys with his brand new internet friend because he could understand.

Dream had always been captivating, even before Sapnap knew exactly how physically beautiful he had been.

George was different. New. He had spent too much of their friendship terrified that once Dream was fully captivated by George he would slowly lose him. Now Sapnap was figuring out the Brit had dug his fingers in him too. Beautiful and cruel fingers that somehow wormed their way deep into his heart. It didn't help how pretty he was.

When you combined both of them it was a vision that was physically painful to look away from. Kept his full attention until he was consumed by them and only them. Until he lost all sense of self and his surroundings.

It made the burning blush of humiliation so much brighter when they inevitably pointed out exactly how affected he was. There was no hiding it from them too, they knew him too well. He still managed to stutter out a quiet, "sh- shut up." Swallowing heavily and pushing himself to sit up slightly.

"Oh, well, if we don't have you speechless yet we should try harder." George rolled his eyes,

sliding down dramatically, “Seeing as we are supposed to be stripping anyway...”

Dream’s fingers flexed where he left them resting on his thighs, “George, come on now.” There was an annoyed whine in his voice as he turned his head to look at George, “It’s not nice to tease him so much when we aren’t allowed to do anything.”

George already had his fingers teasing around his sweatpants’ drawstrings, his dark eyes staring Sapnap down. It made it so hard to look away at the sound of Dream’s voice. A quick flick of the eyes towards him.

“That’s not my fault.” George smiled slowly, “Sapnap wants to see, don’t you?” The look on his face was dangerously close to one of those looks he would get right before he would start demanding all attention on him. He would normally follow it up with something silly or show off some stupid little trinket. Now there was a dangerous undertone to the demanding look on his face.

Sapnap knew he was going to be left alone when it was all said and done. Alone to take care of himself, but he couldn’t help the burning need to watch. The want to see. The desire to participate.

“Yeah.” It came out as a stuttering breath way before he had fully made up his mind. His eyes locked onto where George’s fingers were idly toying with the drawstrings of his pants still. A quick glance up at his face let him briefly see the small half smirk and smug side-eye he was directing towards Dream. He couldn’t look away for long though, his eyes being dragged back down to toying fingers.

“See, he wants it.” George’s tone was pointed at Dream. Sapnap barely bothered to process it as the white strings were pulled loose and heavy cloth pushed low on his hips. “You were so eager just a second ago, pouting now that you know you won’t be able to get your release?”

There was a quiet huff from Dream. The bed dipped next to Sapnap as Dream settled down to watch George as well. “Go on then, give us a show.”

Sapnap glanced at him, barely taking in the lazy way he had settled on his side and the fond expression on his face before his eyes were pulled back to George. George was stepping slowly out of the gray sweatpants, black briefs clinging to his hips and thighs, the bulge of his own half hard dick obvious without the loose pants to hide it.

It was a little annoying how unaffected he seemed to be by all this. Where Sapnap was worked up to the point he felt feverish with it, George was calm and collected. The stark difference in their states of need somehow made Sapnap spiral further down into want.

“I think you two should take something off too. Make it a little more equal.” George licked his bottom lip quickly, his dark eyes boring into Dream this time.

Sapnap easily followed his line of sight to find lazy green eyes staring right back at George. Dream wasn’t really looking at George’s face though, instead staring very blatantly at uncovered skin framed by black briefs. He wasn’t moving or twitching in the way he tended to, completely entranced with the sight before him.

“Dream?” He asked quietly, trying to make Dream realize George had said something. So what if he wanted to get the show on the road? He was impatient and really, really needed to get them out so he could take care of the problem George made abundantly clear they weren’t going to take care of. If they waited for Dream to get with the picture it could take hours, he tended to hyperfocus on one particular thing, going stupid to everything else.

Green eyes snapped to his face and the easy lazy assessing look turned into one of dangerous intent. Sapnap was starting to wonder if this was the look Dream had on his face when they filmed Manhunts. The idiot wouldn't ever let them see his face while he was playing.

"What did you just call me, Princess?" He cocked his head slowly to the side, his eyes boring into Sapnap's.

"Um." He glanced between George and Dream slowly. He wasn't really sure who was the one in charge today. If there was only one of them in charge. "Daddy?"

"That's what I thought." Dream's voice turned to liquid fire, alighting every nerve ending Sapnap had, "now, why don't you show us some skin Princess?"

"I- what?" He shifted to sit up some. "I thought, but George?" He looked over at George who had a thoughtful faraway expression.

Dream's hum was low in his chest, strong enough that the vibrations ran through the bed and Sapnap could feel them through the bed. "Yeah, but if Kitten is okay with it, I think I want to watch you squirm a bit, Princess."

"Watching Sapnap squirm would be fun." George chimed in with an easy tone. When Sapnap turned to look at him George had that light in his eyes that said he was very entertained by what he was watching.

Sapnap pressed his legs together. He had the acute feeling they were about to eat him alive. "How much skin are we talking about?" He asked, his voice small under their intense gazes. He didn't think he would ever get used to that even if they kept him around.

"All of it." George said immediately over Dream's "We'll see."

He flicked his eyes between both of them, not really sure which one was giving him the correct answer. George's was more direct and to the point, which fit him honestly. He tended to push Sapnap into doing wild things beyond his normal comfort zone. Dream's was more ambiguous.

"All of it." George said again, following a silent conversation between the two of them. Once again turning the way they were so in tune into a weapon to use against Sapnap.

He glanced over at Dream, almost wishing he could beg for help. He couldn't help shooting him a pleading look even though he was pretty sure it wouldn't get him anywhere.

Dream gave a cocky little smirk when he met his eyes. He leaned forward slightly onto his elbow more and muttered in a low tone that he had used once in a manhunt to practically make Sapnap melt, "if you don't do it yourself, I'll have to do it and then George will get mad at me."

Sapnap shivered, Dream's voice reaching into his core and lighting him fully on fire. He felt like a furnace with it, burning him inside out. Once glance at George's looming figure told him for both Dream's and his sake he better start stripping, the hard bored look in his eyes closer to annoyance than taunting.

Slowly he tucked his fingers under the hem of his shirt and pulled it off over his head. He felt exposed without his shirt sticking to his skin. Cool air blowing over him, making him shiver. He quickly glanced between both George and Dream, his cheeks on fire with the heat of his blush.

"Now stand up and finish." George crossed his arms. Even without his sweatpants he was an elegant picture. Almost intimidating in the easy way he stood there, his eyes on Sapnap.

“Dream can’t take something off first?” His voice cracked over the question. He knew arguing with them would be futile, but maybe they would humor him.

“I’ll take something off once you are naked.” Dream’s voice was gentle as his big hand pushed at Sapnap’s hip to urge him up. “Listen to George, Princess.”

Sapnap scooted to the edge of the bed and stood on shaky legs. His knees were weak. He hadn’t even really been touched and he felt shaky deep to his core. A single glance between both of his best friends’ eyes watching him made him feel even more unsteady.

Before he could collapse from the intensity of the situation he quickly hooked his thumbs into his shorts and pushed them off his hips, letting them pool on the ground. The elastic of his briefs pulled at his skin slightly as the shorts caught on them before letting go.

He didn’t dare look at them when he hooked his thumbs into his briefs. He wanted to rip them off as quick as he could, embarrassment and humiliation pouring into him at the knowledge they were closely watching him.

George’s voice stopped him from pushing them off in a quick movement like a Band-Aid. “Go slow.”

He whipped his head around to look at George pleadingly, “but-“

“Listen to him, Princess.” Dream’s tone was lazy, like they were doing a late night podcast and not watching Sapnap strip for them.

Sapnap swallowed heavily, breathing in deep slow breaths. He felt like he was sinking slowly underwater, everything becoming muted outside of their eyes on him. He closed his eyes, too embarrassed to watch them as they watched him.

Carefully he hooked his thumbs under the elastic and pushed. He could feel the dig of the fabric against his ass. Humiliation dug its claws into his chest when he felt the elastic catch on his achingly hard dick.

It was bittersweet the way his head felt stuffed with cotton. It made his whole body ache with want even as it flushed with acute embarrassment at how he must look to them. Like a whore, a needy slut for them.

Relief stuffed more cotton into his mind when the elastic finally cleared his ass and the press of his dick, falling loosely to the ground. His entire body twitched when he not only felt but heard the wet slap of his cock hitting his stomach, rebounding from the pull of his briefs.

With a shaky exhale of the breath he didn’t realize he had been holding he opened his eyes and looked at first Dream and then George. Dream had his bottom lip pulled between his teeth, one hand massaging his thigh slowly as his eyes were glued to Sapnap’s exposed cock. George’s lips were parted and a quick look down showed he was definitely not unaffected by the show Sapnap had been forced to put on.

A deep set uncertainty filled him, unsure where to put his hands now that he didn’t have clothes to hide them in. The stark contrast of how undressed he was compared to them was almost overwhelming. Shakily he slid one of his knees back onto his bed.

The yelp that left him when tan fingers wrapped around his arm, pulling him off balance, was high, cracking slightly. Dream wrapped unyielding fingers around his jaw and pulled him in for a sloppy kiss. His tongue licking past Sapnap’s lax lips and his breath pushing liquid fire down his throat.

“Dream.” George’s voice was exasperated, “Stop. Actually stop.”

Dream nipped at his bottom lip before pulling back. There was a very self satisfied smirk on his face and his green eyes danced with mirth. “He’s just irresistible, Kitten. Basically begging for his daddy to touch him with the way he looks.”

“I know, but today is just stripping. Nothing more, and we agreed.” Delicate fingers landed on Sapnap’s shoulders, gently pulling him back. “Come on baby boy, lay back. You deserve a little reward for the show you just put on.”

Dream’s fingers slid off his chin, “I shouldn’t have told you to come up.” his voice had a soft whine to it

“But you did,” George let a high playful tone enter his voice. He didn’t look at Dream though, too busy maneuvering Sapnap so that he was sitting back on his pillows. “Your turn to take something off, Dream.” He sat back on the bed, looking over at Dream finally.

Sapnap followed his gaze to find Dream giving him an annoyed look, “Oh, George, Kitten. You should finish stripping since you keep coming between me and my fun.”

Sapnap was glad neither of them were looking at him when Dream said that. He could feel the way his cock pulsed with burning heat at the low dangerous tone in Dream’s voice. It was somehow better than the infamous lore voice. He knew they would know how affected he was by it if they looked over, though. Precum dripping onto his stomach leaving obvious evidence.

It really was humiliating how easily he let them break him down like this. How easily he was reduced to nothing but their toy. Nothing but a pretty doll to look at and play with. The thought alone made more precum drip onto his stomach, burning a searing brand onto his stomach.

George sighed heavily, letting his head fall to the side, “fine.” He shifted back onto his heels from where he had knelt on the bed to pull Sapnap away from Dream. His long fingers wrapping around his shirt and pulling it over his head in an easy fluid movement.

Pale skin was revealed, a canvas of beauty keeping Sapnap’s eyes fastened to George. He watched as he shifted to stand and pushed the very last article of clothing off his hips. He did it slower than Sapnap had wanted to do his, but faster than he had demanded from Sapnap.

The picture he made standing there, pink with the tiniest of flushes, was easily becoming one of Sapnap’s favorite things to look at. He was hard, but didn’t look nearly as desperate as Sapnap felt. His easy composure made Sapnap squirm slightly in place, cock twitching with how hot it was.

A whimper left his throat when George kneeled back onto the bed. He could almost picture him crawling over like a big cat stalking his prey. Sapnap was very aware he was the prey and that he really wasn’t doing much to avoid being caught.

George settled back on his heels, letting his hands rest on his thighs. His eyes raked over Sapnap’s form before turning to look at Dream. “Your turn, Dream.”

Sapnap forced his eyes away from George so he could look over at Dream who was still lounging lazily next to him in the bed, fully clothed in a t-shirt and sweats. “Okay.” His cheeks were stained wine red and his eyes were heavy with lust as he flicked them between George and Sapnap, “I guess.” He stood slowly, chewing on his lips as his big hands fiddled with the hem of his shirt.

“Oh, you’re acting shy now, Dream? Not when you admitted you liked being called daddy. Not even when you told me that you didn’t mind being a little subby for me as long as you had Sapnap

to mess with. Now?" George's voice was low and cruel. "Come on Dreamie, strip."

Dream glanced at Sapnap then back to George before pulling his shirt off. There was a ripple in the way his muscles moved. It wasn't even new information for Sapnap. He had lived with Dream long enough, seen him walking around with a sweat damp chest after working out at their home gym.

It was different now though. With Sapnap hard and leaking. With how foggy he felt and how entranced he was by both of them. With George sitting right there bare and Sapnap on display for both of them to see just how gone he was for them.

Nimble fingers wrapped around his ankle as Dream sloppily started to push his sweats down. The low v of his hips was an exaggerated line to his cock. He didn't take his time to drag it out, instead pushing both his sweats and his underwear off in one fluid motion.

Sapnap knew Dream had a lot to be cocky about. He was hot, he was rich, he was good at what he did. Now he really understood where the cockiness stemmed from. Dream was hung. His cock was a huge heavy weight, not even standing fully straight up despite how hard he obviously was.

"Daddy." It took him a moment to realize he had whined it out, low and needy in his throat. It took even longer for his sluggish brain to realize the sharp dig on fingers at his ankle was George holding him still. A reminder not to move or reach out and touch.

Dream's eyes were dark when they landed on Sapnap. "Yes, princess?" His voice was low and the obvious way his dick twitched let Sapnap know just how much one little word could affect him.

Sapnap quickly glanced at George before looking back at Dream, "Please?" He wasn't sure exactly what he was asking but seeing his two very hot best friends not only naked but hard was a lot.

"No." George squeezed his ankle one last time before standing, "The calendar only said to strip today, baby. That unfortunately means we will have to take care of ourselves." He wrapped his fingers around Dream's arm and started to tug him towards the door.

"We shouldn't leave him like that, Kitten." Dream argued with an annoyed pout, his beautiful features being twisted by it.

"I'll check on him in a bit. You don't have enough self control. Come on." Sapnap could see the indent in Dream's skin as George's fingers dug in and he pulled Dream's stumbling form more firmly away from the door.

Sapnap felt a little bit like he was drowning as they started to leave, a small noise building in his throat. He wasn't even sure what to do with himself any more. George very obviously wanted him to stay put, but he was already so close to cumming just from watching them. He had said 'we' when talking about taking care of themselves, but Sapnap didn't know if that included him.

He didn't have to wait long as George poked his head back into his room, "Sapnap, baby." He paused for a moment looking him over, "Take care of yourself, okay? Then come to my room, I'll clean you up and we can cuddle." He waited a moment before leaving again.

The permission to touch was all he needed. He wrapped one hand around his aching member. He didn't even need to reach over into his side table drawer for lube with how wet he was from the constant drip of precum.

His hand wasn't exactly what he wanted. He wanted George or Dream, but he would take what he could get. Seeing them had been delicious and addicting. He felt like a simple mortal where their

almost perfect forms were obviously ones of gods. Maybe the whole XD and HD thing had started to manifest into real life.

He stroked himself with a quick pace, imagining what had happened differently. Instead of his hands pushing down his own briefs it had been George's, with the intent of giving Dream a show. Instead of being pulled away from Dream, they kissed until George had forced him into Dream's lap so he could grind down against his massive cock. Instead of them leaving, they stayed and it was their hands on him instead of his own.

He came with a tiny whine, nowhere near as intense as the last few days. Cum painted his chest with milky white splatters. As he came down, reality started to crash down onto him. He knew the calendar had said to just strip, but they had left him needy and wanting. On top of that they were probably with each other taking care of one another.

George had told him to go find him after he was done. Sapnap was pretty sure he didn't mean that. He was wrapped up with Dream now that they had done whatever torment they wanted to enact.

Sapnap shakily stood and made his way to the bathroom. He cleaned himself up with no energy and only barely managed to drag himself back to his bed. He laid in the spot Dream had been in. It wasn't damp with his sweat. He could deal with the dirty sheets in the morning.

In the middle of the night he groggily woke to a weight dipping behind him and heavy arms wrapping around him. "What?" He asked, lifting his head off his pillow slightly.

"Shush. Go back to sleep." It was whispered but obviously George all the same.

Sapnap was too tired to argue that he should be cuddling Dream. Not awake enough to shove his own selfish desires to the side. Sleep pulled him back under with grasping fingers. He didn't try to fight it too hard, wanting more than he could help.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

My Writer Twitter is [@AuthorKimb](#)

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Day 12: Strip

December 13th

Chapter Notes

Alright my loves here you go!

Yet again I need to write the next chapter before I can post. Give me a few days to do that. I'll keep you updated on Twitter!

Happy New Year!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 13th:

Sapnap woke up in an empty bed. Part of him was sure he dreamed of George coming to him in the middle of the night. Part of him wished that was the case.

Things were getting very confusing and complicated fast with Dream and George. He was so sure he understood his place with them. He was their third wheel, their buffer, the one thing that kept them from ripping each other apart. But yesterday added a whole new confusing layer to it.

Not only did he have to deal with processing the intimate way Dream fell asleep against his hip and George coming to his room in the middle of the night, he had to think about George's message and some of the things they had said while doing the calendar task. Dream and George weren't dating. How they weren't was beyond Sapnap's understanding. The two idiots were very much in love.

George's other comment haunted him. They weren't dating him. To him it was obvious why. Especially George's mean little words he used to taunt Dream. He was there for them to use as they needed. A way to give them balance. A way for them to agree and not fight one another.

So why had it seemed like George was hinting at something else?

It all made Sapnap's head hurt and he decided not to think about it. If there was one thing he had learned a long time ago with Dream and George it was that they were going to do what they wanted to at literally everyone's expense. The amount of times he had lost sleep because Dream wanted him to stay up was a good example of that.

He sat up slowly, trying to figure out what to do with his day. He checked his messages to see if Punz had texted him or if Dream and George were awake. He found no messages from Punz much to his chagrin but there was one from Karl and three on the Dteam thread. He answered the one from Karl first.

Karl: You free to record Banter with Corpse tomorrow?

Sapnap: Yeah, I should be free.

With a heavy sigh he readied himself to deal with whatever ploy Dream and George had cooked up to get him in their grasp today. He scrolled to their thread and opened it.

Dteam:

George: I'm streaming something with Quackity.

Dream: Well, I guess there goes my plan to drag you into a podcast. Sapnap?

Dream: Lazy bones. Whatever I'm Podcasting.

Sapnap sighed in relief. At least he wasn't going to be immediately bombarded by them today. He would have a few moments to just exist without hands grasping at him and his mind sinking into empty unawareness.

He glanced at his computer for a long moment, pondering if he should join Dream on his podcast. He wasn't sure he was really awake enough for that, yet. As he glanced around his room his eyes fell onto the white Amazon packages.

He kept forgetting about them if he was being honest. They had fallen to the floor sometime yesterday. They looked innocent. They were innocent. But Sapnap knew both George and Dream would hate him for making them put the sweaters on and take pictures. It was the least they deserved for the twisted up confused knot he had become under their careful fingers.

A small smile graced his face. Now to get the fans on his side.

@sapnappivate: Dteam Christmas pics?

He watched the replies pour in. Only paying attention when Dream's private account popped up as well.

@dreamsecretclub: No

@sapnappivate: But I bought color coordinated sweaters

@dreamsecretclub: I shouldn't have brought those packages to you yesterday

@sapnappivate: 😊

@dreamsecretclub: Get on the discord. I'm bored and I'm going to end if you don't.

Tweets of people begging him to get on flooded his mentions, effectively ending his Twitter fun. He sighed heavily and moved to his computer so he could hop on Discord. Dream wouldn't leave him alone about it if he didn't and he wanted the fans on his side. If he was the one to cause the end of a podcast they wouldn't take his side on the Christmas pictures argument. Well, they might but it wouldn't be as overwhelmingly in his favor.

They ended up talking about the most random things for a few hours, George eventually hopping on when Quackity ended his stream. It devolved into fake arguing and half baked jabs between him and George while Dream stayed mostly quiet. If Sapnap was a betting man he would bet Dream was just blindly scrolling Twitter.

Sapnap yawned heavily, exhausted from talking for hours on end. "Okay. I need to eat. I think I'm going to hop off. Chat I leave you in DNF's capable hands. They were probably getting ready to third wheel me soon anyways."

"Sapnap." George huffed quietly, an annoyed exasperation entering his voice.

"Pretty sure I was being third wheeled by SNF on my own podcast actually." Dream spoke up for the first time in a little while. His voice was low and quiet, like he was leaning away from his mic.

“Jealous, Dream?” George’s voice was his high teasing one, “don’t like being ignored?”

“So what if I don’t. You just hopped on and you two started talking without including me.” Dream huffed, there seemed to be genuine annoyance in his tone now.

“Dream?” Sapnap asked, “Are you hangry right now?” He didn’t normally like to point out when Dream was acting hangry. It usually just turned Dream fury onto him, but he was pretty sure it already was on him for robbing him of George’s attention.

There was a long silence as Sapnap and George waited for Dream’s answer. Eventually he let out a loud breath, “Yeah, maybe I am.”

“I was thinking about ordering Mr. Beast Burger, do you want some of that?” Sapnap pulled up Uber Eats on his phone.

“I’ll take some.” George piped up, “I’m starved after Quackity’s stream and then sitting on here for... 2 hours.”

“We should just end and order food.” Dream muttered.

“Chat don’t blame me, we have been here for hours.” Sapnap rushed before he was put on blast by their fans, “Plus, I’m going to get you guys Dream team christmas content. I should be your favorite obviously, not these two dummies.”

“You’re such an idiot, Sapnap.” George huffed before hopping off.

Sapnap rolled his eyes at George’s antics, “Whatever. Bye guys.” He didn’t bother to stick around for Dream’s infamous ‘Alright.’ It wasn’t worth it and he really was hungry.

He stood up and left his room, stretching in a sleepy lazy way. If they were all going to order food from the same place they might as well order together. When he entered the hallway George was hovering in the hallway, his eyes darting between both his door and Dream’s.

“George.” Sapnap licked his lips quickly. He knew today had the possibility of being very intense. He wasn’t sure he wanted to participate. He would be fine watching but the last few days had left his head spinning and his stomach in knots.

He desperately wanted to be selfish, but the way they were acting was confusing. One minute it seemed like he was correct in his thoughts that dnf was just using him as a buffer. The next George texted him that he and Dream weren’t dating just like they weren’t dating Sapnap.

It had him at his wits end. He didn’t want them to stop. He bought the calendar with some sort of intention, joke or otherwise. He just wasn’t sure how entrenched he wanted to be in their hands as they wandered all over each other. Wasn’t sure he wanted to be just in the middle to keep them from feeling it all too much. Wasn’t sure he was willing to just be a small part anymore.

He also knew the wistful thoughts that were slowly growing root in his head were not possible. Dream and George had something special and he wasn’t ever meant to be a part of that.

“I need to talk to Dream. We’ll meet you downstairs in a minute to order food.” George tucked his hands into his sweat’s pockets and leaned back against the wall.

They probably needed to talk about a video. Or some stream plan. But some nasty jealous voice in the back of his head told him it was just another example of their special relationship that he had no part of.

“Okay.” He managed before turning and heading down. It was possible he would need to arrange a visit to Karl shortly after Christmas. It was also possible he needed to go stay with Punz for a weekend. He was definitely getting too attached.

He splayed himself out on the couch and settled in to scroll Twitter while he waited for Dream and George to come down. Twitter wasn’t very interesting, but it was better than letting his anxious thoughts run completely wild.

It wasn’t too long later that he could hear the soft pad of footsteps on the stairs. A little petulant part of his brain kept him in place on the couch. They could sit on the floor for all he cared.

George rounded the couch and wrapped his delicate fingers gently around Sapnap’s ankles. He picked them up and settled on his side before sliding them back into place. It was almost distracting the gentle way his hands rubbed at his ankles and shins once he was settled.

Sapnap kept his eyes glued to his phone despite the gentle comfort of it. He didn’t want to give George his attention. When Dream’s form came into his peripheral he really kept his eyes on his phone. Was he reading Twitter anymore? No. Was he going to look up? Also no.

“Can you sit up for just a second, Sap?” Dream had a soft tone to his voice, gentle and kind in a way he normally only was with Patches and George.

That had Sapnap looking up despite himself, “Why would I do that?”

“So I can sit down and you can put your head on my lap?” Dream shifted slightly back and forth on his feet. His restlessness reflected the jumping thoughts in Sapnap’s mind.

There was a long moment that felt frozen in time. Sapnap had the feeling both Dream and George were waiting on his decision to cooperate with baited breath. There was almost the tense taste of bitter fear in the way George’s fingers gently clenched on his ankle and the way Dream’s eyes were lowered to his shifting feet.

It felt like the three of them were frozen on his singular decision to sit up. That if Sapnap didn’t sit up this conversation would go completely different than if he did. Maybe if it had been George asking for him to sit up he wouldn’t have. Sapnap had been friends with Dream for too long to turn him down when he was asking for something as sweet as a moment with his friend’s head in his lap.

They probably recognized that too.

Slowly he sat up. The smile Dream directed at him was small, shy and so sincere it hurt. He slid into his spot, one gentle big hand pulling Sapnap back down so that his head was cushioned against Dream’s thighs. Another hand ran through his hair.

“Thank you.” It came as a whisper, but Sapnap recognized it as Dream. They had spent too many late nights in their years growing up together for him to not recognize his whisper. Too many nights of Sapnap on the edge of an anxiety attack because of too much chaos at home and school. Too many nights of Dream staying up way too late to help talk him down.

The gentle comfort of Dream’s hand in his hair and George’s kneading along his legs was overwhelming in a too sweet way. Sapnap gave up on any pretense of him reading Twitter. He locked his phone and turned to press his face into Dream’s stomach. Maybe he could hide from the intense well of his own feelings that way.

“Sapnap.” The gentle, easy tone of George’s voice was rare and made Sapnap almost sure he was

sleeping, “we need to talk about how you keep avoiding aftercare.”

He pressed his face harder into Dream. Maybe if he ignored them, they wouldn’t try to talk about anything. He couldn’t talk about anything while fighting off the way he was precariously close to fully catching feelings. Couldn’t handle them being gentle with him and discussing things. It was too close to what he imagined an actual relationship with them would feel like.

“It’s not just bad for you, it’s not good for us.” George pressed gently, his thumb pressing into his ankle with a slight pressure.

Sapnap closed his eyes. Guilt welled in his chest like a suffocating pressure. He hadn’t thought they would notice his absence as wrapped up in each other as he thought they were.

“Dream didn’t sleep two nights ago. I thought it was best to give you space then, but then yesterday after I told you to come to me you didn’t.” Sapnap was pretty sure that he was imaging the underlying stressed tone to George’s voice. “I don’t know about Dream’s own emotions outside of having to deal with him that entire night, but when my sub doesn’t participate in aftercare it stresses me out.”

The gentle rumble of nonverbal agreement Dream gave vibrated against Sapnap’s face. He tried not to let the suffocating guilt eat at him. Tried not to let his own mind twist the fact that he had caused his friends distress into daggers pointed at himself.

He didn’t even know how to explain to them he didn’t want to intrude. That he knew they were so in love with one another and he didn’t fit in that. He was always on the outside looking in with them since George joined their friendship. There was no way to make them understand that. Jokes aside, they wouldn’t listen to anyone when they pointed out that it was always them plus someone else, not them being part group of people.

Dream stopped the gentle movement in his hair for a long moment before his voice sounded, “Sap, is there a reason you are denying aftercare?”

And there was the question he didn’t want them to ask. He hadn’t even managed to arrange his own feelings towards them and their relationship, let alone begin to explain his whole perception on the issue. “I don’t know.” He mumbles into Dream’s stomach. He wasn’t even sure his words would be decipherable.

There was silence in response to his muffled words. Dream’s hand resumed its gentle stroking through his hair after a moment of the silence. Idly Sapnap wondered if they were having another one of their silent conversations. He didn’t want to look at them to find out.

“Can you try to explain it?” George squeezed his ankle. The soft lilt of his voice brought up fluttering feelings in Sapnap. He couldn’t decide if it was the good kind of fluttering or the kind that made him want to throw up.

“Please.” Dream added in an almost desperate plea. His hand pressed hard into Sapnap’s head, his other hand running gently along his arm.

If it hadn’t been George actually being gentle with him that made Sapnap talk, it was definitely Dream’s stressed tone. The last thing Sapnap wanted out of all this was to stress out his friends. He would honestly do anything for them, banter and shit posting aside. All he wanted was for them to be happy.

With that thought dancing through his mind, warding away every other anxious bolting worry he

shifted so they would be able to hear him. He carefully kept his forehead and eyes pressed against the cloth of Dream's shirt, but he made sure his words wouldn't be muffled.

"You two are you and I'm me." That was all he managed before he lost words. How in the world did he begin to explain to the idiots that they were so into one another that he was just there most of the time without them paying him any heed.

"That is how it works." Dream said slowly after a moment, obviously very confused about Sapnap's statement.

Sapnap sighed heavily in annoyance at them being dense. They really had no clue. He pulled back to look up at Dream finally, concentrating on him and only him. For some reason it was easier to address his longest best friend than both of them at once. "I mean you two are DNF and I'm just me. Not part of DNF." The words came out sharper than he intended them too, but he was rapidly losing control over his ability to keep a leash on his emotions.

"Well, yeah. But you are a part of SNF and DreamNap." Dream's eyebrows furrowed giving him an adorably confused look. It was one of those moments that struck Sapnap into supporting the Dogboy Dream agenda.

Dream was definitely not understanding what Sapnap was trying to get at. He finally glanced at George to find him studying Sapnap intently, "You mean that you don't feel like you are a part of what we are doing?" He tilted his head to the side slightly in thought.

"Sort of?" It came out as a question more than an affirmation. Sapnap wasn't fully clear on how else to explain it to them. It was so simple to him. So black and white. They were them and he was Sapnap and that's how it worked. That's how it had worked for a long time.

"Sapnap?" Dream's voice cut through every overlapping and confused thought he had, shutting it all to silence. He sounded insecure. Dream wasn't meant to sound insecure. Dream was meant to sound self assured and cocky.

Sapnap looked back at him and deflated slightly, "I just don't understand what is going on anymore. I thought you two were like falling in love and working on living your best DNF lives. But George said you aren't dating yet or anything like that." Once the words started to spill out of his mouth he couldn't stop them, anxious rambling taking over with a vicious grasp.

"We aren't. Why does this have to be a DNF thing anyways?" Dream shifted to pull Sapnap up and into his lap sideways. Sapnap let him, knowing Dream was probably doing it for some sort of reassurance or need to look at him on a more equal level.

"That was why I bought the calendar in the first place." Sapnap watched in an almost detached way as George shifted with his feet so he could keep them in his lap. He hated the way his brain focused on irrelevant things in serious moments.

"George said yesterday we didn't care what your intentions were when you bought it. Why can't this just be another Dream Team thing? You are a part of Dream Team Sapnap." Dream's big hand gently pressed Sapnap's head down to his shoulder.

Sapnap sighed, relaxing again, letting his body go limp in Dream's arms. "But we aren't dating or anything." It was a weak argument. He wasn't even sure what he was getting at by this point. He just knew these were thoughts he had been having over the past few days.

"So?" That was George. He lent forward slightly so he could meet Sapnap's eyes, "When has

anything besides us being friends ever mattered before?"

"Exactly." Dream nodded, his chin bumping into Sapnap's temple gently, "We are just Dream Team doing Dream Team things. The rest of it doesn't matter, right?"

A knot of tension eased in Sapnap's chest. "So, we are just friends who also fuck?"

"Um..." George looked up and to the side, "I guess technically we haven't fucked, but yes." He looked back at Sapnap, his deep brown eyes pinning him in place despite the almost innocent way he said it.

Dream's arms squeezed his shoulders, "Is that okay?" He lent to the side slightly so he could meet Sapnap's eyes.

It wasn't exactly everything Sapnap wanted. He also wasn't ready to admit everything he wanted. The affirmation that they weren't leaving him behind was enough. The knowledge that this was a Dream Team thing and not just a DNF thing was a safety blanket, making it so he didn't need to face the roaring thoughts in the deep crevices of his mind.

"Yeah. A Dream Team thing. Sounds like us." He cracked a small smile, flicking his eyes between both of their faces.

George visibly relaxed, "It does. Will you," He blew out a long breath before starting the question over, "Will you stay for aftercare today?"

"Please." Dream added again, his fingers digging into Sapnap's arm slightly. There was once again that desperate plea to his voice. It reminded Sapnap of how Dream had anxiously come up with food the day before. How he had fallen asleep so quickly pressed against Sapnap's hip. Had he really not been able to sleep because Sapnap had left them instead of staying?

"Yeah. I'll stay." He mumbled it past the embarrassed flood of guilt. He really had messed it all up by assuming it was going to be another one of those things where Dream and George left him behind. He had caused them stress because he had assumed the worst for himself.

There was a gentle press of a kiss to his temple and the small smile George gave him was enough to let him know that was very much the right answer. If there had been any doubt.

"Thank you." Dream breathed out, squeezing Sapnap against him again.

Sapnap still had a lot of questions about this whole thing, but so many of those questions were directed at himself. Those questions could wait until later. Or never.

"Can we order food now? I was promised Mr. Beast Burger and Dream is going to get hangry again if we wait too long." He asked when the ache in his stomach cleared into obvious hunger and not the general discomfort that was caused by their conversation.

They dissolved into soft banter about Dream's general idiocy about feeding himself and somehow managed to order food through the gentle jabs. George turned on some Christmas movie to watch in the background, only bitching about it a little bit. When the food arrived they ate in almost silence.

Sapnap may have ordered a little bit more than he should have, but really he needed the Karl's Deluxe, the Beast Style Fries and the Nashville Hot Chicken Tender Sandwich. He fell asleep curled against Dream about 5 minutes into the second Christmas movie George begrudgingly put on.

He woke to gentle fingers dancing along his side and soft wet noises invading his mind. For a moment he thought he was just having another dream, waking up to his two best friends making out with him pressed between them. Then George pressed against him and the hand on his side clenched slightly.

“We should wake him up.” Dream’s whispered voice drifted to his ears, “He’ll ruin his sleep schedule.”

“You just want to wake him up so we can do today’s coin.” George used his almost vicious teasing tone, one he generally reserved for both Sapnap and Dream when they were being particularly idiotic.

Dream laughed lightly, a soft wheeze, “Can you blame me? Have you seen the way he looks at us?” The hand on his side moved to gently run across his jawline. With the movement and size of the hand his mind slowly assumed it belonged to Dream, “Makes me feel like a god.”

“You would like something that feeds into your god complex.” George’s hands came to rest on Sapnap’s side, “I think he’s awake anyway.” He gently pinched Sapnap through his shirt.

Sapnap peaked one eye open. He found himself straddling Dream, his face resting against his collarbone. “Hi.” He croaked out and shifted to sit up. At least as much as he could with George pressed against his back.

“How did you know Sapnap was awake?” Dream’s eyes looked past Sapnap at George with a confused expression on his face.

“His breathing changed.” George’s hand on his side drifted around to his front, pressing into his stomach.

“You two have a really bad habit of talking about me like I’m not right here.” He muttered softly, trying not to let his whole focus be pulled to where George’s hand was inching towards the hem of his shirt. “Also, what the fuck you two started making out without me?”

“Well-” Dream leant back to meet his eyes, a small smirk on his face. Sapnap sort of hated him and how effortlessly hot he was even when he was teasing him.

“You were making little noises in your sleep, Sapnap.” George’s voice was low in his ear and his lips brushed against the edge, making shivers run down his spine.

“We couldn’t help ourselves.” Dream tacked on, mirth in his eyes as his thumb and index finger dug into Sapnap’s chin.

The press of his dull nail into the skin of his chin made his back arch almost involuntarily. Dream and George turning their entire attention on him immediately as he woke was a lot and he could already feel his mind going fuzzy along the edges. He let his mouth fall open as Dream tugged on his chin.

“Color, baby?” George whispered it, his hand inching past the hem of his shirt and under to run along the jumping muscles of Sapnap’s stomach.

“Green.” The word came from somewhere deep in him, pulled out by the excessive want he felt roaring to life in his chest. Without the nagging worries about being left behind by them his mind fell so, so easily into their trap of heat and lust.

“Good.” Dream muttered before leaning in and catching his lips. They were wet and hot and felt

like a burning brand of ownership being placed on Sapnap.

The control Dream had over his head's movements kept him in place as his tongue invaded Sapnap's mouth. The hot wet slide of it against the roof of his mouth was addicting. It felt like Dream was pressing a drug into his system with every shifting pressure of his lips.

It was almost enough to completely distract him from the way George's hands started to slide back up his sides, pulling his shirt with them. The feel of his fingers dragging along Sapnap's skin had him squirming up against Dream, the onslaught of feelings almost too much for him to process.

Dream pulled back from the kiss, his teeth dragging indented lines across Sapnap's bottom lip. The sharp sting of pain was a bolt to Sapnap's cock, making him arch his hips up, pressing into Dream's own hips. The pressure of Dream's cock against him was a blatant reminder of the sight ingrained in his mind from the day before. The sheer size of Dream's cock and the way the hard line of it pressed against him brought a moan bubbling from his throat.

"Hands up." George's voice was liquid pouring down his back, a sticky wax clinging to him as he rutted his hips against Dream. Without much thought he followed the command, shivering as cold hair met his chest when George pulled his shirt over his head. Nimble fingers latched onto one of his nipples and one hand slid back down his stomach.

"George." Dream huffed against his lips and leant back, "Kitten."

"Hold on, Dream." George pressed his lips to the back of Sapnap's neck, a gentle kiss as his fingers pinched hard. A whine was ripped from Sapnap's throat and hot fog completely overwhelmed his mind, thoughts of anything but fingers and Dream and George leaving his head.

"Please." His head fell back onto George's shoulder and he let unfocused eyes stare blankly up at the ceiling. His hands scrambled for purchase, eventually landing on Dream's broad shoulders and digging into the fabric there.

"George is going to take care of you Princess." Dream whispered hotly, pressing forward to drag a hot damp line down Sapnap's neck with his tongue.

The hand that had been slowly dragging down Sapnap's stomach dipped past the waistband of his shorts and underwear to wrap around his aching dick. The shock of pleasure that laced through his gut made his hips jerk in unsteady motion. Heat snaked down his spine, making him tremble with need.

The hand on his nipple moved, but he couldn't find it in him to care as teeth dug into the base of his neck and a smooth hand pulled him free of his shorts. The mixing pain and pleasure had him leaking noises from his lips uncontrollably, his knees squeezing around Dream's hips where they rested.

"So wet, baby." George breathed out in a hot wet puff of hair against his ear. His hand stroked along Sapnap's length loosely, "Leaking all for us."

Sapnap picked his head up slightly to look down, he was met with the sight of his own glistening dick surrounded by George's pretty hand. The sight of it alone made his cock twitch with racing pleasure and more precum leaked out of his weeping hole.

He was so focused on the sight he almost missed George's other hand digging into Dream's sweats and pulling out his large and heavy cock. When the weight of it pressed against Sapnap, his eyes were drawn to it. He couldn't help the whine that came from his chest at the very obvious contrast

in the size of their dicks. “Daddy.” He whimpered when George pressed them together in a tight grip.

Dream groaned low in his throat, wrapping an arm around Sapnap and pulling him tight against him for a messy kiss. It was wet and hot and a little uncoordinated as Dream’s hips started to move slightly with the slow movement of George’s hands.

“He’s leaking enough that your dick is starting to get wet too, Dream.” George still sounded so composed. The even tone of his voice made how unraveled both Sapnap and Dream were seem so much hotter. How he seemed so unaffected all the time was beyond Sapnap.

Waves of pleasure started to crash with overwhelming force over Sapnap, his cock twitching in George’s hand as his mind focused purely on the heavy press of Dream’s dick and the drag of George’s hand. He needed more and less all at once somehow. George was going too slow to bring him fully to the peak but the entire overwhelming press of them both kept him oh so close.

He was pulled away from foggy heat as Dream whispered a soft question against his lips, “Princess, color?” His voice shook with it, showing how much he was affected by the overwhelming pleasure too.

“Green” His voice slurred in a way he didn’t expect it to. His mind was swirling with the continuing push of building pleasure, leaving hot neediness filling him to the brim.

A soft movement behind him caught his attention momentarily and George let out a low whiney moan into his ear. “Dream, fuck,” his hands tightened around their cocks, speeding up slightly in their movement.

“Stop fucking teasing us, George. We all need this.” Dream’s voice was somehow shaky and strong all at once. It was impressive, but Sapnap couldn’t even concentrate on that for too long.

He was completely robbed of his thoughts as George sped up his hand even more. A broken moan forced its way out of his throat, cracking with how dry his throat had grown from his panting breaths.

Dream nipped at his jaw, his own hot pants leaving a moist trail where his lips tracked. The mixing brush of pain combined with the overwhelming needy pleasure was enough to topple Sapnap. The overwhelming press of pleasure drowning him in its liquid hot embrace.

George continued to jerk him off through his orgasm, not stopping as his own whining moans grew in pitch. Dream let out his own loud moan against the base of Sapnap’s throat and hot wet liquid landed on his stomach, adding to the mess he had already made of himself.

George’s hand stopped a moment later, only for him to grip tightly onto Sapnap’s hips. Slowly Sapnap became aware of the wet press of the head of George’s cock against his lower back. George’s moans slowly started to tilt towards needy and his fingers pressed purple blossoming bruises into Sapnap’s hips.

There was a sharp movement behind him before George was pressed hard against his back. Sapnap could feel the moving jerk of Dream’s knuckles. A soft moan of “baby” met his ears before hot wet cum painted his back like a burning brand.

For a long moment all three of them sat there panting, then George moved off of Dream’s legs. He rubbed Sapnap’s side as he moved, “let’s take a quick shower and cuddle up on one of our beds.” His voice was soft as he gently pulled Sapnap off of Dream’s lap. He tucked both of them away in

an easy swift movement, not caring if their clothes got dirty.

Sapnap's legs were weak, but George easily propped him up and started to guide them both towards the stairs. Dream trailed after them and one quick glance back showed Sapnap he hadn't even bothered to tuck away his still slightly leaking cock.

When he glanced back up at Dream's face he knew he had been caught looking. Dream had a small low energy, self satisfied smirk on his face, "like my dick, Princess?"

"Dream, don't get him riled up again." George glanced back, "it's not his fault you are letting it all hang out." He rolled his eyes and shook his head as he moved them towards Dream's room.

Sapnap let both of them pamper him through the shower, enjoying their gentle attentions despite himself. Maybe it wasn't all perfect, but he knew that he wasn't going to be left behind and he wasn't intruding on them anymore. That was enough for him.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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Day 13: Hand Job/Fingers

December 14th

Chapter Notes

I'm back! Woooo!

Sorry it took me so long to get this one out there, I have a little writers block I had to push through.

I hope I made it worth it though. :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 14th:

Recording Banter was always fun. Karl's easy going teasing immediately putting Sapnap at ease. It helped that they interviewed their own friends. He hoped when they branched off to people that weren't necessarily their friends that they kept the chill atmosphere of their podcast they had already established.

Despite the laid back feeling that came with the way they ran their interviews, Sapnap was still pretty drained. He stared at his monitor for a long moment, trying to decide what to do once he and Karl had finished picking out the parts they wanted to include versus the parts they wanted to scrap.

He briefly checked his phone to see if he had missed any texts, but when it was empty he huffed a frown. He didn't even know if Dream or George were awake. Karl had scheduled the recording pretty early because he needed to be on set for a Mr. Beast video by 11 am. That meant that it was now 10 am and Sapnap was too drained to stream, let alone anything else.

Standing, he decided to try and scrounge up something for breakfast. On the way over to his door he stumbled over the packages lying innocently on the floor. He paused in his movement, looking down at the packages for a long moment. Slowly energy seeped into his bones.

A small smile slipped onto his face. Sapnap leaned down to scoop up the bags. He had waited long enough, it was time Dream and George sucked it up and took wholesome Christmas photos with him. Honestly, it was the least they could do for him since he was acting the sub in the group. So what if he enjoyed it, that didn't matter.

He made his way downstairs with an armful of the packages. He ignored Dream's questioning look from where he was perched on the couch as dumped the packages onto the coffee table. He tore open the first one and threw it onto the couch next to him. The Christmas glee at the sight of the ugly sweaters in their stereotypical colors filled him, bringing a smile to his face.

Dream's voice jolted him out of his glee filled focus on the sweaters, "are you going to wash those before you try to shove them over our heads?"

Sapnap jerked his eyes over to look at Dream, "I- what? Are you supposed to do that?"

Dream snorted, "you are so lucky we weren't live when you asked that. Yes. You are supposed to wash things before you wear them. On top of that, these are all bright colors and probably need to

be washed separately.”

He had never heard that before. Maybe it was one of those things adults just knew and he hadn’t figured out yet. Then again maybe Dream was trying to get out of the Christmas photos Sapnap had planned for them. He narrowed his eyes at Dream. “You are trying to get out of pictures, bitch”

Dream threw his hands up, “I swear I’m not, Sap, come on now, don’t be silly.”

Sapnap furrowed his brows at the sound of Dream’s low scolding tone. “I’ve never heard of people having to do that.” He sat back and flicked his eyes between Dream’s raised hands.

“Do you want me to take care of it?” Dream cautiously lowered his hands down to grab the sweaters, “We can take pictures tomorrow then? Or the day after depending on how long they take to dry.”

Defeat made Sapnap’s shoulders fall, “I wanted to take the pictures today. Fuck.” He glanced over to the stairs, he could feel the pout form on his lips against his will. The bright Christmas joy he had been slowly basking in at the thought of taking fun Christmas pictures being pulled out of him by a leaching force. Carefully he smacked his lips together in an attempt to hide it.

“Well...” Dream started slowly, a thoughtful look on his handsome features as he looked off to the side, “We could bake Christmas cookies?”

“We could?” Sapnap’s eyes snapped back to Dream and, for some reason he didn’t want to examine too closely, he felt bewildered hope well up in his chest. “Do you think George would join?” He wasn’t sure what compulsion drove him into asking that question, but he just wanted something easy between the three of them.

They hadn’t had something easy for a few weeks and he missed it. George had moved in and things had been weird with a stupidly large amount of sexual tension and the three of them figuring out how their friendship worked in person. It hadn’t been painful, just different. Then Sapnap had gone and dropped the calendar into the mix. Things had been really not easy once that had started.

“I’m sure the promise of cookies would get him interested.” Dream’s smile that crossed his face was soft and fond. “Let me call my mom and see if she can bring us some ingredients.”

“Your mom is literally the best.” Sapnap stood slowly with a stretch. “Thank you.” He wasn’t sure what he was thanking Dream for anymore. He just felt the need to say it. To remind the man before him how grateful he was for him.

Dream paused in his movement of fiddling with his phone. He looked up at Sapnap and the curious look in his face caught Sapnap’s attention. He had his head cocked to the side and an almost faraway look in his eyes, like he was realizing something.

“What?” Sapnap asked, his tone coming out sharper than he intended.

A sharp stab of guilt shot through his chest when Dream shook his head, looking back down at his phone. “It’s nothing, Sap.”

The guilt ate slowly through his chest at the abrupt dismissal. He felt like there had been something in his grasp that had flitted out of his reach before he could grab on. He had no clue what he had seen in the flash of a moment, but it was gone now. “Okay. I think I’m going to lay down for a bit, or something.”

“I’ll text you when the stuff is here for cookies.” Dream’s tone had returned to its normal easy laid backness.

Sapnap gave him a thumbs up over his shoulder and took the steps upstairs two at a time. He almost ran into George as he sleepily started to head downstairs. George gently grasped onto Sapnap’s shoulders, laughing lightly, “Where are you going?”

“To take a nap.” Sapnap shifted to step around George, only to feel fingers dig into his shoulders and stop him from continuing up the stairs.

“Alone?” George asked, blinking slowly. His accent was thick with sleep and it made something stupidly fond well in Sapnap’s chest. He resolutely decided to shove the feeling as deep as he could inside, unwilling to examine it too close.

“Well, yeah. Dream is doing some stuff for us for later and you obviously just woke up.” Sapnap glanced at George’s sleepy eyes before looking past him at the hall. Patches was sitting there gently cleaning herself. Sapnap was pretty sure she was going to sneak in for a midday cuddle with him when he walked past.

“I’ll come with you.” George pivoted, grabbing onto Sapnap’s arm and pulling him up to the top of the stairs.

“I- what? George, you just woke up.” Sapnap fruitlessly tried to tug his arm free of George’s surprisingly tight grip.

“So? You want to cuddle right? You’re always complaining about how Dream won’t cuddle you when you want to cuddle. Kicks you out of bed and everything.” George rolled his eyes, his head moving with the motion slightly. He was always stupidly expressive like that.

Sapnap had to stop himself from gaping obviously at George. He didn’t think George paid that much attention to Sapnap’s half teasing half truthful remarks at wanting cuddles and never getting them. “Well, yes, but-“

“Sapnap, it’s an excuse for me to sleep more. Don’t read into it.” He said Sapnap’s name in that slightly condescending tone he would get when he was trying to gaslight Sapnap. It was frustrating but it effectively shut him up always.

Something about the low drawl of it made Sapnap melt. It robbed him of his ability to snap back with witty arguments and quick sharp curses. On stream when they were live he would desperately try to play it off. If he had face cam on he panicked more, worried about his stupidly expressive face giving it away. He tended to purposefully leave his camera off when he streamed with George, fearing that tone would be turned on him.

Dream was better about not embarrassing him on stream. He generally took it out on George live and left the ribbing of Sapnap off stream. Well... maybe that was true. He would crack sex jokes on Sapnap’s expense all the time but Sapnap did that to him too. Very rarely did he use a tone of voice to get his way in front of their audience with Sapnap. That was reserved for George. There was a reason DNF was so largely shipped by their fans.

George’s tight fingers lead him over to his bed before pushing him on to it a little rougher than necessary. “Get comfortable. I’ll be right back.” George’s eyes swept over Sapnap’s splayed form before he disappeared out his door.

The look in George’s eyes was confusing at best. Sapnap shifted up so he was settled against his

pillows, unsurprised when Patches jumped up on the bed with a soft meow. She carefully walked up the bed before curling up sweetly against his shoulder.

He let his fingers idly run through her fur as he stared at his open door. His thoughts wandered over the confusing looks both Dream and George had on their faces in the last few minutes.

Sapnap had tricked himself into believing he understood everything that was going on. He thought he had figured it all out, right up until Dream had said this whole thing was a Dream Team thing. It had been reassuring in the moment. It still was reassuring. It left him settled with what they were doing. Left him secure when they put their hands on him, fogged up his mind with hazy need and pulled him into the abyss of pleasure.

But-

But it had opened a door.

It had opened a door Sapnap had firmly closed a long time ago. A door that had been struggling to open against Sapnap's doubts. A door he never let open even a crack in the last few years. A door that held back every forbidden feeling Sapnap had ever briefly felt.

Dream's very simple, very innocent words had blown it wide open. It had no latch or hinges anymore. No way for Sapnap to neatly tuck away the way his heart stuttered when George drew out his name. No way for him to erase the fond emotions that welled in him when Dream was just his annoyingly compassionate self.

Sapnap wasn't sure what to do with it. With the quiet thoughts of how SNF and DreamNap were right behind DNF in ships. The way his eyes lingered over the arguments on twitter on whether or not it was DNF, SNF or DreamNap that would win. On the way his heart chased after those moments where the fandom saw him equally a part of Dream Team and not just the third wheel suffering through DNF.

Dream and George together were just so much. So much and so obvious about everything that everyone wondered at the two of them. It had been like that for Sapnap too. Twisted up in confusing knots at how obvious and oblivious they were. It had reached the point where Sapnap himself had removed any possibility of him realistically being a part of the equation. Yesterday, their conversation, the reassurance that it was something for all three of them and not just for DNF, it had added him back in. Gave his stupid little heart the hope of possibility.

It was dangerous though. Yesterday, Dream had made it obvious this was just something they were figuring out as friends. Despite that, he couldn't help but wonder. He expected their hungry looks. Expected the want and desire. But part of him couldn't help but think he had seen something fond in the way they looked at him.

Though he was pretty sure it was his own idiotic desires that made him see it.

George returning put an end to his unsettling thoughts. He walked in with a fluffy blanket and proceeded to drape himself over Sapnap. He felt like a weighted blanket. The easy way he claimed his spot without needing words fed into the growing warmth that had started in his heart.

Sapnap did his best to ignore it.

Later, in the kitchen, Dream stood with his arms crossed as he looked uneasily at the stack of ingredients laid out over their counter. Sapnap raised his brows, too sleepy from waking up from his nap surrounded by the warmth that was George to deal with the expression Dream had on his

face.

When Dream finally looked up he furrowed his brows and let his bottom lip stick out slightly, “I don’t know why I thought this was a good idea. My mom brought us ingredients for way too many different types of cookies and I have no idea where we are supposed to start.”

George snorted, “You are supposed to be the one that is good at cooking out of the three of us.”

“Shut up you idiot, it’s not my fault you slept literally all day.” Dream crossed his arms defensively, “You were up there cuddling Sapnap while I was being productive, you lazy ass.”

“What did she bring?” Sapnap interrupted them before they could really start arguing. He didn’t want to listen to them act like an old married couple right after his thoughts from earlier. It wasn’t productive.

“I don’t know.” There was a soft whine to Dream’s voice. He pulled up his phone and held it out to Sapnap so he could read the messages between him and his mom.

“Okay...” Sapnap quickly skimmed over the messages on the phone. “Why don’t we make chocolate chip cookies to start? Those seem pretty simple.”

George scoffed, pulling out his own phone, “Can’t be any worse than baking my own cake for my birthday.”

Sapnap felt heat fill his cheeks at the innocent reminder of that memory. He had been sitting in his bed with George’s stream pulled up on a laptop and discord opened on his phone. George had looked delicious trying to figure out how to mix things and innocently showing off the things he had bought for the stream. It wasn’t Sapnap’s fault he needed to take care of himself. It also wasn’t his fault that Dream had knocked on his door right when he had cum all over himself with a loud moan.

One glance at Dream told him he wasn’t the only one with that memory playing though their head as George typed away on his phone. “Well...” The slow smirk spread across Dream’s face when Sapnap’s eyes met his.

“Dream.” Sapnap meant for his tone to come out in a low warning, but instead it came out in a low whine, bubbling out of his throat. Embarrassment flashed white hot through him at the self satisfied look that spread across Dream’s face. This wasn’t going to go well for him.

“This time if Sapnap gets uncontrollably horny we will help him take care of it instead of him abandoning you during your birthday stream.” Dream rose a brow up slowly, “Isn’t that right, Princess?”

“I, uh-” Sapnap quickly glanced at George to find dark eyes boring into him. “Well, yeah. I guess.”

George smiled slowly, “There is no I guess about it baby. Try to keep it in your pants for at least a little bit though.” He turned back to his phone dismissively, “You too, Dream.”

“I- What!?” Dream spluttered, “I was just- What!?” When Sapnap looked over at him he found Dream’s face flushed a nice pink.

“Oh, don’t pretend you don’t want to use Sapnap as an excuse to shove one of us against the wall and grind one out.” George’s voice was low and malicious, “Let’s actually manage to bake these cookies.”

Sapnap couldn't help the small laugh that bubbled out of his throat in a half wheeze at the flushed glossy look on Dream's face. Some part of his brain wondered if that was how he looked to them when he would get all soft and compliant. When they turned their full attention on him and his brain short circuited, leaving him consumed by their burning desires.

He wasn't left to follow that train of thought for long as George pushed past him to the ingredients. "Okay, let's get started."

Reluctantly Dream and Sapnap joined in on the sorting of the ingredients and pulling out mixing bowls. At first Sapnap wondered where that childhood excitement of getting to bake cookies for Santa had gone. It came back to him as they slowly mixed flour and eggs and sugar together.

Inevitably they made a mess. Chocolate chips spilling out of the bag and flour dusting a good chunk of the counter.

"Do we even have the right proportions anymore?" George giggled as Dream tried to scoop chocolate chips off the counter, trying to save the cookies.

Sapnap dipped a finger into the batter when they were distracted by the mess. He popped the battered covered finger in his mouth. The explosion of grainy sugar danced across his tongue and he couldn't stop the noise that vibrated through his throat.

When he opened eyes he hadn't realized he had let drift closed he found both Dream and George staring at him. He slowly pulled his finger from in between his lips, "What?"

"Really?" George took a step towards him, "You are going to do that and then act all innocent?"

"Well, I just wanted to taste the batter." Sapnap looked between them quickly. The look in their eyes was predatory and honestly left Sapnap a little at a loss for words. At a loss and a little hot.

"Why didn't you say so, Princess?" Dream stepped around George and towards Sapnap. "You didn't have to sneak it."

"Dream." George glanced away from Sapnap to look at the back of Dream's head with intent.

"I'm not going to wait anymore. Not after the little show he put on." Dream crowded up into Sapnap's space, one big hand landing on his hip and the other disappearing behind him.

Heat bubbled in Sapnap's gut at the proximity and Dream's intense look on his face. It was moments like these that Sapnap really was reminded how much bigger his best friend was compared to him. How easily he could be manhandled by him.

Dream leant down and licked a slow burning line up his throat. "I can't resist when he does things like that, Kitten."

Sapnap forced his eyes open again. He really wasn't sure why he involuntarily closed them so often around his two best friends. He slowly met George's hooded brown eyes as he hooked his chin over Dream's shoulder.

"I'm not sure I blame you on this one." One of George's hands snaked around Dream, digging his fingers into Sapnap's cheeks, "Lucky for us, we get to use that annoying mouth of his today."

Dream's hand that wasn't on his hip came back into view, more of the cookie dough scooped onto his fingers, "Open up, Princess."

Even if Sapnap had wanted to, he couldn't have kept his mouth closed. George's fingers dug in, forcing his jaw open with blunt nails. Dream's fingers dipped into his mouth, dragging the sweet flavor across his tongue. "Let him close his mouth, Kitten. I want him to suck."

The way they so easily talked about him like he wasn't even there made Sapnap's spine tingle with the sweet humiliation of it all. He didn't know why he liked the feeling of being used by them so much, but it was almost addicting the way the degradation coiled in his stomach with the sharp sweet twinge of it.

George's fingers relaxed in their grip on him, "You heard him, baby. Suck." His tone was dangerous, promising something dark that made Sapnap feel needy deep inside. If he wasn't so focused on the heavy weight of Dream's big fingers on his tongue he may have pressed to find out what that tone promised, but he was too wrapped up in the sweet flavor of the cookie batter and the salty twang of Dream's skin.

He closed his lips around Dream's knuckles, feeling the stretch of his mouth around just two of his big fingers. It was delicious as he ran his tongue between two of the knuckles to catch every sickly sweet morsel of uncooked cookie. The way Dream's fingers on his hip squeezed down when he carefully sucked to get more of the taste pulled to the back of his tongue had his back arching involuntarily up against the hard line of Dream's body.

Dream huffed out a heavy moist breath against the side of Sapnap's head, "Fuck. Princess, your mouth." Heavy fingers were pulled from between Sapnap's lips. A small protesting whine bubbled up his throat. He hadn't even realized how much he liked the weight of them until he was robbed of it.

"I have an idea." George's voice broke through the hot spell on Sapnap's mind, carrying him back to the present, if only for a moment. Nimble fingers pushed pressure into his abdomen before cold air, sharp with aching rigidity danced across Sapnap's now exposed cock and ass, "Dream, sit on the counter." George's tone left no room for argument and if he had been aiming the order at Sapnap he would have hopped up in a heartbeat.

"Why?" Dream moved his head back and to the side to look at George with skepticism, "I'm quite happy right here." His fingers traced the line of Sapnap's lips, letting his blunt nails drag across them in a gentle scrape.

"Because I said so." There was that dangerous spark of agitation to George's voice again. Sapnap opened his eyes just in time to see George bite a hard mark into the side of Dream's neck. The flash of his white, white teeth against Dream's skin made a noise bubble up from Sapnap's throat.

He liked their attention on him, but there was something almost dirty and debased about watching the way they interacted with one another. The way he felt there and not there at the same time. He could hear a small whimper from somewhere far away, he wasn't sure if it came from him or from Dream, though.

George let go of the skin between his teeth, licking over the bright red angry jagged lines the pressure of his bite had left behind. "Are you going to be good and sit on the fucking counter now?"

Sapnap looked from the mark up to Dream's face and found his green eyes slightly glazed over and glassy, "yeah, Kitten. I'll be good." His deep voice was low and breathy and his stuttering pants pushed his chest against Sapnap's.

Slowly he let go of Sapnap's hip and slipped from between him and George. Sapnap watched

hazily as he picked the least flour covered spot on the counter and hopped up.

He didn't get to watch long, though. As much as he wanted to trace his eyes along the bulge of arm muscles and Dream heaved himself onto the counter, George's fingers dug into his chin and forced his attention forward onto him. The dark look in his eyes promised ruin for Sapnap, but honestly, at this point, Sapnap would have plunged himself head first into his own doom for the man before him.

George leaned forward, his hot wet tongue tracing the outer edge of Sapnap's ear. "Are you going to be good for me too? Be our good little cock slut and take what we give you?"

The whimper that burst from his chest was surprisingly high and needy, his voice cracking on it and leaving his throat dry and sticky with need. He wanted to answer George's questions, but he couldn't make his throat work past the whimper. Instead he nodded slightly, the tickle of George's hair against his cheek making his stomach jump.

George pulled away from his ear to look into his eyes. It took a lot of Sapnap's willpower, but he managed to focus on the man in front of him. A part of him instinctively knowing George was waiting for him to be present in the moment.

"Color?" George asked it in a low question, his delicate hand shifting from its strong grip on his jaw to gently cup the side of his face.

"M green." The words were slurred despite the effort he made in forming them. He leant his cheek heavily into the gentle contact.

"Good slut." George whispered quietly, his thumb tracing under Sapnap's chin to grip him again, holding him still.

Sapnap's eyes fluttered closed again as George lent in and pressed a bruising kiss to his lips. Teeth bit gentle crescents into his bottom lip, digging pressure making Sapnap open his mouth. George pressed his tongue hotly into Sapnap's mouth, a hot brand licking in and pushing burning fire into his mouth.

When George pulled back from the kiss, leaving one last stinging nip on Sapnap's bottom lip, a whine left Sapnap's chest, deep and guttural. He didn't want it to ever end. Didn't want George to stop consuming him with his burning passion.

George held him still with the tight grip on his jaw. When nothing happened for a few moments, Sapnap opened unfocused eyes and somehow managed to catch George looking over at Dream with a burning desire written all over his face.

"Couldn't wait for us, could you Dream?" George's tone was mocking.

Sapnap let his eyes drift over so he could take in the sight Dream made. He was sitting on the counter, his sweats pushed down so they were off one leg completely and hanging off the other foot. The foot that was free was pulled up to rest on the counter as Dream's hand slowly stroked up and down. Sapnap couldn't quite see his cock, his leg blocking the full view, but what he could see of it was a bright needy red color. The color in Dream's cheeks almost matching.

"No, Kitten. I couldn't. If you were in my spot you wouldn't have waited either." Dream didn't sound a lick of guilty, he hadn't even stopped the movement of his own hand from the look of the way his arm muscles moved.

George just let out a low hum. His hands moved down from Sapnap's jaw and side to gently grip

his wrists. He didn't even bother to pull his eyes away from where they were focused on Dream as he gently pried Sapnap's hands loose from where he had unwittingly gripped into the counter behind him.

"Lucky for you I'm feeling pretty impatient myself and your neediness works in my favor." He sounded bored in the way he spoke now, all mocking tones and mean jabs gone from his voice.

Sapnap's shoulders strained slightly as George pushed both his hands behind his back, above the counter. Too late his sluggish brain realized what was happening, not that he really cared. He was pretty sure he would let Dream and George do anything they wanted to him and he wouldn't ever complain.

The fingers on one of George's hands caught both his wrists in a tight bruising grip. He was pivoted around by the leverage George now had on his wrists until his front was pressed into the counter in front of him. George lent forward, straining his shoulders more and whispered hotly against his ears, "how much of his cock do you think you can take? All of it?"

The low whisper of George's voice combined with the words being thrown at him had Sapnap moaning over the cookie dough in front of him. "Yeah. Please. Please."

"Going to be good and take your daddy's cock deep down your throat, baby?" George tugged on his arms slightly, "make him feel so good?"

"Please." Sapnap let his head fall back against George's shoulder, "I want daddy's cock."

The moan that sounded from behind them was deep and guttural, "George. Don't tease."

"Fine." George sounded half annoyed, half put upon. He pulled Sapnap back away from the counter and forced him around until he was standing in front of Dream. "No more teasing then."

The hand that wasn't wrapped around Dream's thick cock came up and laced into Sapnap's hair. "Hey, Princess. Can you tell me your color?" His voice was soft where before it had been whiney, half begging George to quit his shenanigans.

"Green." Sapnap could barely take his eyes away from where Dream's hand slowly, lazily, stroked up and down his cock.

"Princess, look at me." Dream hand moved from his dick to press a finger under Sapnap's chin. He forced Sapnap to look up, meeting his lust ridden eyes.

Dream flicked his eyes between Sapnap's for a moment. Eventually he nodded and looked over Sapnap's shoulder at where George held his wrists in his bruising grip. "You need to let go of his hands so he can tap out if he needs to."

George was silent for a long moment. Sapnap's sluggish thoughts took forever to decide that they were having one of their quiet conversations over the top of his head. It was even harder for him to pick up on it when he could only see Dream's stoic face.

"Fine." He huffed out in a breath of air that stirred against Sapnap's hair. A hand snaked around Sapnap's shoulders to grab his chin from Dream's fingers and turn his head to the side. George lent forward until he could make eye contact with Sapnap, fingers digging further into his wrists, "keep your hands there unless you absolutely need to tap out. Then tap Dream's thigh twice. Okay?"

There was a lump forming in Sapnap's throat at the serious tone and light on George's face. Some part of his brain wondered if Dream was about to be even more rough than George originally had

been thinking. He nodded slowly, “Okay.” His voice was smaller than he meant for it to be.

George leaned back, his hands slowly loosening on Sapnap’s wrists, “Dream, you better fucking stop whatever you are doing if he taps out.”

“I will. Cool your jets.” Dream rolled his eyes, shaking his head with a soft scoff.

There was a long pause where Sapnap wasn’t fully sure what was going on between Dream and George. He knew Dream wanted to do something that didn’t exactly fit George’s idea. He knew George didn’t really want to relinquish what control he had. Outside of that he didn’t understand the clenching grip of George’s hand or the way Dream slowly raised his eyebrow.

George’s hair brushed the nap of his neck as he leaned forward again, “If you tap out and he doesn’t stop, tap me and I’ll make him.” George’s voice was a gentle whisper, a moment just between the two of them.

His fingers slipped from his wrists and moved to grab onto Sapnap’s bare hips. One hand pushing his shorts the rest of the way down his legs to pool at his ankles. A tug on Sapnap’s hair brought his attention back to Dream. He focused on Dream’s face for half a moment before his eyes dropped to his big cock that was clearly demanding attention.

“You want that, Princess?” Dream’s voice was smooth and low, making something warm bolt through Sapnap. Maybe George was worried for some reason, but Sapnap knew he could trust his friends. Knew they wouldn’t hurt him. Plus, if they wanted it, he wanted it.

He nodded slowly, jerking his eyes up to look at Dream. What he found in Dream’s face was hunger. He swallowed heavily and looked back down, his mouth filling with heavy saliva. He knew what today was, and he wanted to taste so bad it ached in his jaw already.

“Beg.” That one word was uttered soft and low with an underlying warning to it. It made Sapnap’s cock jerk with heavy need.

He swallowed the gathered spit in his mouth, his mind hazy with the spell Dream was slowly putting over him with his low tones and hungry looks. “Daddy, please.” His voice sounded high and reedy even to his own ears.

“Oh, Princess, you can do better than that.” The condescending tone to his voice dragged Sapnap’s mind further under the spell, all thoughts of his surroundings completely forgotten.

“Daddy-“ What he was going to say was lost in a low noise that forced its way past his throat when warm lips pressed into the curve of his ass cheek followed by the sharp sting of teeth pressing into his skin.

“Princess.” Dream’s tone was low and warning, the tug on Sapnap’s hair a sharp reminder of what he was supposed to be doing.

“Daddy, please.” He whimpered plaintively, squeezing his hands together where George had left them behind his back, “can I please have your cock?”

Dream let his eyes slowly drag down Sapnap’s form, heavy with want. “I guess I can give it to you, Princess. Since you are being so good.”

The slow drawl to Dream’s voice had Sapnap trembling with how needy it made him feel. Dream pulled him forward and down abruptly without warning until his cheek rested against the line of where his leg met his pelvis. A small surprised noise escaped Sapnap’s throat, he wasn’t sure what

he was expecting, but it wasn't to be brought down so that his face was almost pressed against Dream's hard cock.

He felt off balance and like he was going to fall, but unforgiving fingers were digging into hips and Dream's hand in his hair held him in place. His abdominal muscles were clenching with the combined effort to not let himself fall. He trusted the other two to keep him from collapsing to the ground, but there were just some things that were bodily instinct. The only reason he hadn't jerked to grab onto the counter was because of how hard his hands were clenched together behind his back.

He felt more than heard George's whispered words of praise as one of his hands reached up to rub along the line of Sapnap's forearm where he had them taut with tension. He kissed in soft praise against the side of Sapnap's hip, leaving burning lines of wet marks where he went.

He couldn't spare a thought for George's gentleness as Dream slowly pushed his head closer to his cock, "Tongue out, Princess. I know how wide your mouth can go."

Sapnap let his eyes fall shut, letting his tongue loll out. There was something sweet about the simple obedience that Dream was demanding. Something addicting about listening to what he asked for and doing it.

Salty bitterness exploded across his tongue as the heat and pressure of Dream's dick pressed against it. He couldn't help the movement he made as he felt the pressure, the natural want to lick and taste more taking over every sense of his until everything else faded to the background.

Dream's low moan grounded him slightly, as well as the sharp tug on his hair as Dream dragged his head up the length of his dick. Heat rushed down his spine at how easily Dream just used him for what he wanted.

"Fuck, Kitten, he's such a good little cock slut. I didn't even have to tell him to move his tongue. He just did it." Dream's voice sounded a little weak, where before he had sounded confident and strong.

"Yeah?" The wet breath of George's voice ghosted against Sapnap's tailbone as he left wet biting kisses against his lower back.

"Can't wait to see your face when you get to use his mouth." Dream sounded a bit malicious now.

Part of Sapnap wondered if he had missed some sort of unspoken interaction between them. That thought was burnt up with needy heat when Dream started to push the head of his cock past his spread lips. For a moment there was the sharp bitter taste of Dream's pre-cum overwhelming his senses, then even that was lost.

Dream pressed slowly to the back of his throat, his cock already stretching Sapnap's jaw wide with its massive girth. Right when the tickle of Sapnap's gag reflexes started sprouting red flags of 'this is not right,' Dream pulled him up. The sharp tug of his hair being used as a handle was a direct line to Sapnap's neglected cock.

Spit was already starting to gather at the corners of his overly stretched lips. A big hand came up to press to the side of his cheek in almost gentle reassurance, "Take a deep breath, Princess."

Sapnap opened his eyes at the gentle tone that Dream breathed out. He didn't think Dream was truly being gentle, not after George's trepidation. He obeyed anyways. Instinctually letting his tongue run along the very tip of Dream's dick where it rested just past his lips as he filled his lungs

with as much air as he could.

Right at the peak of his lungs expanding with breath, Dream pushed. He didn't stop where he had before, pushing harder when instincts made Sapnap want to pull back. He gagged, tears springing to his eyes. If it wasn't for the low guttural moan that sounded above him he would have tapped out.

Something about the way that this was making Dream fall apart made Sapnap feel high.

It got easier past the initial push through his gag reflex and Sapnap was able to swallow convulsively around the heat pressing into his throat. He felt owned with how deep and overwhelming it was. Even more so when he realized he couldn't breathe. Completely dominated with one simple action.

His mind drifted slightly with the easy submission he found himself in. He trusted that Dream wouldn't let it go too long. Dream wouldn't hurt him. That made it easy to concentrate only on not gagging again and nothing else. Just the weight and pressure and making sure he was being good for his daddy.

Dream pulled him off in a rushing pull, groaning at such a low register that his voice cracked with it. Sapnap gagged again, spit rushing out of his mouth and dripping onto the head of Dream's dick where he held it right under his lips. "So fucking good, Princess. Color?"

It took him a moment to get enough of his breath back, not even aware how much his lungs had been screaming until the rush of oxygen was pulled into his lungs, making him cough slightly. When he could manage to gasp out a response his voice came out in a small croak, "Green."

"Fuck." Dream groaned, "Gonna fuck your throat now. Feels so fucking good." Dream sounded as wrecked as Sapnap felt, consumed by the desire and need that raced through his body.

It was a powerful feeling, knowing that he had been the one to make Dream sound like that. Before Dream could force his head back down he took a quick glance at Dream's face. Through the tears clouding his vision and clumping his lashes together he could see wine stained cheeks and blissed out eyes. Sweat made Dream's hair clump together and stick to his forehead and his lips were bright cherry red from where he must have been chewing on them.

Liquid hot honey rolled down Sapnap's back at the site. He felt like he was burning from within at the very sight. He had done that. And it hadn't even been that much.

Seeing the vision Dream made in that moment, Sapnap knew he would push himself to the very edges of what he could manage to keep making him look like that.

Dream's eyes met his, a heavy breath flowing out of his chest, "You make a perfect sight, Princess."

Sapnap barely registered the way spit slid down his chin. Instead of worrying about the way it dripped off his chin he stuck his tongue out and deliberately licked the very tip of Dream's cock where it was still in easy reach. The bitter salty taste was familiar on his tongue now as he dug it into the slit of Dream's cock.

Dream groaned loudly, his hips rolling up slightly. The motion of it made his dick slip against Sapnap's tongue and push into his mouth. With that Dream didn't hold back. The grip in Sapnap's hair somehow tightened as he fucked up into Sapnap's mouth.

He wasn't gentle about it. Instead he was brutal. Gone was the gentle push he had done before.

Now he used the grip he had to hold Sapnap still and moved his hips to force his cock down Sapnap's throat over and over again.

It made Sapnap's jaw ache as spit and precum dripped past his lips, messy and wet. Sapnap's lips felt raw with the motion despite the slick wetness gathering along Dream's dick. He couldn't spare a thought to either discomfort, his hazy mind flitting through the sensations like a bird fighting great gusts of wind.

It was overwhelming, the need to not gag, the want to be good, the fucked out feeling of his throat burning from the relentless invasion of Dream's cock. He tried to focus on the heavy pants of Dream's breathing or the loud moans that vibrated through the room, but he could barely hear them over the wet noises coming from his mouth and throat.

The haze of his mind started to tilt towards dark skies and stormy weather, the heat of his stomach boiling to a burning heat almost too hot. He wanted to be so good for Dream though, wanted to let his daddy use him as he wanted.

It was just toeing the line of almost too much. Right as he started to loosen his grip to tap out, to ask Dream to slow down or give him a moment, something hot and wet pressed against somewhere he had never thought would feel that sensation.

It distracted him from the overwhelming sensations of Dream using his throat as his own fleshlight. Focused his mind with hot need. A sharp point demanding his attention as a wet tongue pushed into his hole. It felt weird and good all at once.

Blunt nails dug into his ass with pinpricks of delicious pain. George pulled his cheeks further apart and pushed his tongue in deeper.

"F-fuck. Kitten, keep doing whatever you're doing." Dream's voice cracked over his words, faded in noise, but loud enough that Sapnap registered them.

The hot tongue in his ass disappeared long enough for George to mutter out, "Just making sure our little cock slut feels good too." Then it was back, this time fucking in at nearly the same pace as Dream's hips.

It was too much. It wasn't enough. Tears gathered at the corners of Sapnap's eyes as pleasure built white hot and slow. The dichotomy of the rough treatment from Dream combined with the hot pleasure from George was overwhelming in a way he had never felt before.

Dream broke the confusing mix of sensations when he roughly pulled out and held Sapnap's face directly over his cock, "Swallow, Princess." He groaned out, his hand moving over the wet mix left behind with a quick speed.

Sapnap's eyes fluttered shut when something slid in along with George's tongue, from the feel of it Sapnap could hazily guess it was a finger. He was almost lost enough in the new, but good, intrusion that when hot wet splatters hit his lips it took him a moment to realize what was happening.

Dream moaned loudly, sharp pain racing down Sapnap's scalp as his fingers twisted tightly in his hair. More heat landed on his tongue, leaving a mark of ownership as another spurt hit the very back of his throat.

Sapnap closed his mouth reflexively with that one and swallowed the brand down. Dream's grip in his hair went lax as just a little bit more of Dream's cum hit his chin. The hand in his hair gently

soothed the continued stinging in his scalp.

For a moment there was almost peace as all Sapnap could process was heaving panting breaths in front of him and warm building pleasure from the combination of George's tongue and finger. Then Dream shifted off the counter, gently pulling Sapnap up until a hand shot up to his lower back, keeping him slightly bent at the waist.

Dream huffed a slight breath, then there was a thump. Sapnap opened unfocused eyes to find Dream's face directly in front of him. Hazily, from somewhere far away, he realized that Dream must have fallen to his knees before him.

George's finger brushed against something deep inside him and exploding sparks of pleasure overwhelmed everything. His eyes slid shut and his mouth cracked open to let out a cry as the pleasure pulsed through him. His voice barely even made a sound.

Soft lips pressed against his in a messy kiss, the gentle hand on his scalp holding him in place for just a moment. Dream pulled back with one quick peck before whispering quietly, "Can you open your eyes, Princess?"

Sapnap nodded, trying not to roll his hips when George's finger completely missed that sweet spot it had barely hit before. He cracked his eyes open and focused on Dream's bright green ones.

"There you are. Color, please?" Dream's other hand came up to cup Sapnap's cheek, one thumb tracing right under a teary eye.

"reen." Sapnap croaked out, all he wanted to do was let his head fall onto Dream's shoulder and cry at the sensations coming from whatever it was George was doing. He wasn't sure if that was going to be allowed though.

"Think you can give me a minute so I can take care of George while he makes you feel good?" Dream's voice was surgery sweet and a direct contrast from how he had been just moments before.

"I-" Sapnap wasn't sure what he was going to say, it all fled from his mind when George hit that spot dead on. The pleasure was overwhelming in its intensity. It made his back arch with it. Made his legs shake as they grew weak.

The scream that left his lips as the white hot intensity of it all burst across his body in waves was cracked and broken. His abused throat coming forth with a vengeance. The pain of his voice trying to force its way out anyways added to every overwhelming sensation surging through him.

He didn't even realize he had cum until he sagged forward into Dream's arms and George's hands gently guided him down onto his knees. Dream's strong arms hauled his trembling form fully into his lap without any struggle.

"Fuck, George. What about you?" Dream sounded almost in awe as he slid both of them back until his back was resting against a cabinet.

"Hold him. I won't take long. Open your mouth." George's voice was rough and low as he talked. Something close to his morning voice but with more gravel.

Sapnap pried his eyes open at those words. Tired and overwhelmed as he was, he wanted to watch. Needed to.

George's leg pressed against his back, the other he carefully placed in between Sapnap's spread legs where he had stretched them out without realizing. Sapnap happily realized just how close the

show he was about to get was going to be when George's cock bobbed heavily in front of his eyes.

Carefully he tilted his head up, his neck protesting slightly. He ignored it in favor of the sight of George pushing his angry purple-red dick past Dream's cherry bitten lips. Dream's eyes fluttered shut and his cheeks hallowed as he sucked.

If Sapnap hadn't just had a mind blowing orgasm he was pretty sure he would be hard again. The sight was something to behold and would definitely be living in every wet dream he had for the rest of his life. The curse of his two best friends being as perfect as they were.

George didn't lie about not taking long. Three shallow thrusts into Dream's mouth later his movements stopped with a high whining moan. He held still for a long moment before stepping back with a panting sigh.

"Did you swallow?" George asked breathlessly, squatting down next to them.

A slow smirk spread on Dream's face. He looked quite proud of himself for a moment. Then he cracked his mouth open and plainly showed both of them the puddle of cum he had collected in his mouth from George.

"You are disgusting." George huffed out as he sat back on his ass. He made sure to accentuate his disgust by pronouncing each word like it's own sentence.

Dream shrugged, still holding the cum on his tongue. He brought a hand up and grasped onto Sapnap's chin with gentle fingers. His thumb came up and stroked across Sapnap's swollen bottom lip.

There was a tingle at his touch and for the first time in his life Sapnap understood what it was like to have a silent conversation with one of them. Dream's eyes met his and he slowly lifted one eyebrow up, his head tilting to the side.

Maybe Sapnap extrapolated what Dream was getting at. Maybe he was reading into it too much. But he thought Dream was asking if he wanted to really make George grossed out. He knew Dream wanted him to open his mouth and there was only one reason for that.

He opened his mouth slowly, letting his tongue slip out to cover his bottom lip as he tilted his head back slightly. It should have been gross to him, but at this point all he wanted to know was if George tasted different than Dream.

"Oh, no. Don't you dare, Dream." George's tone held no room for argument.

That didn't stop Dream from closing his mouth, shifting so his lips were only inches above Sapnap's and slowly letting a combination of George's cum and his own spit slip from in between his lips and drip down onto Sapnap's waiting tongue.

Diluted as it was, Sapnap could still tell that his two friends had distinctly different tastes. Dream let all of it drip slowly from his slightly pursed lips into Sapnap's waiting mouth. His eyes danced with a combination of mirth and lust.

"Dream!" George yelped out in partial disgust, partial fascination.

When the last of it dripped from his lips Dream looked up and licked his lips slowly, "Sorry Kitten, I spit not swallow. Sapnap on the other hand, he swallows."

With those words Sapnap deliberately swallowed the combination of cum and spit, his eyes turning

to look at George. George had a hungry look on his face as he watched Sapnap do exactly as Dream said he would.

He leant forward and pressed a heavy kiss to Sapnap's lips, briefly licking into his mouth. He pulled back before the kiss could get heated, his hands coming up to cup Sapnap's face gently. "How far would you let us push you?" There was wonder in his tone as he asked.

Sapnap wasn't exactly sure he understood the question. Instead he shrugged slowly. One shoulder came up as he tried to figure it out.

George's attention was pulled away from him as Dream grabbed his chin and pulled him in for a light kiss. "You made Sapnap cum untouched." He whispered the words as a praise for George, Sapnap still heard with his close proximity.

George glanced down at Sapnap with a smug look, "I have clever fingers and an ever better tongue."

"Shut up." Sapnap tried to say, his voice cracking horribly over the words. He huffed at the sound and shifted to level Dream with a nasty look.

"You enjoyed it, don't give me that look. You practically left a puddle on the floor with how much your cock was leaking." Dream tugged his hair gently, sticking his tongue out.

"We are a mess, let's clean up." George stood, stretching his legs and arms. "Then we should cuddle on the couch with warm tea for Sapnap and watch whatever dumb ass Christmas movie he wants to watch. He earned it."

Dream pressed a wet kiss to his cheek before standing as well. He only let out a soft grunt as he lifted Sapnap up with him, "Damn right he fucking did."

Dream may have destroyed his throat, but the doped up pleased way he said those words made pride swell in Sapnap's chest. Honestly, he would let Dream do that again if that's how he sounded every time. Sure it wasn't the best experience having his massive cock pushed into his throat, but Sapnap would do almost anything for Dream on a normal day.

He lay his head against Dream's shoulder as he and George started to argue over which type of tea to make for Sapnap. It was a pleasant and warm feeling that filled his chest. He was pretty sure the feeling was akin to love, but he wasn't thinking about that right now. If ever.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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Day 14: Oral Sex

December 15th

Chapter Notes

I'm back again!

Sorry this took so long, I was on vacation and out of town. Writing on my phone was a pain but I did my best so here we are!

I hope the wait was worth it again! <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 15th:

Waking up sandwiched between Dream and George was somehow becoming a norm for Sapnap. He wasn't sure that was a good thing. Dream's soft breath, a constant blowing moisture on his neck and George's warm and heavy arm draped across his chest made something flutter deep in his chest.

Part of him thought he may have been right in his earlier thoughts of limiting how physical they were with one another. Before the last couple days the warmth blooming in his stomach and the heavy fluttering in his heart had been manageable. It had been easy to ignore and play down.

Now he knew the possibilities. They floated in his mind almost every moment his brain was free to think about them. It was hard not to let it drift through his thoughts when Dream and George were settled so easily against him. Hard not to become a little obsessed with the idea of this becoming what they were instead of it just being a thing in the moment.

He knew it wasn't good. He knew as soon as the 25th was over and done with they would be done with this thing they were doing. It was frightening how quickly he had fallen into the swing of this. How easily he had given in.

Maybe he had been a little in love with Dream for a long time. He could admit that. He could admit that he had pushed it away and not thought about it and the last two weeks had brought every past feeling surging forth in a tidal wave of confusing thoughts and emotions.

He and Dream had been friends for a long time and the only reason Sapnap was who he was as an adult was because of the kind of friend Dream was. He gave his all into his friendships. He laid down everything for them. That's just how he was.

Sapnap let his eyes drift to the side to look at George, taking in his messy chocolate colored hair and his face relaxed with sleep. George was something completely different than Dream. Sapnap didn't even know he felt this way for him until the day before. Easy arguing between them while they cleaned up, giving Sapnap a glimpse into what the future could be.

It was different than what he felt for Dream, it was new and exciting. Sure, he and George had been friends for a while, but this was completely different.

The lines between the easy platonic love he felt for his two best friends were definitely blurring. It was terrifying. He didn't know what to do to stop it, the entire situation slipping out of his control

before he could even grasp at the silky smooth threads to try and hold on.

He wasn't sure he wanted to stop it anymore.

Slowly he sighed out a tiny huff of a breath and shifted to look at the relaxed lines of Dream's face. He met sleepy green eyes when he turned and felt the heat of embarrassment flood his face. How much had Dream seen in his face while he was looking at George? How long had he been awake?

Dream's face lit up when their eyes met and he shifted slightly to rub a thumb across where Sapnap's cheeks felt hottest. "Hi." His voice was a low whisper, barely heard and more felt in the way his breath ghosted across Sapnap's face.

Sapnap wrinkled his nose slightly, "You have morning breath." He couldn't manage a whisper quite like Dream's, his voice messed up and his throat a little sore in a way that was possibly a bit too pleasant. He made sure to keep his voice low though, so as to not disturb George.

Not that much could disturb George when he was sleeping. Sometimes George was a little too much like his Dream SMP character.

Dream laughed lightly and shifted up a bit, the arm under him bracing himself so he was looking down at Sapnap with a fond look. "Sucks." He leaned down and pressed a quick gentle kiss against the side of Sapnap's lips before blowing a long hot breath right against his face.

Fuck George's sleep. Sapnap pushed Dream away from him hard, "Bitch! Stop that!"

Dream fell to the side with a loud laugh, carrying his momentum through as he rolled to stand. "Good Morning, Sapnap." All pretense of being quiet and soft gone.

"I hate both of you." George groaned, "Get out. I'm going back to sleep."

A weak pressure pushed at Sapnap's side as George sleepily pushed at him. Sapnap's quiet morning and confused thoughts were lost in a gust of wind that was his friends just being themselves.

"It's my room!" Dream protested, grabbing a pillow and chucking it at George's head. He had a bright smile on his face, "Move to your room if you want to be lazy all morning."

George rolled over, grabbing the pillow and tucking it against his chest. He completely ignored Dream, instead looking up at Sapnap with his big pouting brown eyes, "Can you go suck his dick somewhere else in the house to shut him up?"

Heat raced through Sapnap at the easy way George asked that question. He knew it was a normal way for them to tease but it meant so much more when Sapnap could still feel the phantom weight of Dream's cock on his tongue, "His dick isn't going anywhere near my mouth right now." His voice was a lot raspier than he expected, despite the hot tea and babying they had done for it last night.

Sapnap shot Dream a dark look, catching the tail end of a self-satisfied smile on his face. A snort sounded from behind him and a warm arm wrapped around his waist, pulling him back against George's body. The pillow must have been abandoned somewhere. "What about mine?" George laughed over his own words, stuttering them out against the top of Sapnap's head.

"No one's dick is getting near my mouth today." Sapnap struggled against George's arm, pushing him off. "I'm already sore enough."

“Actually, I wonder what today’s thing is.” George sat up slightly, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, “Dream?”

“Yeah. Okay.” Dream walked up to the bed. He leant down and pulled out the dreaded calendar box.

Sapnap blinked slowly, he hadn’t had the chance to watch how they handled reading the calendar and if they discussed the daily tasks from it. Normally they just cornered him somewhere and roped him in somehow. Being able to witness this interaction was somewhat exciting.

Dream put the box on the bed right next to his feet and popped open the little door with the little scripted 15 on the outside. He pulled out the coin, reading it slowly. “Thank fucking god.” His voice dipped low and he threw it to George.

The predatory look he eyed Sapnap with made warmth fill his stomach. He had never seen such a dark and promising look on his best friend’s face and having it fully aimed at him was a bit much.

“Oh.” George said eloquently, “I see. Well...” He stretched slowly. “That is something for us to look forward to later then.” He set the coin to the side, rolling over and pressing Sapnap down into the bed, “Isn’t it, baby?”

Sapnap wanted to say he didn’t remember what it was, but that would have been a lie. Plus the combined attention from both George and Dream left him a little bit speechless, “I, uh, I guess.”

“We could do it now.” Dream’s weight dipped the bed down next to him, “Who says we have to wait?”

“I do, you idiot.” George shifted up and got completely off the bed, “I’m still tired and want to sleep more.”

“I don’t know, Sap and I could just do it without you...” Dream’s heavy hand landed on Sapnap’s thigh. A warm reminder of exactly how easily Dream could manhandle him.

“You wouldn’t dare.” George paused in his walking, glaring back at Dream with a heavy look, “First of all, I get to go first. You have a monster cock you won’t even know I went first.”

“To be clear, I never agreed to taking both of your cocks.” Sapnap crossed his arms, flicking his eyes between both of them with the best annoyed look he could manage.

“Oh baby.” George’s tone was laced with condescending humor, “Sapnap...”

Dream’s fingers dug in, dull pressure edging towards pain, “Come on now, don’t be silly.”

Sapnap felt the blooming heat hit his cheeks before Dream’s smirk made it obvious he was visibly flushing. “But what if I want to fuck one of *you*?” He knew his voice was edging on whiny. He couldn’t find it in himself to care.

“Dream and I have been very patiently sticking to the calendar. We will let you have a turn. Just after us.” George pulled his shirt down slightly, “I’m going back to sleep. Dream, don’t do shit. For once in your life listen to me.”

“You heard him, maybe next time, Princess.” Dream leaned all the way forward and pressed a hard, demanding kiss to his lips. He nipped lightly at Sapnap’s bottom lip only to pull away with a slow smirk. He brought his thumb up and pressed into Sapnap’s bottom lip, “Later.” He whispered it out like a low promise.

Sapnap swallowed heavily, watching as Dream stood and disappeared into the bathroom. He was actually pretty positive his friends would be the death of him. He let himself sprawl out and ignored the fact that he was already easily half hard from that one interaction.

So what if he actually did want them to fuck him? He had to put up some pretense so it didn't seem like he really was willing for them to do whatever. Just because they obviously knew him well enough to know that's all it was. Pretense.

He sighed heavily and rolled over to look at his phone. He had one message from Punz.

Punz: Valorant with Foolish? He's streaming rn and was asking.

Sapnap sighed, he knew everyone would hear the rasp in his voice and worry he had gotten sick or something. But then again, Valorant. He sighed again with even more gusto and replied.

Sapnap: Fine. But don't say shit about my voice.

He got out of Dream's bed and headed to his own room. He quickly brushed his teeth and threw on some clean clothes before logging on. As soon as his discord connected he joined the voice chat with Foolish and Punz. "Hey guys."

"That's why you said not to say anything about your voice? You sound like you've been sucking Dream's dick to get out of rent or something." Punz immediately laid into him, easy teasing and light heartedness.

Sapnap hid his face in his hands despite them not being able to see the hot flush that wanted to fill his cheeks, "Shut up, bitch."

"What?" Punz sounded a little confused even as Foolish added on to the teasing.

"If you need help with rent you could just tell us Sapnap." He laughed his little wheezing laugh completely blind to Sapnap's embarrassment.

"My sugar daddy has it handled." Sapnap managed to lean into the joke, belatedly remembering Foolish was live.

"Mm, sure." Punz added, letting it go for the moment.

Shortly after they got into the grind that Valorant could be, tossing fake insults at one another and gasping at clutch wins. It was easy to lose time, spending 5 hours in match after match until Foolish left to go watch a little Hells Kitchen with his chat.

Punz brought it back up then, "Did you really suck his dick for rent?" His tone was gentle, if a little concerned.

"Not for rent." Sapnap sighed and closed his eyes. "It's just this thing we are doing I guess." He didn't know how to even begin to explain to Punz that the stupid advent calendar he had sent to Sapnap as a meme had turned into Dream Team in some weird friends with benefits threesome.

Punz paused for a long moment before asking, "What about George?"

"He's involved too." Sapnap rubbed his eyes and briefly checked his phone. There were two messages to the group chat he had with Dream and George.

"Does this have to do with that calendar?" Punz really was edging on being nosy at this rate.

He checked the messages as he mindlessly answered the question, “A little, yeah.”

Dteam

Dream: I’m ordering pizza

George: Yum

“Are you okay?” Punz’s words pulled him away from the messages.

There was the empty nagging feeling that came with the need to eat after too many hours of gaming. Thankfully Dream was a god send and had apparently ordered pizza. “Yeah. It’s good.”

“Okay. My couch is always open if you need it, you know that.” Why was Punz offering him a place to stay exactly?

“You don’t have a couch. But I get what you mean.” He pushed back, “I’m going to go eat. I’ll talk to you later.”

“Kay, bro. Bye.” Punz mumbled right as Sapnap disconnected.

He wasn’t sure why Punz sounded so worried there at the end, but he wasn’t going to think about it for too long. Pizza awaited and he kind of wanted to cuddle on the couch with his best friends. He was sure he could convince them.

He stood and stretched, his head going a bit light with it. He headed downstairs and to the kitchen, walking past where Dream and George were sitting on the couch.

“There is pizza in the kitchen!” Dream called after him as he walked.

“I saw!” Something warm and bright welled in his chest at the obvious care Dream was showing. He decidedly ignored the feeling as he grabbed a plate and piled a few slices on. He walked back into the living room, purposefully bypassing his chair and instead settling down in between George and Dream.

“Sap, I was trying to update our dos and don’ts chart that I started to make and I wanted to check in and see if you had any updates?” Dream shifted his laptop so Sapnap could look at it.

“Um, I said that I wanted to try everything, right?” Sapnap shifted over to look at the chart, taking a bite of the pizza.

“Yeah, essentially.” The heavy weight of Dream’s arm settling around his shoulders made the fond warmth return. “But since we have done some stuff I wasn’t sure if you had any updates.”

Sapnap slowly looked down, thinking over the last few days. For the most part it was all very enjoyable, but he remembered vaguely the uncomfortable feeling from the day before. How he had almost felt the need to tap out at the brutal fucking Dream had done to his throat. He didn’t want to make Dream feel guilty though.

“Well..” He swallowed slowly around the thickness still blocking his voice from being able to fully come out. He really didn’t want to make his friend feel guilty. It had been his choice to not tap out. He could have at any time.

“Sapnap?” George’s voice was a soothing balm to his nerves, “You need to tell us if there is something you didn’t like. We can’t know if you don’t tell us.”

“Our feelings won’t be hurt, babe.” Dream’s strong fingers grasped his jaw and forced him to meet his eyes, “We just want what’s going to make us all feel good.”

“Okay.” Sapnap let out a stuttering breath, ignoring the sickening feelings swirling through his stomach. The ache of their sweetness combined with his growing nerves at this conversation made him feel a little sick. ‘I, uh-’ He broke off, not sure where to start explaining. How did he explain that he liked being choked by dick but not the brutal fucking. Weren’t they essentially the same thing?

“Baby, it’s okay.” George’s hand landed on his thigh, squeezing with reassurance.

Sapnap took a deep breath and decided to just say the words swimming through his head. He trusted them. They would be able to piece through what they needed to in order to make what he said make sense. “I liked part of yesterday but didn’t actually like the other part.”

He furrowed his brows and looked down as the words fully processed. That came out a lot more vague than he meant for it to.

“Okay… What did you like?” There was movement from next to him as George shifted to settle in front of him. He gently grabbed the plate of half eaten pizza and set it behind him on the coffee table.

“Um. I liked what you did.” Sapnap directed his eyes towards George, Dream’s hand falling away as his chin moved.

Dream snorted, “Such a bottom.”

“Dream, shut up.” George didn’t even bother to look over at him, keeping his eyes trained on Sapnap.

“Am I wrong?” Dream’s chin came to rest on Sapnap’s shoulder, “You liked the feeling of his tongue up your ass didn’t you? Want to try something bigger?”

Heat flushed through Sapnap at his words. He felt a trembling weakness settle along his spine. What was it about the way Dream spoke that made everything in him just turn into molten liquid? Melted down like butter. Boiling over like water left on too long.

“Dream.” George finally looked over at Dream with a steely gaze. “If you can’t control yourself for this conversation I will have it without you.” His voice held a low, annoyed warning to it. It wasn’t a tone Sapnap heard from George often. George usually wasn’t the one who was annoyed. George was usually the one who never took anything seriously. It was almost so abnormal for Dream and George’s positions to be swapped that Sapnap briefly wondered if he had shifted realities.

Dream sighed and settled back against the couch again. “Whatever. I just wanted to tease.” He rolled his eyes dramatically before turning to his laptop and typing away under Sapnap’s Do column.

“What did you not like?” George’s tone was honeyed sweet, pulling him back into the reality of the conversation. “What did Dream do that you didn’t like?”

Sapnap could feel the way Dream tensed at the almost flippant accusation. His entire side went rigid where he sat. He didn’t say anything though, instead keeping his attention focused very firmly on the laptop.

It occurred to Sapnap very suddenly that maybe the reason Dream was joking so easily was

because he didn't want to think about him being the one who messed up. Guilt at making Dream most likely feel that way choked at Sapnap's throat, cutting off his air temporarily.

Navigating this was so confusing and complicated and the very last thing Sapnap wanted to do was hurt his friend. Especially Dream. Dream was a complicated mess of emotions on a good day and Sapnap knew that. They knew each other so intricately from childhood until now. He knew Dream would always be the one to beat himself up the most. He knew whatever he said moving forward would eat at Dream, adding onto the list of things that kept the bigger man awake at night.

"Do you need Dream to leave?" George's words were like a punch to the gut.

He would never need Dream to leave.

"What? No. Never." He looked over at Dream's tense form, "Never." He repeated firmly.

Dream still didn't move from his position, but he finally spoke in a muted tone, "What do we need to add to your don't list?"

"I, uh, the um throat fucking was a bit much for me I think." He glanced at George who looked patient, his dark brown eyes focused on Sapnap's face.

"Did you not like all of it or just when he fucked your throat." George squeezed his thighs very gently.

"I liked being choked a bit. The, um, inability to breathe made me feel a little floaty." He swallowed heavily, I didn't really like the rest." He could hear the slight clicking of the laptop keys from Dream, but otherwise he was silent.

George glanced at Dream, waiting for a long moment. His expression was unreadable, but that was pretty normal. A slight sick feeling filled his chest at the continued silence from Dream. It only worsened when the clicking of the keys that filled the silence stopped.

He finally looked over at his friend, trepidation filling his heart. He didn't want to make his friend feel guilty, but he was pretty sure if he didn't tell them now they would be upset with him later. At least that's how it worked in some of the fan's stories he had read.

When Dream finally spoke it sounded like a whisper, "Why didn't you tap out?" His eyes were trained on his fingers that were frozen on his keyboard.

"I almost did, but then George started doing the thing with his tongue." Sapnap reached for the laptop and pulled it out from under Dream's hands. George seemingly understanding his intentions, gently held his hands out to take it from him.

"I'm going to get us some water." George stood, leaving Sapnap's field of vision.

"Dream." Sapnap took his hands slowly, "Are you okay?"

"I don't- didn't want to hurt you." Dream still didn't look up from where he had his eyes focused on his knees.

Worry settled deep in Sapnap's stomach, "I know. You didn't. I just didn't like it. And I was going to tap out but I wanted to be good for you in the moment and George distracted me enough that I could be. Okay?"

Dream let out a slow shaky breath, "Can you tap out next time if I'm doing something you aren't

totally into?” He slowly looked up, his green eyes a little unfocused as he flicked them over Sapnap’s face.

“Yeah. I will.” Sapnap sighed out slowly, relaxing a bit as the tension visibly left Dream’s body.
“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t apologize. We are still figuring out how this all works between us. Hell George and I already had a very heated conversation while you were playing with Punz.” Dream brought his hands up to gently grip onto Sapnap’s waist, slowly pulling him to fully face him, despite the awkward angle it put Sapnap in on the couch.

Sapnap’s brows rose despite trying to keep his expression schooled. He was not expecting that. Surprise filling his mind and making him feel a little light with it. “You two fought?”

“We didn’t fight. He just really likes to be in charge and he wasn’t happy with the way I partially took over yesterday. He firmly expressed that to me. I’m, um, mostly okay with him being in charge of both of us. I- I don’t know, I get to have you and he gets to play whatever games he wants to play.” Dream shrugged, looking a bit thoughtful.

“So, the issue was that you went against his little script?” Sapnap snorted slightly, “George is such a brat.”

“Pretty sure I’m actually the brat out of the three of us. He just wanted to make it clear he didn’t like that and wanted to make sure I was still good playing middle like I have been. See, he claims he’s a switch, but I have yet to see him act like it. I’m more fluid I guess.” Dream’s hands squeezed his waist before he pulled Sapnap onto his lap. “Plus, I get to play with you, even if it is under George’s stupid orders and constraints.”

The way Dream’s voice oozed with lust made heat rush through Sapnap unexpectedly. “Why are you like this?” He covered up his initial need to immediately sink into whatever it was Dream was doing.

“Because he’s an idiot.” George’s voice cut in, “Sapnap needs to eat his pizza Dream. Stop trying to fuck him for one moment.”

“Fucking rude.” Dream turned and glared at George over his shoulder. “Maybe I was just wanting to cuddle a bit.”

Sapnap couldn’t help the small laugh that bubbled up his throat, squeaking out in an embarrassing way. “I doubt you were just wanting to cuddle, Dream.”

The flush that spread across Dream’s cheeks made his freckles stand out sharply. “Well, I mean, maybe I was thinking about a little make out session...” His thumbs traced up Sapnap’s sides, leaving hot lines burning under Sapnap’s shirt where they had run.

“Right. Food first.” George rounded the couch, setting down two cups of water. He immediately picked up Sapnap’s abandoned plate of pizza, “Eat.”

Sapnap sighed heavily. He stood up from Dream’s lap, just to turn around and settle back into it. He didn’t really want to leave the comfort of Dream’s arms after the conversation they had. Plus he wanted to be a little selfish and enjoy a soft moment with Dream while he could.

He took the plate. When the heavy weight of one of Dream’s arms settled around his waist, soft warmth filled his chest. Dream hooked his chin over Sapnap’s shoulder, “do you want to take the sweater pictures today?”

George settled next to them as Sapnap took a bite of pizza. He nodded slowly, leaning back into Dream's hold. In this moment he could almost pretend he wasn't alone in his budding feelings. That they were all on the same page. It would hurt later but he could deal with it.

They sat in silence for a bit while Sapnap ate, mindlessly watching whatever it was that was on the TV. Belatedly Sapnap realized that it was the hallmark channel half way through a movie about a city girl visiting her hometown and falling in love with her childhood best friend. Something about that struck a little too close to home to Sapnap who was coming to terms with falling in love with his own childhood best friend.

He finished his pizza and slid it onto the table. He stretched slowly, "pictures?" When he turned around he had to pause when his eyes landed on George whispering something to Dream furiously. Dream had an intense look on his face as he stared down Sapnap, his eyes dark with promise.

"Dream? George?" He looked slowly between them, feeling a little left out. The only thing keeping him from feeling completely left out was the way Dream's eyes slowly drifted down his body, his hands clenched roughly on his thighs.

George leaned back with a smug smile on his face, "Pictures sound great, right Dream?"

"Yeah." Dream's voice was hoarse and when he stood the outline of his cock was very visible where it pressed right against the seam of his pants. "Pictures."

"That better not be visible in our pictures for Twitter." Sapnap glared at both of them. Mild annoyance filled his heart with something dark and jealous. They were allowed to have their moments. There was nothing saying they couldn't have their moments.

Part of him just really liked when he was the center of attention and he wasn't really feeling like it right then.

"I'm sure the sweater will hide it. Stop worrying, Sapnap." George's cold hand squeezed the nape of his neck roughly as he walked by.

Sapnap had to take a moment to compose himself before following. He knew he was sulking a bit, but George using that kind of power move on him was uncalled for. Really all it did was make him sulk more as they grabbed their sweaters and got dressed.

Dream strapped his mask on only grumbling slightly. "I can't see. You'll have to just put me where you want me."

"You could just face reveal, you idiot." Sapnap pointed out enjoying the easy opportunity for banter.

"Plus I would put you where I want you anyway." George's voice was liquid in the way it ran over Sapnap. It wasn't even aimed at him.

He wrapped his slender fingers around Dream's bicep and positioned him in front of the tree, a small mischievous smile crossing his face. He lent up and whispered something else to Dream, a smile twitching on his lips.

It made Sapnap feel hot all over and like he was witnessing something he wasn't supposed to be. He thought they were past this. Maybe it wasn't them being past it but him being more aware of his own feelings that made watching them so much worse.

Dream huffed a breath out as George pulled away, "okay, I think we are good." George's voice

was low as he turned to look over at Sapnap. “Come ‘ere.”

Sapnap couldn't help the way his spine rushed with heat at the low way George slurred his words. He walked up almost in a trance. George's cool fingers gripped the back of his neck and put him in place in front of Dream.

“Stay. Both of you.” George left no room for argument as he set up his phone to take timed pictures.

It became stupidly simple after that. George would shift the two of them around, occasionally muttering something to Dream, and take pictures. Sapnap wasn't totally sure how the pictures were turning out, but every time he went to protest George would squeeze the back of his neck gently.

Towards the end of the pictures George appeared with a squirming Patches. Her sweater was half on and he looked mildly annoyed, “how do you manage this?” He huffed and held her out to Sapnap.

“She loves me.” He carefully grabbed her and maneuvered her paw through the sleeve. She gave him the most put upon look she could manage and meowed plaintively. “I know, sweetheart. Just a couple pictures and then I'll take it right off you.”

“Dream, reach out and hold Sapnap's waist.” George's voice cut across his soft moment with Patches.

Dream's hand heavily landed on Sapnap's back before groping over to his waist. He pulled him back against his chest roughly, his other hand coming around to rub Sapnap's hip. “Can we be done soon?” His voice was deep and slightly slurred.

Sapnap shifted to look back at Dream, concern made him furrow his brows. “Dream?”

“He's in subspace, baby.” George came to stand next to Sapnap, his fingers squeezing his neck again, “look forward and smile. Just a couple pictures with Patches and we can be done.”

Sapnap smiled for the camera, easily obeying the order with Dream's big hands on him and George's firm reminder on his neck. Part of him was a little worried about Dream, but George seemed to have a handle on it.

A few more pictures later Sapnap was gently easing Patches out of her sweater with comforting words. She stayed still for him right until the sweater popped over her head. Then she squirmed out of his hold and ran off. Probably to hide under a bed and nurture her wounded pride.

“Hopefully she will forgive me soon.” He muttered slowly, baleful dread filled his heart at the floating thought that she would hold her anger longer than a few hours. Sapnap would never admit it out loud but he appreciated her sweet cuddles.

“She will.” George sounded bored. Sapnap looked up to find his pale fingers clenching onto Dream's shoulders as the bigger man slowly lowered to sit down on the couch. His mask was still firmly in place, blocking his vision.

Sapnap rounded the couch, confusion clouding his thoughts. “Are you going to take it off?”

Nimble fingers wrapped around one arm and then the nape of Sapnap's neck. “No I'm not, and you are going to strip.” George looked away from Dream to stare down Sapnap, “now, baby.”

“But-“ Sapnap started to protest even as he mindlessly started to undo his jeans' button and zipper.

"We got to make sure your daddy feels good. We can't do that if you have your clothes on." George's nimble fingers slipped under the hem of his sweater, a shock of cold on his already overheated skin. "Don't you want to make your daddy feel good? He does so much for you."

George's easy words were like a chant to a spell. A spell that very easily took over Sapnap's mind, ending any need to argue. "Yeah." He nodded slowly, lifting his arms for George to pull his sweater up and over his head.

"Say it." George threw the sweater to the side, his hands drifting up Sapnap's sides. He pinched one nipple slowly, his eyes lidded as he slowly looked at Sapnap up and down.

Heat filled his stomach as the pleasure pain from George's fingers in his nipple flooded his senses. "Wanna make my daddy feel good." His voice was whiny as it came out. He was slowly growing used to that though.

The low whimper that sounded from the couch reminded Sapnap that Dream was sitting there and effectively blindfolded. He peered over George's shoulder, heat warming his skin at the sight there. Dream's cock was out, heavy and hard. There was a small wet spot on the green sweater he still wore where the head of his dick was resting.

"Princess?" Dream's voice was a slurred mess, his hips jumping up off the couch slightly from where he was sitting.

"Yes? I—" Sapnap let out a confused noise, glancing over at George. He felt too wrong in his own skin with Dream acting like this. Dream was supposed to be one of the ones taking him apart.

"I made a deal with him. Finish stripping, Sapnap." A hand came up and grasped at Sapnap's jaw firmly, forcing him to look down and not at Dream.

Sapnap pushed his jeans and boxers down, wanting to get this part over with. "You made a deal?" The words didn't sound like they came from him when they hit his ears. He knew they had to have though.

"Yes. I told him he could fuck you first if I got to put him in subspace for it." George's hands slipped to Sapnap's ass. His fingers dug in, probably leaving small purple petals, as he pulled his cheeks apart, "and I get the joy of prepping you without him watching."

Dream whimpered loudly behind George. "Wanna see my Princess."

"If you are good you get to see him while you fuck him, sweets." George didn't turn at all to look at Dream, instead he leant in and nipped at Sapnap's bottom lip. He muttered softly, but not soft enough that Dream couldn't hear, "but first, I'm going to take my time with you, baby."

Sapnap whined as cold fingers wrapped around his aching cock. It was stark compared to the heat he felt radiating from himself. On impulse he raised one arm to grip onto George's bicep. It wasn't necessarily to stop him, but more to ground himself in the moment.

George still gently grabbed his hand and removed it from where he had dug his fingers in, "no you don't. Sweet little thing. You don't get to decide what happens." He lent in and captured Sapnap's lips in a bruising kiss, all pressure and teeth. There was nothing gentle about it.

It didn't help that Sapnap's lips were still a little sore from the day before. Every little nip of George's sharp teeth was a direct line to his twitching cock. The slow drag of George's hand doing nothing to assuage the need deep in his stomach.

When George pulled away he blindly tried to follow, lost in the taste and easy feeling of George against him. George tapped his hip, the other hand coming to the nape of his neck again to stop him from leaning forward more. The pressure of his fingers pulled Sapnap's mind further from any form of awareness and toward no thoughts.

"Get on your hands and knees over Dream's lap, baby." George's eyes were heavy with lust as he slowly looked Sapnap up and down. It made a shiver rush through Sapnap's body, the borderline predatory look making him feel like prey.

He slowly got onto the couch and crawled over so that his hands were on one side of Dream's spread legs and his knees on the other. Dream panted out a sharp breath from under him, his hand blindly reaching out until it landed on Sapnap's back.

"Princess?" His voice was hoarse and cracked slightly. Heavy fingers dug into his side and a hand pushed down on his back, "my Princess."

"Dream." George's voice cracked like a whip, making Dream's still masked face turn towards him and Sapnap's entire body tensed up slightly.

"Just wanted to touch him, Gogy. 'M not gonna do anything." Dream sounded whiny, his fingers tense where they still dug into Sapnap's skin. "Just wanna pet my little Princess."

George was quiet for a long moment, only his fingers ghosting over Sapnap's hips were a reminder that he was still there. "Okay. You can touch. Color from both of you please."

"'M green. Want my Princess." Dream's hand drifted down his back slowly, dragging his nails lightly against Sapnap's skin leaving hot trails of fire in their wake.

"He's right there over your lap, Dream. Sapnap, color?" George's fingers cruelly pinched his hip.

A gasp escaped his throat as he managed a breathy "green." He breathed through the sharp bite of pain for a moment before looking back over his shoulder at George. "You?"

George's cheeks were flushed with bright pink rose petals, showing that he was also affected by what was going on. "Green, baby. Thank you for asking me." He shifted forward out of Sapnap's field of vision.

Sapnap felt the soft press of lips against the hot skin of his ass cheek. "Such a sweet little boy." The drag of his lips over Sapnap's skin made a shiver run up his spine.

A sharp sting followed on the other cheek combined with a slight cracking noise meeting Sapnap's ears moments after sweet, almost addicting pain swirled through his senses. A low moan vibrated through his arm and nails dug into his skin harder, a different type of sting washing over him.

Something warm and wet dripped onto his ass. A long finger rubbed through it before pushing into him. A full body shiver ran through him at the constant press.

"My good princess." Dream rumbled slowly, a soft whine punctuating the words. A set of his big fingers dug into Sapnap's ass, pulling one cheek away from the other. Another hand slid blindly onto his chest. His fingers traced lightly across Sapnap's skin, leaving little ticklish trails that made Sapnap's stomach jump.

"Yes he is." George's voice sounded distant, like he was totally focused on something else. The drag of his finger slowly pulling out was almost overwhelming.

Sapnap didn't remember the almost pleasant semi-full feeling being so much yesterday. Then again he didn't have anything else to focus on outside of George's clever fingers now.

Dream's clumsy groping found him one of Sapnap's nipples. A light brush of one of his big fingers shooting sparks down Sapnap's spine. The pinch that followed easily added to the dancing sensations, pulling Sapnap down into easy empty thoughts.

More wet warmth landed right where George's finger was slightly pressed into him. It was becoming almost overwhelming, the different sensations plaguing his body pushing him closer and closer to an abyss.

Sharp pain flooded his body when George brought his hand down on his ass cheek in another smacking slap. Sapnap's arms shook and his dick twitched with it, torn between wanting more and the instinctual need to run from pain. The pain was too delicious though.

This time when George pressed his fingers back in there was a slight stretch. Sapnap inched forward slightly, a quiet wine leaking from his lips.

George dug his fingers into his hip with enough force that Sapnap knew in some part of his brain that more purple bruises would line the skin there. He didn't care, craving the lack of control, craving the way George and Dream made him feel a little bit like a doll.

"Don't run, baby. We have to get you nice and open for your daddy's big cock." George sounded bored as he spoke, like he truly wasn't that interested, "pretty sure I need to split you open on four of my fingers and this is only two."

Sapnap could barely think with only two fingers pushing into him, he could barely imagine the mess he would be at four. Knuckles brushed against his ass and fingers pinched cruelly at his nipple. His arms shook again as overwhelming pain mixed with the sudden spark of extreme pleasure rushed through him.

A low moan escaped his lips, his hips rocked back slightly chasing the addicting hot rush that had just raced through him. George tutted softly behind him, "No you don't. We don't want you cumming yet. Pretty sure Dream wants you to cum on his cock."

The loud moan from next to him confirmed it before Dream even slurred out, "Yeah. Princess is gonna cum on daddy's cock."

"See." George let out a slow focused hum and there was a push as Sapnap assumed he spread his fingers slightly. "Should get you something so you can stay open better in the future."

His fingers brushed over the spot again and this time Sapnap couldn't keep his weight up. He collapsed down onto Dream's lap as his arms gave out. The rough drag of Dream's jeans against his chest made him whimper brokenly, his voice cracking. He shifted his hands down to dig them into Dream's thigh and hold on.

Dream let out a broken sound from next to him and shifted his hips up, pushing his warm and wet cock against Sapnap's side. "Good Princess. Feel good."

"Dream. Hold still." George's voice was hard and dangerous, sending a thrill down Sapnap's spine even though it wasn't aimed at him. "Or you don't get to see him while you fuck him."

Dream whimpered in protest but his hips stilled their slight shifting movements. "Want to see my pretty Princess." He mumbled it so quietly, his hand petting over Sapnap's side, "flushed and whiny. Wanna see."

“You will, you just have to be good for me.” There was patience in George’s tone, contrasting with the slide of his fingers moving in and out of Sapnap.

A hand, Sapnap assumed it was George’s by the size of it, ran up Sapnap’s slightly sweat-damp back. When it ran back down towards his ass, nails dug in and dragged burning lines of sweet pleasure pain in their wake. Sapnap arched his back with it and let out a long breathy noise as fire roared through him.

It was enough of a distraction that he didn’t notice the almost painful burning stretch as George added another finger until it turned into an almost dull ache of being full. Sweat dripped down his brow, soaking into the couch where he had pressed his face. A big hand landed on his head, pushing his head down just enough that breathing became a slight struggle.

As his head slowly grew fuzzy and his muscles relaxed, the fingers on his head laced into his hair. Slowly dull pain registered in his mind as his head was pulled off the couch. Sweet air filled his lungs making him gasp loudly. The gasp turned into a loud cracking moan when George pressed his fingers over that one spot making overwhelming pleasure dance across his mind.

“Look at my good boys. You got him all pliant for me, Dream,” George’s voice had dropped low, holding a promise in its depths. The steady weight of him behind Sapnap shifted. Soft lips pressed against his hip as the three fingers filling him up moved in and out slowly, “How are you feeling sweet boy?”

“M good. Floaty.” Sapnap’s voice came out slurred and distant. After a long moment of struggling against the easy fog that was carrying his mind along he added, “m green still though.”

There was a soft chuckle behind him and another soft press of a kiss against his hip, “Your daddy did a number on you, huh?” There was a small dig of pain as nimble fingers pinched at his cheek, “We are almost there, baby boy. One last finger. Can you do that for me?”

George was asking too many questions as far as Sapnap was concerned. He nodded against the hold Dream had on his hair, small little stings racing though his scalp in a pleasurable way. He felt his cock twitch and heard Dream moan loudly next to him.

“Gogy, he’s soaked through my jeans. Can feel how wet he is.” Dream’s voice broke slightly, muffled and whiny through the mask. The fingers clutching Sapnap’s hair loosened before gently massaging against the tender skin of Sapnap’s scalp.

“Good.” George muttered against Sapnap’s hip, his tongue flicking out to lick a hot wet line against his skin. “I’m going to start using lube now baby, it may be a bit cold. My spit won’t be enough though.”

The heat of George’s moist breath left his skin. Moments later something cold and wet hit Sapnap’s skin, dripping down between his cheeks to meet where George’s fingers were pressed into him. Instincts ruled for a moment, making him jerk forward, trying fruitlessly to get away from the cold.

Fingers dug into his hip again, holding him in place. The fingers against his scalp gripped his hair as well when his head started to move away from them. A whine ripped from his throat partially in annoyance at the shock of the cold against his skin, partially from the sweet spikes of pain making his cock twitch needily against his stomach.

“I know, baby. But don’t you want to make your daddy feel good?” George was patient as always, even if his low tone promised more torment for Sapnap.

Sapnap whimpered needily and nodded his head again. He turned his head, thankful when Dream let him, to look at Dream. He made a sight, though Sapnap was sure he looked even more of a mess. Dream's chest was heaving with panting breaths. On his temple just at the edge of the mask sweat dripped slowly down from the press of the leather band against Dream's tan skin. His neck was flushed a brilliant red color and he had his head fully tilted back to rest on the back of the couch.

"Say it, baby." George's voice pulled him back in the moment and away from his obsessive examination of his best friend. Sapnap was suddenly very glad they had George as part of their trio; he seemed to always be able to keep them focused in the moment. Even if outside of their physical activities, George couldn't focus for shit.

"Wanna make daddy feel good." He nodded again and turned his eyes to look back at George over his shoulder. George's deep brown eyes were sharp when they met his. One brow slowly cocked up and a mischievous smile spread on his face. The entire entrancing look pulled more words from the depths of Sapnap's mind and out into the open against his will, "Wanna be so good for him. Please, please."

"Please what, baby boy?" his fingers crooked just so and a loud moan was ripped from his throat, joining the chorus of Dream's almost constant small whines.

"Put another finger in so daddy's cock can fit in me." He whimpered out as the fingers in his hair pulled sharply and the hand that had become an almost assuring weight on his ass dug nails in hard.

Dream moaned loudly, the vibration of it running through Sapnap. His cock twitched violently against where it was sloppily pressed to Sapnap's side and wet heat leaked onto Sapnap's back.

"Both of you are so wet for me. My very good boys." The words were said in an innocent tone as George's fourth finger teased against Sapnap's rim. "I guess since you asked so nicely..." His head slowly cocked to the side, his smile somehow getting that much brighter.

Pressure and sweet intoxicating pain blanked out Sapnap's mind. His eyes slipped closed and his head dropped back down to rest on the damp cloth of the couch. Pleasure burned across his back as the three fingers already deeply embedded in him pressed against his sweet spot.

It was almost too much, fire and heat dancing across Sapnap's mind, white hot in it's incessant sensations. He felt pressure deep in his gut roaring to life, racing him closer and closer to an exploding orgasm.

Nimble fingers wrapped around the base of his cock and squeezed. Everything stopped in its tracks, frozen in time as the pressure deep inside suddenly died. A whine ripped it's way up his throat and tears sprung to his eyes as denial broke through him. "No!"

"You don't get to cum until you are sitting all the way on your daddy's cock you selfish boy." There was a cruel laugh in George's voice, "Though it is very nice to know how much pain affects you."

"Want him." Dream whined quietly, "Surely he's stretched enough. Gogy please." His hand stroked gently down Sapnap's spine, almost light enough it was just a tickle over his back.

George huffed a quiet breath, wiggling his fingers inside Sapnap a tiny bit. It brought bubbling whines up from the back of Sapnap's throat and turned all his bones to liquid. His body felt tightly strung and all he desperately wanted was to cum. "Please." The whining plea came up as his

sluggish mind figured out that the quicker he had Dream's dick in him the sooner he could cum.

"Fine." George slowly pulled his fingers out, a loud wet noise following them. The empty feeling that plagued Sapnap made him almost wish he hadn't asked. He didn't know he could feel so open and empty until that moment.

George stood with grace Sapnap was very sure he would never be able to possess. He shifted so he was standing in front of Dream. Sapnap couldn't help letting his eyes drift slowly down until they found the obvious outline of George's cock pressing against his jeans. Sometimes Sapnap thought he wasn't affected by all of this, but the evidence always proved him wrong.

He leant forward, his nimble fingers quickly undoing Dream's mask. When he pulled it off, Dream's glassy eyes were revealed to both of them. George's hand gently cupped Dream's face, his thumb stroking over one of his cherry flushed cheek bones, "How are you feeling sweetheart?"

"M green. Wanna fuck my princess." Dream looked down and met Sapnap's staring eyes, "Look so pretty like this. All teary and broken. Want to break him more."

"Shush." George shifted his hand to press a finger against his lips. "He's all yours right after I check on him too. Okay?"

Dream nodded slowly, focused more on Sapnap than George. It made the fire in his gut radiate a fond warmth out into the rest of his body. He was sure that if he wasn't already flushed from pleasure he would be glowing with the feeling overwhelming him. He couldn't fully understand it, but he was pretty sure it had something to do with the very obvious want burning through Dream's hazy eyes.

George let go of Dream's face. A breath later, gentle fingers turned Sapnap's head so that he met George's brown eyes instead of Dream's green eyes. "Hey there, baby boy. Color please?" His fingers gently danced against Sapnap's jaw, one of them ghosting over his bottom lip. "It's about to get a little intense for you."

"M green. I want daddy's cock. Wanna make him feel good." He nodded slowly, pressing his cheek into George's gentle hand. It was surprising George was being sweet with him. He wasn't entirely used to it, but he wanted that kindness desperately.

"Okay, Dream he's yours." George stepped back and settled down on Sapnap's chair, looking like a relaxed cat despite the sweat on his neck and the hard press of his cock against the seam of his jeans.

Dream moaned loudly, his mouth falling open and wide with it. One big hand wrapped around Sapnap's neck, the other gripping hard onto his hip. There was a swoosh of motion as Dream forced him up onto his knees, "Straddle me facing away baby, gonna make you sit your pretty ass on my dick."

Sapnap slowly moved his boneless leg so that he was sitting on Dream's lap like he had already done too many times. It made it very evident just how closely George was watching them, his dark eyes laser focused on their movements, a hand resting on his thigh very close to the outline of his cock.

Big fingers dug into his hips and lifted him up slightly. "Hold yourself there baby." Dream's lips ghosted against his ear, his voice low and dragging over the words.

Somehow Sapnap managed to tense his muscles just enough that when one of Dream's hands left

his hips he stayed right where he was. His legs trembled with the effort though and he knew it wouldn't last long.

The head of Dream's cock came to rest against his entrance. It felt so much bigger than George's fingers had. Overwhelming in a maybe good way. Sapnap knew it was going to split him open and that he would never be the same after it. He couldn't find it in himself to care though.

Dream meant the world to him. George meant the world to him. They obviously wanted this and if he was a little honest with himself he really wanted it. He wanted to be carved open by Dream and never be the same. He wanted to feel it so deep tomorrow. He wanted it so much that it was getting mixed in his head until it was borderline a need.

And Dream still hadn't pressed in.

"Daddy, please." He whimpered it out brokenly, letting his head fall back until it rested against Dream's broad shoulder. "Please." This time it was breathless and ruffled Dream's hair next to where Sapnap's lips were.

"Go ahead, Dream. He's begging for you." George's voice was like a whip on Sapnap's skin. He had forgotten Dream was as in deep as he was. That his mind was all foggy and broken like Sapnap's. That they were both just little dolls for George to play with. Little sex dolls.

Dream groaned his thanks out, his hips slowly driving upwards. The pressure and pain at the stretch made Sapnap's back arch. It was delicious and really brought to light for Sapnap just how much he enjoyed the little snippets of pain Dream and George had been dealing him.

It was slow the way Dream would push then pull. Slowly inching more and more in. The sheer full feeling was overwhelming and sweet before Sapnap's ass even rested back against Dream's hips. When he finally did feel skin on skin a small cry left his lips, torn between wanting the pushing fullness to keep going and being thankful that he was as full as he was going to get.

"Stay still, Dream." George's voice was harsh and almost swimming in from somewhere far away. "Sapnap, color please?"

It took his brain a moment to separate the feelings pulsing through him versus the words in the air. When he did he stuttered out a quiet, "Green." He slowly unclenched his hands from where he had gripped onto Dream's wrists. He wasn't even sure when he had done that.

"Good. How's he feel, Dream?" Sapnap let his eyes open and looked over to where George was sitting. His cock was free of his jeans and one hand was slowly dancing up and down. It seemed more like a teasing stroke than anything that would actually get him off.

"So fucking warm. And wet. And tight. But the good kind, not the in pain kind of tight. Just like I'm opening him up on my cock." The words were slurred out in a rush, one big hand coming to press against Sapnap's abdomen, "Can sorta feel myself here."

The sitting still on Dream's cock was slowly edging towards unsatisfying. Sapnap wanted, no he needed, more. He rolled his hips experimentally, planning on only doing it once. When explosions of pleasure raced through his spine he did it again, chasing the high.

It didn't take long for Dream to grip onto his hips and hold him up, almost to the point that he was fully off his cock. "Gotta put on a show for Gogy." Dream mumbled into Sapnap's ear, hot wet breath dancing across his cheek.

He slammed upwards, punching a high, broken noise from Sapnap's throat. The pace from there

was brutal and perfect. Stinging slaps of Dream's hips against his ass contrasted with the occasional explosion of pleasure when Dream managed to push in at the perfect angle.

It built upon itself. The confusing not full, too full feeling and the continuous noises that filled the room. It was loud and not loud enough, the wet slapping noise reminding him that the feelings wracking through his body were very much from a primal fucking his best friend was giving him.

The hazy heat swimming through his body burnt through him and his cock bounced with the movements. It just added another layer to the building hot pressure in his gut. The racing feeling from before returning with force as he very quickly neared his orgasm again.

"Gonna cum in you, Princess." Dream's breath stuttered against Sapnap's ear, cracking over a moan as he somehow picked up his already brutal pace. "Gonna cum deep in you. Make you mine."

The words were the cherry on top of his already building need. Everything burst at once, pleasure pouring over him, washing his body in relieving heat. His cock pulsed needily, warm wetness landing on his thighs.

Dream forced him down on his cock one last time, letting out low moans as he slowly rocked up into Sapnap, jostling him slightly with the motion. Sapnap could feel every twitch of his cock along with the full feeling from before returning with a vengeance. He knew he felt wet before but with every jerking pulse of Dream's cock in him warm wetness collected more and more inside him.

Sharp teeth nipped at his ear followed by a sloppy wet tongue, "So good. My princess." Lips pressed against the nape of his neck in gentle pressure. "Perfect."

"Dream." George's voice broke through their small bubble. Sapnap lifted his head up to look at him. He was surprised to find George completely stripped, his hard cock almost purple against his stomach. "Lay down on the couch. Sapnap, lay down on top of him."

"I got it, princess." Dream shifted them both over slightly before turning them in a quick motion so that they were laying longways on the couch. With a loud breath he relaxed, his hands roaming over Sapnap's chest and stomach.

"Thank you, Dream." George knelt down on the couch, one knee falling between both their legs.
"Can you-"

"Yeah." Dream nodded slightly, sounding a bit more aware than he had just moments ago. Sapnap didn't understand how, his brain was still swimming in hazy pleasure even though he had already cum all over himself and probably the floor.

He was lifted slightly and the empty feeling returned. The whine that left his throat didn't sound like it should have been able to come from him. He knew it couldn't have come from Dream though. He was settled back down, only for Dream to grip onto the back of his thighs and lift them up slowly. "It's George's turn, princess." He was using his low voice again, twisting Sapnap's gut in on itself slightly with it.

George leaned down over both of them, the heat from being surrounded by them made Sapnap highly aware of the sweat now dripping down his temples and soaking into his hair. Soft lips captured his, contrasting the sharp nipping kisses from earlier. "Hey baby, you with us?" George whispered against his lips, soft and warm.

“Mhm...” Sapnap nodded, leaning up to steal another soft kiss. Somehow the gentleness of it all was making his mind slip further away than anything else had.

George gently pushed him down, “Color, baby.” Something edging towards worry made his brow twitch down in a frown.

Sapnap lifted one hand up, letting go of Dream’s sweater where he had twisted his fingers in to hold on. He smoothed one finger over the frown line, “Green.” He whispered it quietly into the soft moment between them, not wanting to break the spell that had fallen over the three of them.

The small frown turned into a wide smile before another gentle press of lips was pushed against his. The way George pressed into him was a night and day difference to Dream’s insistent press. He was gentle and slow, pressing continuous gentle kisses against his lips.

Dream’s hands were a tight reminder of the other man being there too, cradling Sapnap against him as George slowly fucked into him, taking his time. There wasn’t any stretch this time, not with how open he already was because of Dream. All he felt was gliding pleasure and building warmth.

Hands ran up his sides, gliding easily due to the sweat coating his skin. Another laced into his damp hair as George’s tongue pressed into his mouth. He opened his mouth easily for it, one of his own hands reaching up to grab onto Dream’s hair.

When George pulled back with a wet gasping moan, Sapnap turned his head to awkwardly kiss at the corner of Dream’s mouth. Dream complied easily, leaving gentle kisses on his lips and whispering words of praise that added haze and fog to the mess in his brain.

“Could watch you two like this forever.” George groaned loudly, his movements speeding up. The hand on Sapnap’s side slid back down to his hip and gripped hard. “Fucking gorgeous.”

Sapnap felt the slight smile Dream gave at those words against his lips. He nipped at Sapnap’s bottom lip gently, the tiniest hint of stinging pain like a live wire hitting Sapnap’s body. He moaned loudly into Dream’s mouth, tapering off into broken whines too wrapped up in the sensations running through him to manage anymore kissing.

George shifted just a little bit and pleasure raced up Sapnap’s spine, a burning heat more intense than anything else he had felt so far. His back arched up and away from Dream’s chest as he tried fruitlessly to process it all as it burst over his senses and across his skin. A loud moan ripped from his throat, gasping breaths stuttering up. His eyes squeezed shut. His lashes wet with unshed tears.

One heavy hand shifted from his thigh, immediately to be replaced by the hand that had been laced into his hair. Fingers gently wrapped around his throat, not squeezing, just holding. “Shh, princess. Be good for us. You are being so good. Wish you were cognizant enough to see Gogy right now. He’s a mess and that’s all you, Princess. All you.”

“Sh- shut up. Dream.” George’s moans were high in pitch and his words stuttered out. His hips lost their rhythm momentarily only to catch it again and move a little faster. “You were more of a mess than me just a few moments ago.”

Sapnap couldn’t think, let alone respond to their words. He was too busy swimming against an onslaught of continuous waves of pleasure. He was losing, getting pulled closer and closer to the abyss of overwhelming pleasure and sensitivity. He wrapped one hand around Dream’s wrist and the other around George’s, desperately trying to hold on.

“Are you close, babe?” Dream sounded a bit breathless, his fingers twitching against Sapnap’s

neck. "I want to try something but not until you are close, otherwise he may get way too oversensitive."

"F- fuck." George gasped out shallowly, his hips somehow speeding up more, "Yeah. Won't be long. Dream." Nails dug into his hip and his thigh, George's fingers flexing with his movements.

"Okay, perfect. Sapnap, Princess, color please." Dream pressed a gentle kiss against the side of his mouth. That just made the crashing hot waves so much higher and so much harder to fight.

"Reen" He somehow managed to slur out, feeling like he was more underwater than anything else. It was all a lot, but it was so deliciously perfect. Being out of control and feeling like he couldn't do anything about his situation was so addicting he didn't care that his body was edging towards almost too much. That the sparkling pleasure was almost too much.

Dream smiled against his gaping lips. The hand around his throat slowly tightened. The waves of pleasure were abruptly so high Sapnap couldn't even bother trying to swim against them anymore. Instead he let go, lights bursting across his eyes as white hot pleasure raced through him.

When everything started to become too much, Dream's hand loosened and George's hips stilled as a high whiny moan filled the room. A soft whimper made its way from Sapnap's throat as George's cum added to the mess that left him feeling full and a tad overwhelmed.

A soft kiss was pressed against his jaw followed by George's hot breaths. "So good for us, baby."

"Yes he is, but I can't hold both your weights. So you should get up, idiot." Dream grumbled lowly, his hands gently running up and down Sapnap's sides.

"Hm." George's weight shifted from over him as he moved off of Sapnap, "I'll get a wet cloth to clean him up."

Sapnap shifted to nuzzle against Dream's cheek, trying to ignore the way the cum leaking out of him felt. Part of him felt weird about it, another part wished it would stay inside forever. A mark of what happened.

"Hey there." Dream's tone was soft and gentle, his hands matching the easy feel of it. "How are you feeling?"

He thought for a bit before answering, cataloging all his emotions and what he was feeling. Eventually he answered slowly, still floating a bit on the high of it all. "I'm good. Still floaty. A bit sticky."

Dream laughed from under him, the rise of his chest bouncing Sapnap slightly, "Yeah. I'm pretty sure we are going to have to throw away the sweater I'm wearing."

"I'm surprised you kept it on." Sapnap slowly rolled over so he was on his stomach, looking down at Dream. Something about the position felt borderline romantic. He was going to do his best not to dwell on it.

"George had me pretty deep. Kept whispering all this stuff he was and wasn't going to let me do to you while I was blindfolded. Had me all messed up." Dream's cheeks were a beautiful shade of pink. Sapnap had a very hard time trying not to look at them.

He also had a hard time not wishing he was the one who had made Dream flush prettily like that.

"I was wondering what he was saying." Sapnap shifted to rest his head on Dream's chest. "He

tends to be mysterious about what he's doing."

Gentle fingers ran through his hair, "well... he told me he's a switch, I'm not quite sure I believe him though. All he's done is dom both of us. To the point he put me in subspace." Dream sighed. "We are all still figuring it out though."

Sapnap closed his eyes slowly and let out a gentle sigh. "Yeah I guess we are." The only thing was that Sapnap was figuring out how to categorize his emotions while they were figuring out how to be together physically.

That was okay though. He knew nothing would change the budding love in his heart now. He just was figuring out how it fit in with everything else.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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Day 15: Vanilla Sex

December 16th

Chapter Notes

Hiiii... Sorry it took so long. I was um... writing other things lol.

Anyway, here is Chapter 17. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 16th:

Sapnap stared at the items he knew were for today's task. He knew George and Dream would find identical items lying in their version of the calendar: a bigger door than the rest of the days before it; red and green rope and a red blindfold that was lined with fluffy white fuzz inside.

He rubbed his jaw slowly, fingers grazing over his stubble. Now that they had been actively including Sapnap in the days and not just looping him in because he was there, or whatever it was they had been originally doing, he saw the rope and blindfold in a different light.

Before, when he had opened the door in his half panic, images of George with the red blindfold stark against his pale cheeks and Dream with the red and green rope holding his muscle defined arms in place had danced through his mind. Now, he knew better; now he knew they would probably be using the ropes and blindfold on him.

He glanced towards the door when a crash rang from somewhere downstairs. The noise didn't distract him long, though. His fingers inching forward to run along the surprisingly smooth surface of the rope. Sure, yesterday George had kept Dream blindfolded with his mask, but Sapnap was pretty sure that was not going to be a normal occurrence.

Both of them had said they were dom switches. Dream had mused that George was more dom than switch while he was more switch than dom. Either way, Sapnap knew he was definitely the one that was going to end up with ropes tied around him and his vision robbed. Especially when he factored in George.

George liked to push him, at least that's what the past few days told him. George liked to push and Dream wanted to do anything that got him more of Sapnap. They liked to discuss how they were going to take apart Sapnap before they did it.

Which meant that if they had opened their door and found the items for today along with the coin that simply said 'use at least one', they probably had some sort of discussion and agreement about what they were going to do already. The sigh that left his lips was louder than he expected it to be.

He shook his head and stood up from his bed. Dream had coaxed him into it after both he and George had woken up. Apparently, there was a video that needed to be edited, or some idea they needed to talk about. Either way, Dream hadn't wanted to disturb him. He had even gone as far as to offer to carry Sapnap.

The butterflies the offer had brought to Sapnap's stomach when his half asleep brain had processed Dream's whispered offer had woken him up enough that he had walked to his own room. He

wasn't even sure what time that had been. Early probably, based on the time it was now.

Sapnap pulled on a hoodie that, belatedly, he realized was Dream's by the way it draped over his shoulders and the sleeves hung past his hands. He shrugged and headed downstairs to scrounge up something to eat, assuming Dream and George were still busy.

He froze when he walked into the kitchen. Dream was shirtless and hovering over the stove that was sizzling with whatever he was cooking. His hair was damp and against Sapnap's will, his eyes traced a drop of water as it left his hairline and ran down the line of his neck.

One would think he would have better control over the way his brain wanted to freeze and focus on his best friend like this now that they were fucking. It was somehow worse though; knowing exactly how Dream was in bed, knowing how easily he could overpower Sapnap and probably would have many more times if it wasn't for George's iron grip over both of them.

It made Sapnap's brain feel like mush, a mixed up slurry of love and lust and need.

Dream turned, meeting Sapnap's eyes over his shoulder, "Hey, I thought I heard someone come down the stairs and I was pretty positive it wasn't George."

"Why not?" Sapnap tried to focus on Dream's words and not the obvious signs of their activities littering his chest and neck.

"He's asleep. Or he said he was going to be. We were up talking most of the night and then worked on some stuff this morning." Dream turned back to whatever he was cooking.

"Oh. You aren't sleeping." It was more of an observation than anything else. A comment on the difference between his friends. George's tendency to oversleep and Dream's habit of under sleeping.

Dream's shoulder came up in a slight shrug, showing his indifference at the statement. "Do you want eggs and chorizo?" It was normal for Dream to change the conversation away from his inability to have a normal sleeping schedule.

Sapnap let him get away with it. He often let Dream get away with it. "Do we have tortillas?" He passed Dream to look in the pantry. It was almost reminiscent of the days before George moved in. The days before Sapnap complicated everything with the calendar. The days when Sapnap had all his emotions and feelings shoved so far into the depths of his mind that his hairs wouldn't raise when he walked past his best friend.

"Yeah. We should." It was casual and easy. Things with Dream always seemed like that, his friend taking the burden of everything on himself, trying to make it easier for everyone else.

Sapnap found the tortillas and pulled them out, "Perfect." His eyes lingered on the left over things to make Christmas cookies. "Think we could try making cookies again?"

"As long as you don't lick your fingers again." The line was delivered with an easy flirting tone, one Sapnap had heard thousands of times. Somehow, it held a different weight now that he had actually had Dream's dick down his throat and up his ass.

"Hm." He slapped the tortilla's down on the counter next to Dream and leant against the cabinets. He let his eyes fall to the egg and chorizo mix in the pan. "Pretty sure you should just control yourself better."

"Eh." Dream lifted the pan up and scooped the mix onto a plate. "Not my fault you are tempting."

“Dream.” Sapnap shook his head slowly. He couldn’t do this right now; couldn’t do easy teasing that almost promised more. Not when he was figuring out how to handle his feelings around their current physical relationship.

“What?” Dream set down the pan, stepping towards Sapnap. For a moment Sapnap thought Dream was going to pull him in for a gentle kiss, affirmation of Sapnap being a temptation. All he did was grab the tortillas and lay them out to heat up though.

This was why Sapnap needed Dream to not flirt so casually with him right now. “Nothing.”

Dream’s hands paused in their movement. His eyes stared down Sapnap, pinning him in place. It was one of those moments where Sapnap was reminded that Dream knew him too well. It was terrifying and exhilarating all at once.

Sapnap was sure Dream could read his mind, that Dream would turn away with the knowledge that Sapnap was more than a little in love at this point. That this wasn’t just a thing Dream Team was doing as friends to him.

“How are you feeling?” Dream asked instead of the words of accusation Sapnap was half worried Dream would say.

“Um, I- I guess I’m good?” How he was feeling was so much more complex than that.

“I meant are you sore? Do you need painkillers?” Dream turned back to the task of getting the food ready.

“Oh!” Sapnap let his eyes drift away, toward the kitchen entrance. Patches was sitting at the entrance looking at him with what seemed like an accusing gaze. She didn’t know anything. “I’m okay. There is a dull ache, I guess. It’s manageable though.”

“Hm.” Dream’s small hum of acknowledgement rumbled low in his throat, pulling Sapnap’s attention away from Patches.

“What?” Sapnap leant onto the counter to try and get a better look at Dream’s face.

Dream shook his head slowly, stepping away from the plates and turning to the fridge. “Nothing. Food is ready. Juice?”

Sapnap wrinkled his nose at Dream’s obvious avoidance. “Nah.” He shuffled forward to make himself a plate.

Heavy hands landed on his hip and stubble scraped along his neck. “How about we eat on the couch and watch something. A Christmas Carol, maybe?”

A shudder ran through his spine despite himself. He wondered where exactly this was coming from, but maybe after days of being physically intimate, Dream was more comfortable showing affection. It was just surprising that the kind of affection he was showing was so intimate.

“That sounds good.” Sapnap leant back into the hard line of Dream’s body.

Dream shifted away, leaving cold brands where the heat of his hands had been. Sapnap mentally shook his head at himself. He was getting too wrapped up in Dream too fast and he knew that. Especially when George wasn’t there. It was dangerous. All it would do is foster the sickly gleaming hope in his chest.

They ate in silence, the sounds of *The Muppet Christmas Carol* playing in the background. It had taken some effort on his part to convince Dream that *The Muppet Christmas Carol* was the better choice, but he had managed it. He may have used Dream's lack of jalapeños for breakfast tacos as an argument to guilt him into agreeing.

After finishing his food, Sapnap tucked himself into Dream's side. He probably shouldn't; probably shouldn't let his actions foster the love and need and hope in his heart. Should tuck his love under the heat of his lust. Just because he knew of his love and acknowledged it existed didn't mean he had the green light to act like the main character in a bad romance movie.

In fact, he was supposed to be figuring out how to just deal with it, not make it worse.

Something about the soft quiet of the movie and the way Dream had carelessly draped his arm on the back of the couch was too enticing to pull away from. So for the moment, he let himself curl into Dream's side and pretend they were more, that they could be more. That all three of them: Dream, Sapnap, George, the Dream Team, could be more.

It didn't help when soft fingers drifted to his hair to gently run blunt nails against his scalp. Didn't help when those same fingers drifted to the nape of his neck, dragging gentle lines into the soft baby hair he knew grew there. Didn't help when those fingers ghosted along his jaw to grip onto his chin.

It certainly didn't help when Dream gently tugged his face towards him, breathed out a soft "Pandas" and pulled him in slowly. It was like Sapnap was in a trance, watching it as it happened, watching the way Dream just pulled him in. Outside of what they had been doing. Outside of sex and George's firm hand. Outside of the excuse of the calendar and lust ridden decisions.

Dream just pulled him in and kissed him. Soft lips dragging against him in an almost innocent press of a peck. He pulled back and the whisper of his words sent shivers running down Sapnap's spine, "Is this okay?"

"Yeah." It sounded far away and far too loud all at once. The innocent question of if kissing was okay, after Dream had basically destroyed him two nights in a row, left Sapnap breathless and feeling stupid.

Lips pressed against his again, soft but incessant. Another hand drifting down his side and pulling him into Dream's lap. It felt like a mirror of the day Dream and George had made out right in front of him. Except now Sapnap was in George's spot. Sitting on Dream's lap and pressing soft lips against Dream's hot, demanding mouth.

He got lost in it: the wet slide and gentle licks, the heavy breathing. Nothing more happened, just lips against one another and the steady hands on his cheek and hip. But time still warped as the taste of egg and cheese and chorizo on Dream's tongue mirrored Sapnap's own lingering breakfast breath.

"I see you two decided to start without me." George's voice cut through like a chef's freshly sharpened knife, ripping away the easy haze Sapnap's mind had fallen under.

He pulled away from Dream to look up at George, not exactly sure what to say. He felt caught, like this wasn't something he and Dream were supposed to be doing. When he met George's hard, almost empty gaze, it only heightened the feeling.

George's next words just swirled the feeling deeper into him until it felt like a pit had opened up in his stomach, "Sluts. Both of you." His voice was rough from sleep and that only heightened the

way it dragged over Sapnap's senses.

"Oh, come on, George. We were just kissing. We hardly started without you." Dream tilted his head sideways and back to try and look at George the same way Sapnap was. "Not our fault you were sleeping."

George held up the rope and blindfold, a matching set to what Sapnap had left in his room. "I was going to come down and see what you two wanted to use of our options, but seeing as neither of you can keep it in your pants long enough to wait for me to take a nap, I'll just decide."

He carelessly tossed the rope onto the couch, fingers snapping the elastic band on the mask. Sapnap shuddered, fingers loosely digging into the fabric of a blanket that was resting behind Dream's head. The crisp sound of the snap got to him more than he wanted to admit.

"George?" Sapnap's voice came out small; he couldn't help it. He knew exactly how cruel George could be when he wanted, and something about the glint in his eyes told him he was feeling exceptionally cruel at that moment.

"Shut up." George slipped the blindfold over his eyes. The snap of the elastic against the back of his head sent a jolt of pleasure filled pain through Sapnap. "If you two were so impatient, you could have woken me up."

Big hands squeezed onto Sapnap's hips and Dream's voice whispered into his ear, fast and low, "I think this will end up being a very intense scene, babe. Please use your colors if you need to." Lips pressed into his cheek, gentle and reassuring.

The words were almost not reassuring, though. Through everything they had done so far, Dream and George had seemed to be a united force. Now, it didn't line up that way. It seemed like Dream wasn't sure exactly where George was taking this. The contrast of the feeling left Sapnap's mind reeling.

Fingers slid slowly under the hoodie Sapnap wore, light in the way they grazed over his skin. "Keep kissing. Give me the show I missed." A sharp pain pulsed through Sapnap as the fingers pinched on the small bit of fat around his hip bones, nails digging in just enough to heighten it.

One of Dream's hands left his hips and moved up to cup his cheek, a gentle thumb running across his cheek bone. Sapnap desperately wished he could see his facial expression, but all he saw was dark tinted red when he opened his eyes. The mask blocked out almost everything but just a little bit of light.

Lips that were slightly chapped met his again, pressing lingering kisses to his lips. Gently Dream coaxed Sapnap back into a relaxed state with soft open mouthed kisses, leading him into pushing deeper into each lingering press.

Nimble hands pulled the hoodie up, and he was forced to pull back as cold air hit his chest. There was the rough drag as the hoodie was pulled up and off, the fabric scraping along his skin. His arms went with it once he realized what was happening. When cold air hit his chest and arms, he let his hands fall to Dream's already bare shoulders.

"George?" He asked sluggishly, desperately wishing he could turn and look up at him. See if his eyes still had cruelty lying in their depths, or if the sight of Dream and him kissing had softened them.

George's cold hand came to rest on Sapnap's throat, "Shut up, baby. The only thing I want to hear

from you are moans. Don't talk." His voice was low and the hand on his throat squeezed just slightly. The lack of air pooled burning heat though him.

Sapnap arched his back, rolling his hips down almost mindlessly as the easy haze he had grown used to settled over his mind. His ears felt like they were stuffed with cotton and everything seemed so much simpler, easy in letting Dream and George have all the control.

George's fingers slowly loosened around his neck, "Keep kissing him, Dream."

Sapnap barely recognized the words, his mind too clogged. The lips that pressed into his again made it pointless to process them, though. He leant into the kiss; his lips felt almost tingly with the constant pressure and gentle licks.

Cold fingers wrapped around his wrists, pulling them roughly behind his back. His shoulders strained with it, the pain racing to his dick in an almost constant pulse. He wanted to press into Dream, to rock his hips down into the heat beneath him, but George's firm grip on his arms held him back just enough that even when he shifted his hips forward, he couldn't get nearly enough friction.

Teeth sunk into his bottom lip before dragging roughly back, panting breaths mixed with his. "George? What are you doing?" Dream sounded wrecked despite them having barely done anything. "He's all wiggly on me."

"I'm tying his arms behind his back." George sounded bored. Silky smooth texture slid over Sapnap's wrists; it was a texture he knew too well from spending too much time stroking his fingers over green and red rope.

Dream moaned lowly, the hand on his hip pulled him forward roughly, making his shoulders strain just that much more. "I want to see."

"Not yet," George huffed, the breath of it powerful enough that warm moist air blew over the bare skin on Sapnap's back.

The silky ropes dug into Sapnap's skin in a delicious way, making him tilt his hips forward, chasing friction against Dream. It was like a fire was burning through him, being lit by the easy way George and Dream took him apart, burning deep into his skin.

A pinch of pain raced through him as fingers pulled roughly on one nipple. A loud gasp broke through his throat, burning it with how it was ripped from him. He shuddered roughly, his arms jerking slightly against the rope wound around his wrists.

"Hold still," George snapped, tugging the rope just a little bit tighter. "I'm almost done and then you can squirm around on your Daddy's lap, at least for a little bit."

"A little bit?" Dream sounded a little whiny from his position under Sapnap, "George, please."

George's movements tugging on Sapnap's arms paused for a moment. "No. I know Sapnap didn't start that little make out session. He's just a little too submissive for that." There was a harsh tug on Sapnap's arms as George continued wrapping rope around his wrists and up his forearms, "I know it must have been you. Too impatient to wait for me."

Dream's hands smoothed down Sapnap's chest, making him twitch at the gentle touch. "You don't know that. You weren't here."

"Hm, I bet little Sappy would tell me otherwise." Hot breath traced along Sapnap's neck followed

by the warm wet drag of a tongue, “Sapnap,” George’s tone was low and condescending, “Did Dream kiss you first, or did you plop your cute little ass in his lap and kiss him?”

The moan that ripped from his throat was loud. He felt like his skin was on fire where George licked, like this power play between George and Dream was lighting him up from the inside out. “He- ah, he kissed me.”

Dream whined loudly, “Sapnap, princess, why?” The hands on his chest dropped back to his hips.

A gentle hand ran over his scalp, “Good boy.” Sharp teeth nipped gently at his jaw. “I think you deserve a little reward for that, baby.” He pulled back and the rope around Sapnap’s arms tightened. “How does having your Daddy’s whore mouth on your little cock sound?”

“Please?” He whimpered loudly, his voice sounding high and needy to his own ears. He couldn’t even try to control it. The loss of his vision, the inability to move, it made him feel overwhelmed with sweet neediness.

There was a long pause, Sapnap squirmed forward on Dream’s lap, rutting his hips down against the hard line of Dream’s cock. He was chasing his own pleasure more than anything, wanting more and thriving in the feel of Dream’s own need. His own whining moans started to mix with Dream’s deep heavy breaths.

George’s hands traced down his chest, gripping onto his pecks hard and pulling his body back away from Dream’s hips, “Let’s get you off Dream’s lap and stripped. Dream, help me.”

“What if I don’t?” Dream huffed loudly, his hands pulling Sapnap back against his hips, grinding his hard on up against Sapnap’s. “What if I just hold my princess right here?”

“I don’t think that’s what you want. I think you want to take care of your sweet, little helpless boy. I think you want what I’m going to give you after.” A blunt nail dug into Sapnap’s nipple, making his chest arch into the delicious pain racing through him.

Dream slowed the movement of his hips to a stop. “What are you giving me after?”

“Help me and I’ll tell you.” George sounded smug, like he knew he was going to get his way. Sapnap had heard that tone too many times when playing games with both Dream and George.

Dream’s fingers squeezed as silence fell around them. Sapnap wished he could see Dream’s face, see the contemplation as he weighed listening to George over getting what he immediately wanted. His attention was pulled from it as hot lips landed on his neck to kiss a burning brand just below his jaw.

“Fine,” Dream huffed. “Fine, I’ll do what you want.” Fingers squeezed and a soft swooping feeling rushed through him as Dream lifted him up off his lap. “Whatever you are giving me better be good.”

Sapnap felt his breath whoosh out of him as his ass landed on the coffee table behind him. He wasn’t sure when George had moved out of the way outside of the cold air rushing over the place George had been kissing a few minutes before.

“Good boy.” George’s words rushed over Sapnap, making him shudder even though he knew they were pointed at Dream and not him. “On your knees, now.”

There was a soft thump from somewhere in front of him that made Sapnap’s own knees ache. Part of him longed for the spark of pain that would give, though. Wanting the clashing need of pain and

pleasure laced into one rush through his body.

"Now, take care of your Princess and I'll tell you what I'm going to do." George's words felt like venom entering Sapnap's veins. It wasn't pointed at him, but he felt like George was talking to him as much as he was talking to Dream.

Fingers traced along his stomach, making his muscles jump at the light touch, before digging under the elastic of both his shorts and boxers. "Hips up, Princess." Dream's voice was low with promise.

Sapnap tried, his hands barely able to brace on the table behind him with the way George had bound his arms together up to his elbows. His legs were shaking from the almost lack of stimulation and somehow overstimulation wrapped into one. He couldn't hope to bear his weight, even as he managed to lift up just slightly, his hands slipping back slowly working against him.

Thankfully, George came to his rescue, nimble hands slipping under his armpits and lifting up where he couldn't push any further. The drag of his clothes coming off across his thighs was rough. It made his body twitch against their hands.

His bare ass came down to rest on the cool wood of the coffee table, a whine bubbled up his throat. The inability to see or touch was slowly eating at his thoughts, making it hard to concentrate on much outside of the warm hands running down his legs.

"Sh, your Daddy is going to take care of you now." George's voice was low where it whispered against his ear, hot in the way it blew his breath against the already heated skin.

Blunt nails dug into his thighs, stilling the jumping tremble that had plagued the muscles there. Breath blew out across the sensitive pulsing head of his cock, hot and wet. He couldn't help the pleading whine that broke past his lips. It was almost too much. He couldn't anticipate Dream's movements. He couldn't see what George was doing.

Wet heat licked down the line of cock. Sapnap rocked his hips involuntarily, almost falling over with the way he couldn't brace himself. He clenched his abs with a frustrated grunt, feeling the mask covering his eyes start to grow damp with his unshed tears.

A hand laced into his hair, nails scratching gently against his scalp before gripping harshly. His head was pulled back at the same time lips wrapped around the very tip of his cock, the slick drag of a tongue pushing against his slit pulling his mind further and further away from sanity.

"You should see yourself, Sapnap. You look like a whore." George's harsh words shoved Sapnap down further, his thoughts fleeting and jumping between wet heat and the sharp stinging pain in his scalp.

A broken moan sounded through the room, his voice cracking at the end, as Dream pulled more of him into his mouth. He wanted to rock up into the feeling. Wanted to pet his hands over Dream's hair. Wanted to look up at George and beg for more.

He did the only thing he could, "Please? More, please." His body shook with the need, his words sounding small even to his own ears.

"Shut up and open that whore mouth." A finger pressed against his bottom lip, pushing his jaw open. Sapnap let it fall, eager to listen to George's harsh words.

Something warm and wet slid onto his tongue, George's nail digging into his bottom lip enough that Sapnap knew it would be a bad idea to try and close his mouth. A questioning noise resounded

from his chest, though.

"You liked it so much when Dream dropped my cum on your tongue. I don't see how my spit would be any different." George somehow still sounded bored. The hand he held Sapnap's hair in tugged roughly, "Bet you like having it on your tongue like that. Just sitting there as a reminder of who you belong to."

A sloppy sucking noise hit Sapnap's ears, resounding through his mind with George's words. Pleasure bolting through him at the tight heat pulsing around his needy cock. He couldn't help the loud moan that broke through his chest. The heat in his body roared to an insatiable fire.

"Dream, you better give it your all. I plan on fucking you so hard you forget your name, but only if you take the very best care of your baby boy." George's voice was liquid fire pouring down Sapnap's spine. The idea of seeing him fucking Dream running rampant through his mind.

The whine Dream let out vibrated over his cock, shooting racing pleasure to pool in with everything else. It made him squirm against the ropes, the silky texture digging and dragging against his overheated sensitive skin.

Dream's lips hit the base of his cock at the same time as George letting go of his lip in favor of licking into his mouth with a harsh press of lips. Sweat dripped down his back and temple, saliva collecting on his chin from his inability to swallow around George's dominating tongue.

The fire in his gut started to pulse white hot, needy wines being muffled by wet lips. He couldn't even moan out a warning to Dream as a wave of overwhelming pleasure started to surge through him, couldn't think past the need for more and less all at once.

He sobbed wetly as his body shook with it, broken whines being punched out of his chest. The tight heat around his cock pulled off, leaving excruciatingly cold air brushing over the over sensitive skin.

George's lips left his, the hand in his hair held him in place so he couldn't chase after them even though he wanted to. "Open up." He tugged lightly on Sapnap's hair again, reminding him he was still there.

Sapnap let his mouth fall open, too encompassed by the burning pleasure racing through his body still. What followed was a gentle pair of lips brushing over his before something bitter and salty coated his tongue.

His mind sluggishly realized that Dream must be feeding him his own cum, that Dream refused to swallow but all three of them well knew Sapnap would. "Swallow it, Princess." Dream's lips danced across his open and waiting mouth with his words, just hovering there, waiting.

Sapnap didn't dare refuse, his mind floating blissfully as he started to come down. He swallowed the mixture, swallowed what was left of George's spit in his mouth, too. It felt like a burning brand racing down him. The knowledge that it was the combination of his cum, Dream's spit and George's spit casting a net over his mind and pulling it further and further into the floating emptiness.

There was a soft press of lips against his before the feeling of Dream's lips and George's hand in his hair left. "Gonna fuck you now." George groaned lowly followed by what sounded like wet kissing.

Sapnap desperately wished he could see them. Wished he could track their movements while he

floated on his high. Wished he could know they were right there and not in some far off space he couldn't find.

He tried to focus on their noises, focus on the low whining moans he knew belonged to Dream. Focus on the slick wet sound that had to be George opening Dream up. Tried to picture them in his mind, but he couldn't hold onto much; his mind blank and his body still pulsing with the harsh cold air.

He felt bereft and forgotten, used and tossed to the side. Abandoned by them while they were off being DNF. Just the third left behind.

Slowly the blissful floaty feeling started to turn scary. He felt like he was floating away and they weren't going to notice, too wrapped up in what they were doing while he had no way to ground himself. He managed to drag up a word he knew would catch their attention from somewhere in the depths of his mind.

"Y- yellow." He could barely hear himself, just a whisper of breath. He doubted they could hear him over the loud moans Dream was needily panting into the air.

Sapnap took a deep, shaky breath and forced himself to speak louder, desperately hoping it would work. That it would catch their attention before he floated away forever. "Yellow." It came out more of a loud sob this time. He sounded broken to his own ears and he hated it.

It got their attention, though.

"Baby?" That was Dream, gentle fingers cupping his cheek.

"What do you need?" George had a soft tone Sapnap had only ever heard him use on Patches.

"I-" A sob wracked through his chest now that the seal was broken he couldn't stop it, "I just want to see." He felt like a whiny, petulant child, begging for attention even after they had given him so much.

The mask was pulled off his face, discarded somewhere he couldn't see. The bright lights of their living room were harsh on his eyes after the forced darkness of the mask. He blinked quickly a few times before he could focus on Dream and George's faces.

Dream had a crease between his eyebrows. George's eyes were flicking over his face quickly, his hands hovering in the air.

"Hey, Princess." Dream's voice pulled Sapnap's attention away from George and back to Dream's own glassy green eyes. "You with us?"

"Y- yeah." His breath shuddered through him in a gulping whoosh. "I- I'm here."

One of Dream's lightly calloused fingers ran under his eye, wiping away the dampness Sapnap hadn't even noticed. "Do you need us to untie you?"

"No. Just-" Another shuddering breath and Sapnap flicked his eyes over to George again, "Don't want to be left out." It was the best way to explain the scary abandoned feeling that started to tug his mind further and further away from them.

"Are you sure you don't need to red out?" George's words came out cautious in a way Sapnap hadn't heard from him outside of his most vulnerable moments. Even then those were so few and far in between.

Sapnap glanced between his worried face back to Dream's slowly, "I-" He paused and thought for a moment if he needed to fully stop or if he was okay now that the mask was off. He could see them and that was grounding. He wasn't sure how he would feel once they were ignoring him again though, "Can I-" He wasn't sure what he was going to ask though, a bit at a loss.

"Do you need more than to see us?" Dream asked it quietly, his gentle tone pulled Sapnap's thoughts away from the spiraling confusion his brain was leading him on.

More than just watching sounded good. He wasn't sure what that would entail, though. "Yes?"

"What if we move you to lay on the couch under Dream while I fuck him?" George's solution sounded like heaven, honestly. He could watch and be right there with them.

He wouldn't feel cast aside, adrift without them. "Yeah."

Dream gave him a soft smile, "Then I can kiss you more and George can't say shit."

George's hand moved from where it had been hovering uselessly to smack Dream across the back of his head, "I'll hold you at such an angle you couldn't even hope to get your slutty lips on Sapnap."

"Mmm, sounds good." Dream shifted, one arm sliding under Sapnap's knees and the other carefully sliding between the gap of his upper arms and shoulders. "Ropes feel good, baby?"

Sapnap hadn't even been able to think about how they felt. Too busy being frustrated at his lack of sight and overwhelmed by Dream and George taking him apart. He uselessly tugged at the rope looped around his arms and slowly decided he liked it. He liked not having to worry what to do with his hands, liked the security in Dream and George taking care of him without having to do anything.

Dream set him down on the couch, shifting one knee up so that he was bracketing Sapnap in with his arms and legs. "Baby? You still there?"

"He okay?" George asked quickly, peeking over Dream's shoulder.

"Just got distant for a second," Dream mumbled quietly, not looking away from Sapnap's face. His deep green eyes grounded Sapnap back in the moment.

"Sorry. Just thinking about the ropes. I like them." He felt a little loopy now that he was securely positioned under Dream with both of their focus on him. It was like going from too cold to too hot.

George made an aborted movement to reach for Sapnap's face, his hand landing on Dream's shoulder instead. "He looks pretty deep."

"Yeah." Dream leant down, pressing a gentle kiss to Sapnap's lips. "Color, baby?"

"M green now." Sapnap blinked slowly, the conversation feeling a little muffled as he turned his head to press a kiss into Dream's wrist. It felt good, right to give Dream the same gentle attention he had been giving Sapnap.

Dream pressed up, arching his head back to look over his shoulder at George, "George, your color?"

"I'm green." George let out a shaky breath before flashing both of them one of his bright, carefree smiles, "You, Dream?"

"I'm green." Dream wiggled, and Sapnap could only imagine what his bare ass must look like, "Come on, Gogy, fuck me like you promised."

Sapnap relaxed back into the couch cushions to the sound of George's low moan, "Such a little slut, Dreamie."

With half lidded eyes, Sapnap watched fingers trace into Dream's blond locks. Dream's face grew a little lax, his mouth parting open and a vibrating moan whined out of his throat. It was entracing. Sapnap couldn't see what George was doing, or even see George at all. All he could do was watch Dream fall apart.

He was half hard by the time George seemed to remember he was there, under Dream. "Sapnap. Put that mouth to use and mark up your Daddy's tits."

Sapnap wasn't sure if he would be able to fully get to the expanse of tan skin above him, but he was going to try; pulled by the command of George's words, unable to disobey.

It was the good kind of strain that laced through his muscles as he awkwardly half sat up, latching his mouth onto the first section of skin he could reach. Salty sweat exploded across his tongue.

The cushion next to his head trembled and a hand laced into his hair, holding him propped up better. His own aching muscles relaxed and he was better able to concentrate on laving over where he sucked the skin with his tongue, chasing the salty taste.

"Fuck, George, his mouth." Sapnap could feel Dream's voice from where his lips were pressed, a vibration that ran through him.

"Yeah, baby? Like your little Princess's mouth?" George sounded out of breath, barely breathing his own words past the loud slapping rhythm of him fucking into Dream.

The fingers in his hair tightened, forcing him to move into a different spot, directing his movements. It was easy, having Dream direct where he pulled skin into his mouth, robbing him of even needing to think about that. Made it so that all he had to do was lose himself in the gentle sucking motion and easy licks of tasting and marking Dream's skin.

He was pulled out of his almost trance when a loud moan vibrated through him. Dream's hand in his hair pressed him hard against his chest, to the point he couldn't really breathe. Hot, wet cum splattered onto his stomach. He couldn't help the way he arched up into it, a gasp trying to make its way out despite his lack of air.

Dream's hand went lax and Sapnap fell back onto his bound arms. He collapsed down on top of Sapnap, a heavy, comforting weight.

With the weight came Sapnap's ability to see George. He was flushed, sweat trailing down his neck and chest. His eyes met Sapnap's, his hand moving to stroke his dick.

"You look so out of it, baby." His voice was breathy despite the easy way he held himself. "Do you want my cum?"

The idea sunk its teeth into Sapnap, his eyes glued to George's moving hand and leaking cock. "Yeah." His voice was wrecked despite not having even sucked any cock this time around.

"So cum hungry," Dream groaned quietly into his neck, the drag of his lips pulling Sapnap's mind in.

His eyes fluttered shut and his mouth fell open with a low whine. His skin felt sensitive with everything, hot and wet. There was a light chuckle from Dream followed by teeth gently biting down on his neck, pulling his skin into Dream's mouth. One of Dream's thighs shifted to press tightly against his own hard and leaking cock. "Hard for us again?"

Sapnap whimpered with a quick nod, rolling his hips up into the hard muscles of Dream's thigh. It was hot and left him breathless, panting into the musty air. He couldn't help the burning need to chase his own pleasure now that Dream had given him an outlet to do so.

"Open your eyes." George's voice was shaky, but still held the bite of a command.

Sapnap snapped his eyes open, looking up to find George had slipped forward on his knees until his cock was inches from Sapnap's face and he was straddling Dream and Sapnap's torsos. His hand was moving with quick, slick sounds punctuating the movement. The tip of his cock was purple wet with a mixture of precum and lube.

"Keep your pretty whore mouth open." The words were harsh, but George's voice broke over a quiet moan at the end.

Sapnap wanted to look up at the sound of George's voice but couldn't make himself. His eyes were heavy and glued to George's hand, watching the way the slit of his dick pulsed as his orgasm crept closer and closer.

A loud whining moan punched through the air and warm wet cum landed on Sapnap's lips and tongue. His eyes fluttered closed on impulse, but he kept his mouth open, basking in the bitter taste soaking into his tongue. His hips ground up faster as each splatter landed either on his cheeks or mouth.

A muffled wine broke from his lips when the burning pleasure of too much too fast crested over him. He felt a tear slip past his closed eyes as his sticky cum coated over his dick and thigh. He ached with oversensitivity, pulling his hips away from the incessant press of Dream's thigh.

"Sweet boy." Dream's breath puffed against a sensitive mark on his neck, his entire body twitching with it.

He didn't open his eyes, even as he came down from the high of his pleasure, until a gentle thumb ran along his bottom lip. What he saw when he opened them was confusing at best. George's face was contorted into a look of awestruck wonder, something closer to love than lust buried in the depths of his brown eyes.

"Swallow, baby." It was a breathless command and had a hint of what Sapnap could see in his face buried in the words.

His mouth drifted shut and he swallowed easily. George's hand flew to feel his Adam's apple bob with it, a heavy weight on his neck. Not enough to rob him of his air, but enough that he closed his eyes again.

It felt good, pinned beneath both of them and coming down from the burning pleasure of a second orgasm too close to his first. Good enough that his mind started to drift, thoughts completely gone and just a simple floating feeling, almost like he was in a half trance.

Dream's weight moved off him and gentle hands coaxed him up. The ropes around his arms slowly loosened until they fell away. There was a quiet murmuring of the spattering of conversation between his friends. He couldn't make himself concentrate on the words.

Instead he wrapped half-lax arms around Dream's neck when he was slowly lifted off the couch. They cleaned him off with warm water and Dream's sweet smelling soap. Gentle words trying to coax him out of where his mind had gone.

He wasn't ready to come down yet, instead cuddling into warmth and closing his eyes to just live in the floating high. He slowly drifted down, finally able to process words even if he didn't want to let them know yet.

"I can't do that again, George." Dream's voice was a quiet whisper, a breath of air being blown across Sapnap's hair, "If you are going to put me in subspace, you can't leave him by himself."

"Okay." George was quiet too, but his tone was detached in a way.

"It was incredibly scary for me. I- when he yellowed, I almost dropped, George. We can't do that again. He has to stay with me." It was whispered in a quick breath this time, Dream's arms squeezing just a little tighter around him.

"Okay. I'll make sure he's with you from now on." George still sounded detached and somehow empty. For the life of him, Sapnap couldn't ground his mind fast enough once it occurred to him that George shouldn't sound like that.

Dream let out a long sighing breath, his face pressed into Sapnap's hair. There was the pressure of a light kiss being pressed into the top of his head. "Thank you."

They both fell silent after that. Quiet breaths turned into quiet snores. Sapnap finally pried his eyes open and started blankly at the expanse of Dream's chest.

He thought he had it all figured out this morning, he thought he understood. But now conflicting evidence warred for his attention: Dream's soft kisses without the excuse of the calendar's tasks, the look in George's eyes, the panic in Dream's voice when he recalled Sapnap having to yellow out, the broken detachment in George's.

He thought...

A stuttering breath left his mouth and he closed his eyes again. He thought he was alone in the way he felt; he was so sure of it. That outside of his own chaotic mind, everything that happened between the three of them was purely just friends doing some weird kinky shit on the side.

Now, he wasn't so sure.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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Day 16: Ropes and/or Blindfold

December 17th

Chapter Notes

... Hello... It's been a couple weeks... I have no excuses this time... but in my defense this chapter is like 15k words.... so length wise it makes up for the wait... maybe... Content wise, well you guys will have to figure that one out on your own.

Anyway, here is Chapter 18. I hope you enjoy!

This chapter is specifically dedicated to Amber. They know why. :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 17th:

Sapnap woke up to cool air on his face and heat pressed against his back. It was a little disorienting. He had grown used to waking up either being surrounded by his two best friends to the point that he sometimes was so hot that sweat would make his hair stick to his neck, or just surrounded by the pleasant weight of his own blankets.

The sheet they generally used when they ended up sleeping together wasn't enough to keep the side of his body warm. The discomfort of the cold air pulled him out of hazy sleep. He opened his eyes slowly, soft blue light filtered through the blinds on the window of George's room.

A yawn escaped his lips as his sleepy brain slowly processed that the reason he was cold was because the couple feet of the bed next to him was empty. He rubbed one eye slowly, realizing that either Dream or George had gotten up before the sun had even fully risen to press bright rays through even the best blinds. The Florida sun didn't really care if you tried to ignore it, it still showed through, even in winter.

He peered under the sheet, trying to figure out which of his friends was being plagued by lack of sleep. His breath stuttered in his chest at the sight of George's pale arm wrapped around his waist. It was a confusing wash of feelings that had tried to rob him of his breath. A mush of conflict raced through him that he wasn't quite awake enough to fully pull apart and examine.

He knew two things for sure, though: he really liked waking up in the quiet morning to the soft breaths of his still sleeping friend blowing moist air against his skin, and he was way more confused about George's place in all this now than ever before.

If you had asked him a week ago how all this was going to work out, he would have sworn that Dream and George were bound for each other and he would be the one on the outside looking in. He was sure that was a lingering feeling that would take time to fully dissipate, but the last few days had erased the loudest of his doubts in that area.

Even if he wasn't sure where his two friend's emotions were, past their activities just being a thing that the three of them were doing, he knew he would have a place with them no matter what, intimate or not, after the final day. Dream and George had made that abundantly clear in the attention they had showered on him, and their quick reaction when he had yellowed the day before and expressed his distaste at being left out.

Dream seemed to have settled himself in nicely with both of them. He had always had an easy flirty friendship with all the members of Dream Team, Sapnap knew that. It seemed deeper when it came to George, though, because of the way George would get flustered half the time on stream or in calls and avoid the flirting, like it was too real to him.

It had tricked Sapnap too, making him think that Dream's easy flirtations with Sapnap were fake while they were real with George.

Careful, sleepy consideration in the quiet of the morning gave Sapnap clarity that he hadn't had for months when it came to Dream. He really acted no different with Sapnap than he did George, even before the calendar. Easy flirting on stream, jabs and pet names being thrown about, jealous neediness when Sapnap would leave to visit other friends.

It was just that Sapnap and George had always reacted to it differently. Sapnap understood enough about his own mind to recognize that the way he responded had changed over time too. He had been swayed by the fanbase when DNF had become the most popular ship. Before, Dream had been a tentative off limits, a fever dream he only allowed in the deep of the night and would never admit to in the light of day; with the fan's speculation, he became completely off limits.

The idea of Dream as more had been locked up so forcefully behind an iron door of DNF that Sapnap had started not even reciprocating Dream's normal flirting.

It was very clear Sapnap had been very wrong about that now. The easy way Dream had just pulled him on his lap playing on a loop in his mind; the gentle kissing without the heavy press for more. Vaguely, he wondered if that was something Dream had done with George when Sapnap wasn't with them.

He was surprised when he realized there wasn't any wash of confusing jealousy racing through his chest. He didn't think he would have been able to have that thought even two days ago without a sick feeling racing through his stomach and leaving him winded.

Sapnap loved both of them enough to not care if they kissed without him. He knew well enough they weren't leaving him alone, at least Dream wouldn't.

That left his confused consideration of George again. Sapnap knew George was part of them; knew it very well, with his iron grip and steely gaze. The high pitch barbs and pushy attitude. The way he had been more stubborn than Dream over whatever deal they had made regarding the calendar. The way he looked when he walked in on Dream and Sapnap kissing without him.

Yesterday, with the heat of embarrassment flaring through Sapnap's bones, he thought the look had indicated George's anger at them playing outside of the unspoken rules of the game the calendar had given them. With the gentle puffs of air in the quiet of the morning and the empty tone George had talking to Dream when they thought Sapnap was asleep echoing in his head, he wasn't so sure anymore.

He didn't know what it was, but he was pretty sure it wasn't anger the way George played it off as by diving into tying up Sapnap like he had. Or the frustration he had tried to push at Dream with the quick acknowledgment and dismissal of Dream's concerns before they went to sleep.

It scared Sapnap, if he was being honest. They were leaving their emotions unchecked and undiscussed. All three of them. He just wasn't sure enough about the things he thought he was seeing to talk it out with them yet.

Honestly, he was too terrified of fucking up their already tenuous balance to bring it up and poke

the sleeping bear. He remembered too well the sick feeling at the beginning of their game when he thought he was just there for them to use. Remembered it getting to his head the day before in a weird twisted way when they had accidentally left him essentially alone.

Now that he had them and he knew he wasn't some third wheel or buffer, he didn't want to risk breaking that. Even if it meant living with the blurred lines of best friends with benefits as they played out this game, he would rather that over the possibility of breaking it all.

Sapnap rubbed his eyes again. He didn't understand when it all got so complicated. He hated it worse because he was way too aware of the other two now. Analyzing everything they did months back because of the seemingly tiniest of actions from the day before. He wanted to go back to being worried about being tied up.

Carefully, he grabbed his phone off the nightstand, ignoring George's sleepy grumbles and tightening hold. It was disconcerting waking up with just George, and his sleepy mind was left on a rambling trail of confused emotions instead of focusing on what presently was happening.

Sapnap was used to Dream's weird sleep schedule, his ADHD and anxiety peeking through by robbing him of sleep. The way he would hyper-focus on things until it was settled in his mind. They had been friends for years and had lived together long enough that Sapnap was well aware of Dream easily staying up for days with little to no sleep.

He was used to the opposite in George too. Where Dream could press 72 hours on only 3 hours of sleep, George could sleep 72 hours with only being awake for 3 hours. It shouldn't surprise him that as the clock edged towards 8:30 in the morning, that Dream was awake and had been long enough that the bed was cold. It shouldn't surprise him that after multiple days of sleeping almost all day, George was still asleep like a rock, even as Sapnap's phone light shone over his face.

Sometimes, it felt like George did the sleeping for Dream, and that Sapnap was the only one who generally had a normal sleeping schedule out of the three of them.

Checking Twitter let Sapnap know Dream was live. Checking Twitch told him that he had been live for almost 3 hours doing one of his no mic Minecraft streams. Sapnap left the stream open with his phone on silent so he could scroll Twitter and see what the fans were saying.

A lot of them always tended to get worried about Dream when he would do no mic streams, and honestly, Sapnap couldn't blame them. He always did them when his mind was too messy and his thoughts too loud. Usually when he ended, it was because even streaming with music blaring in his ears and playing Minecraft couldn't hold off whatever anxiety attack wanted to come on.

Sapnap knew better than to interrupt though, because if it had been three hours already, he knew it had been working for three hours, and Dream would call Bad or his mom if it got worse. Very rarely did he let Sapnap in with his anxiety attacks.

When they were younger, Dream would call him all the time to talk him down. Then, Sapnap had developed his own triggers for anxiety attacks. All it had taken was one time for Dream to accidentally trigger an attack in Sapnap during one of his own, and Dream stopped going to him completely.

It had taken Sapnap a long time to come to terms with that.

With a heavy sigh, he rotated so that George was pressed against his side instead of his back. Almost as a way to fill the physical silence and shut up the screaming thoughts in his head, Sapnap opened his photos app and started scrolling through the sweater pictures George had air dropped to

him at some point in the last 36 hours.

It was weird going through them knowing that Dream had fallen into subspace during that time period. You couldn't tell though; the mask hid his glassy eyes, and George's easy attentiveness had positioned himself or Sapnap in a way that hid the line of Dream's cock. There were only a couple that the angle of the phone gave it away, the press of his dick against the leg of his jeans a little too obvious without a body to hide it.

Sapnap guiltily dropped those into an album he had filled with pictures of Dream or George he knew he shouldn't have. The only reason he didn't delete the album is because he knew for a fact Dream had his own that had one too many pictures of George's ass, and George had one that had way too many pictures of Dream's hands and jaw.

He then picked out a couple funny ones, George making a funny face or Sapnap stumbling because Dream tugged him against him just a bit too hard last minute. They weren't pictures he would post on his main account or his Instagram, just things he wanted to share with his biggest fans. Little moments they would appreciate even more than he would.

He tweeted them to his private without too much thought, George's gentle breaths the only thing accompanying the soft tapping of his fingers.

@sapnappivate: George sucks at making poses and Dream can't stand still. We have photos though! Some silly ones for you guys.

Attached was one with George's face scrunched up as Sapnap held Patches up proudly with her blue, green, and red sweater. One with Sapnap falling over into George, and Dream's fingers bunched in the red of Sapnap's sweater.

Twitter immediately freaked out, his replies climbing into the thousands in a matter of seconds. He took some joy in it, even more so when Dream decided to reply.

@dreamsecretclub: wtf? I didn't know you two had even brought Patches in on the pictures. I haven't even seen them either. This isn't fair.

Sapnap giggled despite himself, replying immediately, an easy grin on his face and something warm and fond in his chest.

@sapnappivate: Too bad. They are mine. If you beg George for them he may give them to you.

Dream's reply made him snort out loud, his stomach shaking with his laughter.

@dreamsecretclub: You and I both know he'll never give them to me. Come on, air drop them right now.

He covered his laugh with one hand, awkwardly typing out a reply.

@sapnappivate: Let me think about that.... No.

"Why are you laughing so loud when I'm trying to sleep?" George's sleep rough voice interrupted Sapnap's Twitter banter with Dream, pulling him out of the virtual flirting and back into the reality he had been avoiding by looking at the pictures in the first place.

"Dream is being stupid," Sapnap answered, watching the notification pop up with a reply from Dream again.

@dreamsecretclub: baby, please.

“Very stupid. The fans are going to go wild over that one. DreamNap shippers are going to use that as evidence against DNF and SNF for the rest of forever.” Sapnap rolled his eyes dramatically and locked his phone.

He looked over at George, getting ready to ask him how he slept. The question died on his tongue at the faraway look in George’s eyes. His hair was sleep ruffled and there were sleep red lines pressed into his face, but he already looked weighed down by whatever was on his mind.

Sapnap quickly tacked on in order to try and make the look on George’s face go away. “DreamNap needs some evidence supporting it, to be fair. There is literally an entire mountain of evidence you and Dream have given the fans in support of DNF. I mean, what were you two thinking with that ‘am I in love with my best friend?’ quiz?”

George’s eyes snapped to Sapnap’s face, a small smile quirking his lips, before he dramatically rolled his eyes, “We weren’t.”

Relief filled Sapnap’s chest at the playful mood George exhibited at the reminder of that stupid quiz. That was something easily predictable about George; without fail, if Sapnap brought up DNF or Dream being overly fond of George, George would perk up. Like when Patches rediscovered one of her many toys.

“What is today’s thing?” The question made Sapnap deflate slightly. The reminder of the calendar was always a slap of reality to his emotions, a nagging reminder that none of this was real and it was all some game they were playing.

“I’m not telling you without Dream. You two need to open your day anyway.” Sapnap moved to sit up, only to be pushed back down into the bed by a surprisingly firm hand.

George’s other hand grabbed one of Sapnap’s wrists and pinned it down against the pillow under his head, “Tell me.”

Something hot flared in Sapnap’s stomach at the dark look in George’s eyes, “What do I get if I do?” He brought his free hand up to wrap around the wrist of the hand holding his shoulder down.

George cocked his head to the side in thought, his eyes darting over Sapnap’s face as a knee came up in between his legs. “What do you want?”

The question being turned around onto Sapnap made his mind dance with too many possibilities. What did he want? Half imagined images of things they hadn’t done and he hadn’t tried circled through his mind. Things he didn’t think would happen in their dynamic. Things he had seen on accident on Twitter or read by clicking on an AO3 link without thinking it through.

“I want one of you two tied up.” The words were out of his mouth before he could process them, in the open air and filling the silence that had settled between them.

The surprise on George’s face lasted for only a few seconds before a sly smile replaced it. “Subby Sappy thinks he gets to play at being a switch, huh?”

Heat rushed to Sapnap’s cheeks at George’s condescending tone. “No, well maybe a little, but not really?” He stuttered quickly, rolling his eyes and pulling George’s hand off his shoulder, “I just—” Words left him as the idea of seeing either of them naked with rope digging into their skin plagued him.

“Fine. I’ll tie up Dream.” George’s tone sounded bored and like he was being asked to do something unimaginable. A bit like when they would play a game and lose too many times in a row, Sapnap and Dream’s frustrations being focused on George for his goofing off. George always turned it around like he was doing them a favor for taking it seriously, even when he still didn’t. “Now tell me.”

Sapnap sighed heavily, turning his head to look out the window as sunlight pierced through the blinds leaving streaks of brighter tan on the carpet. “It just said ‘Do something where you could get caught.’” Sapnap remembered the heat of his cheeks when he had read that coin, sure that he was going to walk in on Dream railing George in their kitchen or something, with no warning so he could run away.

It had never even occurred to him that he wouldn’t want to run away anymore by the time day 17 rolled around.

“Well, anything in public is ruled out because of Dream,” George huffed, his body landing on the bed next to Sapnap with a whooshing thump.

Sapnap almost broke and told George that they were going to have to skip day 22 because of that, but the strict rule of not telling them before the day lingered in his head. Plus, he had managed to get something he wanted from George by telling him day 17’s task earlier than him and Dream reading it, so he shouldn’t give George free information.

Silence lingered in the air, nervous energy making Sapnap’s head swim as a horrible thought filled his head. “They would kill us if they ever found out, but we could always just talk on the phone with Karl or Quackity or any of our adult friends...”

“No,” George laughed loudly rolling off the bed and standing up. It was a fluid motion and caught Sapnap’s gaze more than he would like to admit. Sexual attraction was weird in the way it got stronger when they started doing things, instead of going away. It was almost torturous seeing as how perfect both Dream and George were. Stupid pretty privilege.

“No? Then what exactly do you expect us to do, Gogy?” Sapnap pushed himself up into a sitting position. He watched George’s pale fingers wrap around the dresser handle as he opened his drawer and started digging around in it.

Moments later, a pleated gray and black plaid skirt landed on his lap. He looked down at it then back up at George, who had the smuggest smirk Sapnap had ever seen on his face. His arms were crossed and his hip cocked to the side slightly.

“What’s this?” Sapnap held the skirt up, giving it a wary look before looking back at George.

“It’s a skirt, Sapnap. Have you never seen a skirt before?” George cocked up one eyebrow, his jaw jutting out in a way that was unfairly attractive and did not lend Sapnap any assistance in having a clear mind for the conversation at hand.

“I know what a fucking skirt is, you stupid bitch. Why is it in my lap?” Sapnap looked back down at it. In all fairness, it was a pretty skirt, and if he had seen it on any of the girls he had crushes on in high school, he would have had just as many problems keeping his thoughts straight as he did when it came to Dream and George.

“Because,” George somehow sounded even more smug, “You are going to wear it and do a little alt stream.”

That brought Sapnap's gaze back to George, his head snapping up fast enough that his neck hurt, "No I'm not."

"Yes you are, and you won't wear anything under it and you will have your camera on." George leant back against his dresser, his head tilting just so as he crossed one ankle over the other.

Sapnap licked his lips slowly, realization settling in as he thought about what exactly George was getting at. "Why—" He coughed slightly, slowly looking back down at the skirt, "Why does it have to be my alt channel? Why not yours?"

"Because, you are the one that is going to be playing the game. I'll just be there so more of our fans show up." He made it sound so easy, like Sapnap wouldn't spend the entire stream being highly embarrassed because where the fans couldn't see, he would be wearing a skirt with nothing under it.

"Okay..." Slowly he held up the skirt, "Are you sure this will fit me?"

"It fits me. Or it did." Sapnap could see the motion of George shrugging out of the corner of his eyes, even as he traced the line of the zipper that was on the side of the skirt.

He swallowed past the nervous lump that had begun to form in his throat, "And why exactly do you have this?"

George's half laugh drew his attention away from the skirt and back to his friend momentarily, "I was curious after seeing a fanart of me in a skirt. I wasn't really the biggest fan of how I felt wearing it, but I kept it. I'm glad I did now." A dark look filtered across his face as his dark brown eyes dragged over Sapnap clutching at the skirt.

"And, uh, where will Dream be in all this? He can't be with us if the camera is on." Sapnap slowly lowered the skirt back into his lap. He was hoping George didn't notice how the combination of the embarrassment he was already feeling at the idea, as well as the image of George in the skirt were very much making heat pool low in his belly. The last thing he needed was for George to see he was already getting hard.

George's smile turned mean and sharp as he spoke, "He'll be tied up. Under your desk. Keeping your pretty exposed little cock nice and warm."

The whimper that bubbled its way out of Sapnap's throat at the picture that was put in his head was high and needy. Sapnap was never, ever admitting he could make that noise. He clenched his thighs together, his fingers bunching up in the fabric of the skirt. Where his cock had been slowly hardening from the natural tension in the air, as well as the picture George kept putting in his head, it rapidly filled now.

"You like that idea, huh?" Fingers gripped his chin, forcing his head up to meet George's dark eyes. Sapnap wasn't even sure when George had moved to approach the bed, "Like the thought of your Daddy on his knees for you? Like the idea of me making sure you get that nice dose of humiliation while he's taking care of you? I wish we had a vibrator to get you nice and worked up on stream. The fans wouldn't even know, with how sus you act normally."

Sapnap's mind flew to the little toy he knew was meant for day 22. One sitting inside the little cubby hole of the box Dream had under his bed, the other hidden away in his desk drawer. It couldn't hurt to tell George about it. He had already told George about today early. "Well..."

George froze for a fraction of a second before he moved a little too quick, a little too eager. His

hand grasped onto Sapnap's hair hard, "Well what?"

"I shouldn't..." He gasped as pain laced its way through him at a sharp tug of his hair, his back arching up slightly. Any pretense at hiding just exactly how flustered he was simply from the conversation was lost in that moment.

"I'll let you pick what game you will play if you tell me," George rushed out, his eyes alight with excitement.

It made Sapnap feel powerful for a moment. It contrasted the helpless way George normally made him feel. Contrasted the easy submission he normally fell into when both Dream and George directed their full attention on him. The fact that George was bargaining with him, offering him bits to have him grant that submission? Sapnap liked it more than he was even willing to admit to himself.

"There is a vibrator that comes with one of the later days," Sapnap gasped it out quickly, too far into the game to remember George' sharp words about not telling them anything too soon. "The one that came in my box is in one of my desk drawers."

The fingers that were holding his chin let go, and George gently patted his cheek. "Good boy. Get ready to stream."

Sapnap watched George leave the room in a daze, his mind wrapped up in the words that had formed a sinful net around him. What they were about to do was dangerous. He knew that doing anything like this on stream with a face cam could end in disaster.

He wanted it so bad it hurt, though.

He stood up, clutching the skirt to his chest as he made his way over to his room. George passed him in the hall, barely sparing him a glance as he walked with purpose towards Dream's room. In his hands was the bundle of silky rope Sapnap knew had to have come from his desk where he had hidden it along with the vibrator.

The vibrator was also clutched in his hand. It made a shiver run down Sapnap's spine at the knowledge of exactly what George was planning to do. He didn't understand how Dream made it through the days he and George had discussed what they were going to do beforehand.

Maybe that was why he had always been so eager. It made sense now that the knowledge, the temptation of George's words, was swirling around in his own mind. It clicked as Sapnap realized - now - why Dream always seemed ready to go at the drop of a hat.

It didn't change that Dream seemed interested outside of that, but if he had to listen to George's mouth drip sinful words for the past 17 days, Sapnap could easily understand the need his best friend displayed.

Sapnap got ready in a trance, hiding his hair under a hat and layering a hoodie over a t-shirt. He mostly used the hoodie to hide the blooming purple hickies littering his neck. He wasn't even sure if it was Dream or George who had left the marks, but he knew both of them were relentless in leaving marks all over Sapnap's body without any shame.

He slid the skirt on last, the surprisingly soft fabric against his still half hard cock making a quiet noise bubble up his throat. George had been right about it fitting Sapnap. The zipper closed without issue, and the press of the skirt hugged his hips and waist perfectly.

On his way to his set up to boot it up, he caught sight of himself in the mirror. It made him pause.

He hadn't even thought about the hoodie he had grabbed to pull on before doing so. It was Dream's 25 Mil milestone hoodie, falling a little loose around his hands. Probably Dream's hoodie by the fit, a little too loose from how Sapnap usually liked his fit.

Paired with the skirt and his Nike hat, the oversized hoodie looked good, though. It looked like an outfit he would actually wear. Not that he would wear a skirt out in public. Not that he would wear Dream's hoodie out in public.

But he was surprised at how hot he looked, and how comfortable he felt with how he looked. The pleating of the plaid skirt somehow hid the growing length of his hard cock until it twitched with his own need.

He ripped his eyes away from the sight of his reflection when Dream's voice filtered through Sapnap's cracked door.

"How exactly are we doing something where we could get caught in Sapnap's room?" Dream sounded annoyed and exasperated, his voice getting louder as he got closer.

"Would you just trust me for once, Dream?" George huffed out and pushed Sapnap's door open. His eyes lit up when he saw Sapnap still standing frozen next to the mirror that hung on his closet door.

"I just don't understand what—" Dream froze in the doorway as soon as his eyes landed on Sapnap, whatever argument he had dying in his throat. "Oh."

"It looks better than I imagined it would, Sapnap." George walked forward, not at all caught off guard like Dream had been, his dark eyes dragging down Sapnap's form without shame.

Dream took one hesitant step forward, "SkirtNap IRL? Where? What?"

George's hands were hot where they landed on his hips, burning through the cloth of the skirt. "Putting on his hoodie along with the skirt may have broken his brain." It was whispered hotly into his ear as George pulled him forward against his body. He raised his voice to address Dream, "I had it. I told him to put it on."

"Fuck." Dream's voice sounded wrecked and when Sapnap managed to drag his eyes away from George's hot gaze, he found Dream heavily leaning on the door frame. His eyes were hooded with lust and his cheeks flushed. "I don't know what's more hot, the fact that you just had a skirt, or that you got Sapnap to put it on without arguing."

"He argued," George gently pushed Sapnap towards his desk. "He just gave in very quickly. I can be persuasive when I want to be." The smugness in his voice would have been mildly annoying if Sapnap wasn't already so wrapped up in giving complete control to him that he couldn't think straight.

"So, what—" Dream cleared the roughness out of his throat and pushed off the door frame to take a full step into the room, his eyes not leaving Sapnap's form as Sapnap lowered himself into his chair. "What does this have to do with the calendar task?"

"Sapnap is going to stream." Sapnap turned, listening to George only partially explain what was about to happen. It was weird being one of the ones who knew what was about to happen. Normally he was the one in Dream's position, confused and trying to find out what was about to happen.

"Okay..." There were a couple soft thudding noises that Sapnap assumed was Dream stepping

further into his room. He didn't look though, booting up his computer and trying to decide what game to play instead, "But I'm still faceless."

"Yeah. That's why you will be under the desk." George sounded so smug. So very assured of what was about to happen. It wasn't even the fake smug attitude he sometimes portrayed on stream, just actual smugness coming fully to the front.

Sapnap wasn't sure how he had missed George's attitude during this thing they were doing. Maybe he was just more aware because it wasn't being turned on him. It was fully on Dream, and Sapnap was just an instrument in Dream's destruction. That wasn't really a new idea; Sapnap knew that. He was highly aware of George's love of using him to take Dream apart. It felt so different knowing what was to come, though.

"Okay. I can do that." A heavy hand landed on Sapnap's chair, pulling him away from the desk just enough that Sapnap could see the slow, cocky smirk grace George's lips.

"Not yet." George clicked his tongue, crossing his arms slowly and cocking his hip out.

Dream froze in his movements, Sapnap's chair coming to a stop against his hip. Sapnap looked up to watch the confusion dance across his face before his glassy green eyes flicked down to look at Sapnap. They darkened when they landed on the skirt momentarily. "But- I mean, why not?" He looked back to George, his face taking on the expression of a kicked puppy.

"Because I promised Sapnap I was going to tie you up." One of George's brows quirked up slowly, "He wants to see his Daddy tied up nice and pretty like a Christmas present." George let his jaw fall slightly open, his tongue darting out to lick a quick wet line over his bottom lip.

That wasn't exactly true, but the small noise that came from Dream held Sapnap's tongue. His eyes flew to Dream's face to find his cheeks flushed with a rosy tint, his bottom lip pulled in between his ivory teeth.

A shuddery breath shook Dream's frame before he looked back down at Sapnap, "Is that what you want, Princess? You want me tied up and under your desk while you stream?" It was a double laced question and Sapnap could hear it in his tone.

The real question of if Sapnap wanted it was covered in dripping need. Lustful waves of the image dancing in all three of their minds. It covered the real question that was shown through Dream's eyes. Was this what Sapnap wanted or what George wanted?

"Yeah." It came out high and breathy, his thighs pressing together under the skirt and his fingers clenching in the fabric. "I- I asked George if one of you could be tied up. This is what we settled on."

Dream's eyes were glued to the movement of Sapnap's hands and legs. His eyes traced the hem of the skirt as it lifted naturally. "Okay." He ripped the t-shirt he was wearing off over his head, his fluffy dirty blond locks getting even more mussed by the movements.

"I'm not entirely convinced you are a dom any more, Dream," George's words filtered through the hot air. "You fold so easily sometimes." It was cruel in intention, the soft sound of cloth filtering through the air drawing Sapnap's eyes away from where Dream was messily pushing his sweat pants off his hips.

The red ropes were pulled out of George's hoodie pocket. Loop upon loop being wrapped up in a neat bundle. His eyes were fully on Dream's eagerly stripping form, dark and focused with his own

lust.

Dream's movements faltered enough that Sapnap knew he heard the words; he didn't comment or react beyond that, though. Instead, one of his big hands moved to gently stroke through Sapnap's hair that curled out from his hat, "Never imagined you in a skirt before, not really. You look so fucking good, Princess."

Sapnap tilted his head up to look at Dream, "Yeah?"

"Yeah." Dream leant down and pressed a gentle kiss to his temple. "You look..." The heat of his breath danced across Sapnap's forehead, "Indescribably lovely."

"Dream." George's fingers landed on Dream's shoulder, pulling him away from Sapnap, "Get on your knees for me."

Sapnap watched as Dream lowered himself to his knees next to his chair, his muscles shifting under his skin as he situated himself for George. It was unfairly hot how graceful he could be, despite his size. Easy fluid movement came way too easy to him.

George flicked his eyes over Dream's face and then up to Sapnap's staring eyes, "Color, both of you."

"Green," Dream answered, relaxing slightly from where he was knelt.

"I'm green." Sapnap was surprised at how clear he felt, the daze from earlier having left as he watched the way George handled Dream.

"Good." George slowly unraveled the bundled rope in his hands. When he had one end in his hand, he knelt down in front of Dream, folding the rope in half, letting the middle of it hang past Dream's chest.

"What are you doing?" Sapnap couldn't help the question falling past his lips as George's nimble fingers looped the rope back around Dream's shoulder and under his arms.

"I'm doing something I haven't tried since uni." George shrugged slowly, "He'll look nice and pretty when I'm done, don't you worry your stupid little head about it." George briefly flicked his eyes to look at Sapnap, "Shouldn't you be setting up your stream."

The warning tone in George's voice was clear. Don't question him and do what he was supposed to. Sapnap hadn't been forgotten about, even if Dream was the one on his knees getting tied up.

Despite wanting to watch, Sapnap forced himself to look away and busy himself with the task of opening his OBS and starting Minecraft. He had briefly considered playing Valorant, since that was normally what he played on his alt, but he knew that was a game he needed to pay more attention to than what they were about to do would allow.

Minecraft was something he could play in his sleep. Plus, it had been a while since he had tried to do some speedruns or just tried beating the game on stream. It would also seem less suspicious to the fans if he played Minecraft with George there than Valorant.

He sighed softly once the Minecraft menu was open. "Should we come up with a reason you are on face cam with me, George?"

"I'm going to give you a punishment every time you die." George's response was too quick and the low tone of his voice made Sapnap's dick twitch, the skirt shifting with the movement and

making a small noise bubble up his throat.

“What punishment?” He pivoted in his chair, pausing when his eyes came across Dream.

George had artfully wound the ropes around one another until what looked like a makeshift harness was digging into Dream’s skin. A single diamond of rope pressed into his sternum with other parts of the rope pulling it tight across his rib cage. His arms were forced back behind him with more of the rope holding them firmly in place.

“Oh.” In a trance Sapnap reached forward, one finger tracing along the skin next to the rope. “He looks...”

“I work fast. Every time you die, I turn the vibrator up to its highest setting and pinch you as hard as I can.” George smirked, his eyes moving from where they had been admiring Dream to look up at Sapnap’s face.

“The vibrator?” Dream turned his head to look between Sapnap and George quickly, his pupils were blown wide and his eyes glassy. One curious look told Sapnap just how much Dream was enjoying this, his dick hard and leaking against his stomach.

“Yeah. Sapnap just happened to have one and I wanted to use it.” George had a mischievous look in his eyes as he looped his fingers around the rope hugging Dream’s chest. “You don’t need to worry your pretty head about that, though. Under the desk.”

Sapnap didn’t understand how Dream awkwardly shuffling forward on his knees could be so hot, his arms being bound the way they were making it impossible for him to fully crawl. To be fair, Sapnap wasn’t sure there was anything Dream could do that wasn’t hot.

He wasn’t able to fully watch Dream situating himself as George’s mean fingers dug into his chin and forced him to look up, “Leg up, baby. Let me stretch you so I can get this vibrator in.”

For a moment Sapnap thought about arguing, thought about pushing or disagreeing. Having the vibrator in was even more risky than the skirt. Even more than Dream being naked under his desk with ropes decorating his skin. Sapnap wouldn’t be able to control his expressions if George decided to randomly turn it all the way up.

He wouldn’t have any control, and thousands of his fans would be watching. George would have all the control in the room and the only ones who knew were Dream and Sapnap.

That was way more arousing than it should have been.

Carefully he lifted his leg up, the clarity of his mind abandoning him. An almost familiar haze started to roll over his thoughts. He wasn’t sure exactly how he was going to be able to play Minecraft and not die every three seconds when he couldn’t think straight, but he knew he was going to have to try.

“Fuck. I didn’t know he had nothing under his skirt.” Dream’s hoarse voice swirled into Sapnap’s mind, easily layering over the haze.

“Oh. I failed to mention that you are going to have that loud ass mouth of yours around his dick. I guess if you weren’t so dumb, you would have figured that out from context clues.” George’s tone was gentle and cruel, all at once. Despite it not being aimed at Sapnap, he shuddered heavily, his cock pulsing with the words.

He wasn’t sure how he was going to last through the stream.

A slick finger circled around his hole before pressing in slowly. A wet kiss was pressed against his thigh as a gasp escaped his throat.

“George.” Dream’s voice was barely more than a croak, “Please. I wanna touch him.”

“You haven’t been tied up for more than a few minutes and you are already begging to touch Sapnap.” George scraped his teeth against Sapnap’s inner thigh before tilting his head up to look at Sapnap, an amused smirk gracing his lips, “Your Daddy is a slut.”

Dream whimpered from his position under the desk, “Please. I’ll be good.”

The finger in Sapnap started to slowly move in and out, crooking just so, the pad of George’s finger just barely brushing over Sapnap’s prostate. Sapnap threw his head back, not able to even visually process Dream or George anymore, as continuous rolling sparks of pleasure danced across his skin, making him rock his hips with George’s finger.

“If you are good through Sapnap’s stream and don’t make a single sound, I’ll make him ride you before I let him cum.” George sounded thoughtful, “He’ll be nice and desperate for it by then.”

“I’ll be so good. Please. Want my Princess to ride me.” Dream sounded wrecked already and it made Sapnap’s stomach swoop.

Another finger nudged in, easily sliding in. George didn’t even slow his movements. “How does that sound, Sappy? Wanna ride your Daddy’s big cock after you end stream?”

“Yeah.” His voice came out high and whiny, answering the question without thought. He would do anything George asked him to as long as he didn’t stop moving his fingers. Heat was pooling in his gut so fast, George’s nimble and talented fingers continuing their relentless stroking against his prostate.

Just as he started to inch his hand towards his dick, aching for just a little bit more, George pulled his fingers out. What followed was a little colder and a little wider than George’s fingers had been. Sapnap knew it was the vibrator as George positioned it to rest right up against his prostate. He knew that was going to be one of his biggest forms of torture during the stream.

Even if George barely turned it on, it was there as a slight pressure. Knowing it was there would be worse than anything else.

He whimpered in annoyance as the building fire in his stomach died to a simmer at the loss of stimulation. “George.” He knew it was pointless, but he had been so close, frustration at the denial bringing tears to his eyes.

“Not yet.” His hand patted Sapnap’s cheek, “Now hit that little go live button and I’ll be right back with my chair.” George pressed a gentle kiss against his temple, overlaying the previous position Dream had kissed before he disappeared out of Sapnap’s room.

“He’s mean,” Dream huffed from under the desk. “Princess, come here, wanna be able to touch you.”

Sapnap rolled his chair forward until his legs bracketed Dream. A feeling of wrong-rightness settled in him at the sight. “You look perfect like that, Daddy.”

“I know, baby.” Dream awkwardly pressed a lingering hot wet kiss to Sapnap’s inner thigh. “Not as good as you do in that skirt. We need to get you more skirts.”

“Yeah?” Sapnap leaned back in the chair slightly to get a better look at Dream, “I kinda like it.”

“Good.” Dream gave him a slow lazy smile before digging his chin into Sapnap’s leg, “You should probably press the go live button before he gets back. Can you do that?”

“Mhmm.” Sapnap nodded slowly, raising his eyes to look at the screen. His hands felt awkward even as he settled them on the keyboard and mouse, navigating his OBS until the little icon at the bottom said he was live, and his chat started flooding with messages. Slowly, Sapnap settled his headphones over his ears.

“Are you still muted?” Dream’s voice seemed a little muffled through his headphones and the desk, but Sapnap could feel the vibrations of his chest from where it was pressed against his leg.

Sapnap swallowed heavily, checking that he was before he responded, “Yeah.” This was already very overwhelming and George wasn’t there. Sapnap wasn’t playing a game or even interacting with chat, and his face cam wasn’t on.

It made him feel so much more sensitive when Dream pressed another open mouthed kiss to his already overheated skin, “You sure you are good with this?”

“I can just end if it gets to be too much. I trust George. He-” Sapnap managed to stop himself with a choked off noise. He had been stupidly about to admit too much to Dream. That he was willing to do most of anything for them. That George and Dream made him feel safe. That when they were in control and there, Sapnap’s mind went quiet and he didn’t feel like he had to think ever again.

“Yeah. I know.” Dream’s voice sounded distant, like he was in his own mind, wrapped up somewhere where only his own thoughts could reach him.

Before Sapnap could work up the courage to roll back and look down at him, George rolled his chair in, “Look at you two.” He sat down spinning his chair into place next to Sapnap, “My subby little boys waiting for me.”

He smiled down at Dream, “Get to work taking care of your baby boy, Dreamie.” George motioned to Sapnap’s cock with his hand.

Sapnap knew exactly what was coming, it didn’t stop the surprised noise that bubbled out of his throat when warm, wet heat enveloped his aching cock. A hand flew down to lace in Dream’s hair on instinct.

“No you don’t, you have a game to play and fans to entertain.” George wrapped his fingers around Sapnap’s wrist, pulling his hand up so that it landed on the keyboard instead. “Now greet them.”

Sapnap let out a small frustrated noise despite himself. He shot George a quick glare before unmuting himself. “Hi guys. Been a few days. I’m going to do a little face reveal here in a second.”

He clicked over his OBS and smiled with his lips closed when the camera popped up in full screen with George and him sitting there. The chat started flying by as they realized George was there with him for the stream.

“Yeah, yeah. SNF supremacy, right?” He smirked and glanced over at George, momentarily forgetting about his entire situation.

It came crashing back down when Dream gave a sharp suck to his cock in retaliation to his comment. Sapnap had to let his head fall back and bite the inside of his cheek to stop the noise that wanted to come out at the feeling that rushed through him.

George laughed, “Right? DNF is dead.”

Dream pulled his head up slightly and dug his tongue harshly into Sapnap’s slit, punishing him in the only way he could. It was enough to overwhelm him, his mind turning into mush as he completely lost sense of his surroundings.

One of George’s hands flew to hold his hips still. He thought the other must have gone to Dream’s head at the protesting whimper he could hear from below.

“Anyway, I came up with an idea and convinced Sapnap to do it,” George continued like nothing was happening.

Sapnap didn’t understand how he was so cool about all this. Slowly he lifted his head back up, embarrassment rushing through him as his eyes caught on a couple of the chat messages before his mods could delete them.

‘Sapnap sus.’

‘Where is George’s hand?’

‘Dream is under the desk.’

‘Someone bout to nut.’

He knew that was going to be all over Twitter and TikTok before he even ended stream. Thoughts flying through his head of exactly what people would think. Some of them would guess, others wouldn’t. He knew that, but it didn’t stop him from staring at the way he looked on his OBS: flushed and his eyes just on the side of glassy.

“Sapnap is going to try to beat Minecraft, and every time he takes damage, I’m going to give him a little punishment.” George wiggled his fingers, looking at Sapnap with a self satisfied expression.

“What? No.” Sapnap looked away from his OBS to look at George, “No, that is not what I agreed to. It was every time I die. That’s what we discussed.” Slight panic filled him at the thought. There was no way he was going to be able to control how his face reacted.

“Plans change. Now it’s when you take damage.” George raised an eyebrow, tilting his head towards the monitors. “Don’t worry, Sapnap. I’ll go easy on you. Just little pinches on your wrist or something like that.”

There was the underlying knowledge that he meant more than just the pinching as punishment. Sapnap knew he meant that he wasn’t going to go full blast on the vibrator for every single heart he took. He also knew that would leave him way more desperate by the end of the stream.

Sapnap looked back at his OBS, checking chat briefly and feeling beyond overwhelmed by the situation. Chat was almost unanimously telling him to agree to what George was saying.

“Traitors. All of you.” Sure, they didn’t know exactly what his punishment was entailing, or the fact that he would be biting his cheeks and lips raw to keep himself silent, let alone keep a straight face, but they were his chat. They should be siding with him.

“They just know it’s best to listen to me.” George’s fingers shifted from his hip to his bare thigh, squeezing with cruel fingers, “They are smart.”

Sapnap blinked slowly, pulling his eyes away from his face on the camera, trying to ignore the

very obvious way he looked flushed and out of it already. He met George's heavy gaze and had to swallow down the whimper that wanted to bubble up his throat. "Okay. Fine. Whatever you say, Gogy."

A slow smile spread on George's face. "That's what I thought. Start up your game, Sapnap. Let's get right to it." He pointed to the screen an expectant look, making his brows raise slowly.

The feeling that rushed through Sapnap as he changed scenes to have Minecraft as his full screen, with him and George in the bottom left corner, was a weird mix of anticipation and trepidation. It made his cock twitch against where Dream's tongue was lying innocently against it.

He started up a new world, flicking his eyes to his OBS multiple times to check the camera. To make sure they couldn't see, and that his expression gave nothing away. To check chat and see what they were spamming about. Most of it was about this game, some were asking for Dream to join in a voice chat.

It reminded him starkly of the warm, wet feeling against his cock; that Dream was there, under his desk, lips around his cock and wetness starting to pool against his balls, and chat had no clue. He could see the redness staining his cheeks on his OBS, all it did was heighten the embarrassment running through him.

"You've spawned in Sapnap." George brought his attention back to the screen, his character looking out at a field surrounded by pigs and cows.

"O-okay. Good start. Some trees over there." Sapnap punched at the air in the direction of the trees, running over to them, careful to not jump off the side of a small hill. He really didn't want to deal with the punishment he knew would come when he inevitably took damage.

He took some time gathering wood and stone before he ran back to the field full of pigs and cows. There was mindless chatter between him and George as he went through the motions, George answering donos as they came in or prompting Sapnap to.

He could barely concentrate on answering anything, let alone reading chat so he was glad George was there managing it, even if it was his fault he couldn't think straight. The hyper awareness of Dream and the skirt and what would happen if he took damage kept his mind too blurry and broken to manage much besides playing the game.

He was doing fine, even managing to cook most of his food, when nightfall finally fell and mobs started to spawn. Even his broken awareness of how he looked on camera fell away as he concentrated on avoiding the mobs. Small little screams escaped his throat when a skeleton popped up. He managed to avoid the arrows, and even kill the skeleton, only for a creeper to blow up behind him.

"Your no damage streak had to end at some point, Sapnap." George leaned forward. On his OBS, Sapnap could see a cruel smile spread across his face. "Punishment time."

"No, George, it wasn't my fault. It wasn't. I didn't even see the creeper, come on. You don't have to do this." Sapnap knew his voice sounded whiney, even as he moved his character away from a zombie. He knew if he took more damage, George would just make it worse for him. George liked tormenting him way too much.

"Chat is spamming punishment time, they agree with me." George leaned forward one hand pulling up the sleeve of his hoodie.

“They are traitors, don’t listen to them,” Sapnap whimpered softly, his eyes trailing down to watch George’s other hand navigating to an app on his phone. His cheeks already felt flushed as he watched George’s fingers hover over a slider on the app. “Please,” He whispered quietly, not meant for the stream, just for George.

Sharp pain shot from his wrist as cruel nails dug into his skin, pleasure following it in a low burn as the vibrator shot to life. He just barely managed to stifle the moan that wanted to work its way out his throat at the dancing pleasure-pain that tickled across his spine.

He let out a low, shaky breath as it burned through him, the vibrations coming to a stop almost as fast as they had started. When he managed to compose himself enough to look up, chat was going crazy, racing past asking if George had really pinched him that hard.

Dream’s tongue ran along the underside of his dick slowly, before he returned to holding still, more of his spit dripping onto Sapnap’s exposed balls. He couldn’t concentrate on much of anything, as another shaky breath escaped his lips. Instead, he maneuvered his character around another zombie, and kept running away from the mobs.

“He’s fine, chat. No, Sapnap isn’t sus. He’s just a big baby when it comes to pain.” George sounded way too calm for everything that he was putting Sapnap through.

Sapnap managed to catch a hold of the thread George had offered him to dive back into the easy banter that had been mindlessly going on before. He rolled his eyes dramatically and spared George a glance, “I’m not a baby. You just have sharp ass nails dude, maybe take care of that like a normal human being.”

“Whatever,” George huffed, leaning back in his seat. Sapnap could see one of his slender fingers stroke the side of his phone out of the corner of his eye. He wondered if it was a reminder of what was to come, or if George was more affected by all this than he wanted to admit.

“You better have savored that one punishment, because that was it. I’m in game mode now.” Sapnap leaned forward slightly, checking his OBS to make sure he didn’t look too out of it.

“Okay. Okayyyy.” George dragged out the last bit. Sapnap could see him rolling his eyes from where his little figure was on his OBS, his chin moving with it as he crossed his arms.

Sapnap forced himself to look away from OBS and back to the game. Part of him didn’t want to give George the satisfaction of being able to torment him the way he wanted. He carefully made his way through the cave, screaming when creepers would get too close. He managed to grab some iron, sequestering himself in a small hole to cook it.

“I told you I’m not taking anymore damage.” Sapnap crossed his arms, turning to look at George.

“You aren’t in the nether yet.” George had a self assured look on his face, “You’ll get hurt there.”

Sapnap deflated at the reminder of the Nether, “Well, to be clear you never said I have a time limit. I could just get full diamond before going.”

“That won’t stop you from getting hurt.” George slapped a hand down on his shoulder. It was a little harder than it probably seemed to stream, the slight smarting of pain a reminder of who exactly was in charge.

Sapnap felt heat fill his cheeks and he quickly looked at his OBS again. Chat was basically begging for Sapnap to start being reckless. As far as he could tell, they hadn’t picked up on what he thought was very obvious: his cheeks flushed and his eyes even glassier than when he went live.

The constant pressure of Dream's mouth as he played was slowly chipping away at his ability to hide what was going on.

"Come on, Sapnap." George's condescending tone was back, a hand ghosted across Sapnap's inner thigh. "Stop playing safe. A little pinch here and there won't kill you." A finger traced against the line of where Dream's lips pressed against his cock.

Sapnap squirmed slightly, his eyes on their figures in the corner of his screen. He could see the way his arms twitched the movement, the way his eyes went a little unfocused. It was a lot, and chat started spamming that he was acting sus again.

He closed his eyes, took a shuddering deep breath, and opened them again. "If I agree to play reckless, will you switch back to if I die I get punishment, instead of every time I take damage?" He swallowed heavily and looked over at George with begging eyes.

George paused for a moment before leaning forward and muting the mic. A second later, he switched the camera off as well, "Are you okay?" He asked quietly, one hand coming up to run a finger under his eye.

"I'm green. Just a little overwhelmed." He swallowed slowly, pressing his cheek into George's hand.

Dream sucked harshly at his cock before pulling off, making him gasp loudly. "Would you hurry up and beat the game, Princess. Wanna fuck you like Georgie promised."

Sapnap shuddered slightly, his hips thrusting his dick up into the open air. "I- uh, George." He tried to get his jumbled mess of thoughts organized in his head, his eyes fluttering closed as he squirmed, the soft fabric of the skirt hitting the base of his dick ruining any chance he had.

"Fine. Dream, I thought I told you not to talk." George shifted slightly to look under the desk at Dream, "He won't be riding you anymore, you are going to have to do the work now. Get back to it."

Warm, wet heat enveloped his cock again as Dream let out a soft protesting whine at the new terms. Sapnap couldn't gather enough of his thoughts together to even try and defend Dream. He pressed his hips up into the warmth almost mindlessly, his thoughts slipping away now that he wasn't having to focus on the game or a face cam.

"Stop that." George shifted forward in his seat so he could press Sapnap's hips back into the chair. "New deal, Sapnap. Look at me."

Sapnap opened eyes he hadn't realized he closed, and focused on George's dark brown ones, "New deal?" His words sounded slurred to his own ears.

"You play recklessly, I'll change your punishments to when you die. Okay, baby?" A finger pressed against his bottom lip, pulling it down slowly.

"Okay." It came out as a soft whimper, his body trembling slightly. "Yeah."

"Okay. Take a few deep breaths, baby. Then, turn the camera and mic back on." George sat back, relaxing with his eyes on Sapnap's face.

Sapnap took a few deep breaths, gulping in air to try and calm himself down. When the heat in his body cooled enough he thought he would have more control, and his thoughts were able to focus, he leaned forward and unmuted. "Sorry chat, Patches ran across my cords chasing some bug and

unplugged my mic and cam.”

Chat was a wall of ‘sus’, “Guys, shut up. It’s not sus, Patches is literally right there.” He pointed at Dream under his desk, their eyes briefly making contact.

Dream slowly raised his brows up before sharp suction ran across his cock, making Sapnap jump slightly, a noise escaping his throat before he could push it down. Dream closed his eyes slowly and pressed his tongue harshly against the underside of his cock, his tan cheeks stained pink.

With the movement, Sapnap became highly aware of how damp everything was with Dream’s spit; his balls coated and the spit started to drip down his ass crack. He watched George’s hand snake down and grasp into Dream’s hair and tug slightly.

“Patches, don’t do that.” George’s voice came out sharp and annoyed, “Or no catnip for you later.”

Sapnap let out a shuddering breath, bringing his eyes up to look at the face cam portion of his OBS. His cheeks were flushed a blotchy red. He let out a slow stuttering breath, “Okay. Okay. Sorry again guys. Sometimes Patches acts like a cat. You know how it is. They can be a little bitchy.” He knew his voice sounded strained, he couldn’t help it, not with the fire burning low in his gut.

George huffed lowly next to him, the movement of his sides making his arm press into Sapnap’s, “Okay. So reckless playing and punishment when you die.” He pointed towards the screen.

Sapnap sighed softly, telling Minecraft to return to his game. He was pretty sure he was going to lose his mind by the end of this. “Yeah. I guess that’s the deal.”

He glanced briefly at chat again, before grabbing his food and mining out of the hole he had sequestered himself in. It was mostly spam asking for a Patches cam. “Guys, no. No Patches cam. I have a game to beat and I need to prove to George I can beat it without dying even when I’m reckless.”

George laughed, leaning forward to look at Sapnap’s face, “I doubt that.”

Sapnap ignored him, sinking back into the game. He found a lava pool shortly, answering a few questions mindlessly, or thanking people after George told him to. He wasn’t even fully paying attention to his words. He knew he would regret it when the clips came through. Knew he would probably say something embarrassing that his friends would never let him live down.

He just didn’t have the mental capacity to keep track of his words with how stretched he already was.

Entering the nether was relatively eventless, until he came across a biome filled with Hoglins and Poglins. “No. No no no no no. I don’t have gold.” He let out a stressed scream as a Hoglin boosted him towards a lava lake. Despite spamming the blocks down to try and clutch, he still landed in the lava, his hearts quickly reduced to zero and the death screen popped up.

He let out a low whine, sitting back in his chair. Chat was spamming Ls and Sapnap could see the evil glint in George’s eyes even from their shrunken picture on his OBS. “Punishment time.” George’s voice came out high and almost singing.

His nimble fingers flicked over his phone screen as the other hand grabbed onto the edge of his hoodie to pull it to the side. Sapnap couldn’t even start protesting as shocking vibrations started up before George even hid his reaction with a sharp pinch.

Sapnap’s entire back tensed as overwhelming pleasure spiked up his spine. The following pain as

George pinched into the meaty part of his shoulder next to his neck only added to the intoxicating feeling.

He couldn't help the way his eyes fluttered shut as he choked down a noise that wanted to bubble up. His teeth sinking into his cheek slowly, and his hands falling to twist into the fabric of the skirt.

The vibrations came to an end, and slowly Sapnap let out a stuttering breath. When he opened his eyes and glanced at his OBS, he could tell just how red his lips were from being bitten, his eyes looking far away and glassy.

"Alright, don't be a big baby. Respawn." George shoved at his shoulder gently.

"I'd like to see you do this and handle it better than me." Sapnap muttered as he respawned. "I don't even know where my portal is." He whined softly, running towards the trees again to start over.

"Oh well, you'll just have to make a new one." George sounded way more pleased than he should.

This time around, Sapnap stumbled across a village. In the midst of trying to kill the iron golem, he was distracted by a question asking what it was like to live with DNF versus just having to third wheel via voice chat.

He stopped momentarily to look at the camera, "Guys, they are horrible. Both of them are so mean to me."

"Shut up, idiot." George shoved him slightly, making his mouse jerk and his fingers press into the keys to stop himself from falling over, Dream's lips sliding along his cock with the movement.

He had to bite his lip hard to stop the moan that wanted to bubble up at the slick, wet feeling. When he managed to gain control of himself, he was met with the sight of a death screen and chat spamming Ls again.

"No. George, that was your fault." Sapnap flicked wide eyes to look at George's face, "Please."

George slowly quirked a brow up, "Rules are rules, Sapnap. Pull up your sleeve. I want to pinch your inner arm."

"No..." Sapnap collapsed against the back of his chair, a whine building in his throat even as he watched George's fingers go to his phone again.

"Yes. Don't start arguing now." George slid the setting all the way up, his eyes not leaving Sapnap's face.

The pressure of the vibrations had his head tilting back and his eyes closing before his mind could even process. Hard fingers grabbed onto his arm, pulling his sleeve up. Pain, sharper than the other two times, twisted through his stomach as George pinched his inner arm next to his elbow hard.

He let out a sharp, panting breath, forcing his eyes open and his head up. He stared blankly at the screen as the vibrations that had been torturing him died to a low setting. He waited for a moment for the vibrations to stop, his dick twitching against the press of Dream's tongue.

When they didn't stop, he turned to look at George again, biting his lip. He wasn't sure how to convey to George what was going on without saying it. There was no way he was saying that on stream, though.

The look on George's face told him everything. His lips were quirked in a highly amused smile. When Sapnap met his eyes, he jutted his jaw out and cocked his head towards the monitors, "Well? Get back to it Sapnap." He let Sapnap's name draw out in a low condescending tone.

Sapnap couldn't even hope to argue. He swallowed heavily, and turned back to the monitors. He spared a glance at his OBS, somewhat terrified of how he knew he looked. He looked fucked out, and it was embarrassing. That knowledge didn't help at all.

His mind slowed until he could barely concentrate on the game. Every few seconds, his eyes flicked to look at his OBS, making sure that he wasn't more obvious than he already was. The small constant stimulation pressing waves of pleasure through him.

He wasn't even sure what he was doing in game anymore, running on autopilot that just came with having played Minecraft for as long as he had. Thankfully, George was handling most of the interactions with chat. Sapnap felt almost nonverbal, too overwhelmed from trying to not give anything away and sinking into the low, constant vibrations.

When he died because a Zombie knocked him into a lava pool right after a creeper had blown up next to him, his mind slipped away from even trying to hide it from his chat. He let his head fall to the desk as a low whine built in his throat. His hips started rocking into Dream's mouth against his will, chasing the wet heat.

He barely processed the sharp inhale from George, the noise of his keyboard filtering through his sluggish mind. "George?" He whimpered quietly, picking his head up just enough to see the red little dot that usually indicated he was live was no longer there.

"Little slut couldn't even make it past the two hour mark." George's fingers tangled into his hair, pulling his head back sharply.

Dream groaned softly, pulling off Sapnap's cock and licking over his head. His voice sounded hoarse when he spoke, soft and almost broken, "Can I have him now?"

Out of the corner of his eyes, Sapnap could see George roll his eyes with a dramatic head roll added on to exaggerate his annoyance, "Not yet. He still has one more punishment. You can suck his cock now. No need for you to stay silent anymore."

Sapnap twitched when the constant dull vibrations increased in intensity until he couldn't think beyond the overwhelming surge of pleasure. A sharp contrast of pain washed through him as cruel fingers dug a pressing pinch into his inner thigh. The pain twisted into pleasure, making a moan crack from his throat, his cock twitching and adding to the wet mess on his crotch.

A hot, wet line was licked up the side of his cock before heat enveloped him again. Where before it was almost a comforting warmth, now Dream started sucking without any build up to it. It had him twitching violently up into his mouth, only to press back, trying to grind into the vibrations pulsing pleasure through him.

He felt like his mind was full of cotton. He couldn't even concentrate on the barely there worry of George ending his stream the way he had. Or the fall out to all the things that would be clipped. Every time a thought tried to pop up, it was drowned out by sucking and pulsing pleasure building heat through his body.

"That's enough." George's voice was sharp, cracking over him with cool water. The vibrations came to a halt and Dream was pulled roughly off his cock.

He managed to slowly focus on George's face as cool fingers pressed into his cheek, "Color? Both of you."

"M green." It came out as a stuttering breath without any consideration. Sapnap was pretty damn positive he would say or do anything, as long as he could finally get some release, and not just the continuous teasing vibrations and wet random sucks he had been enduring the entire stream.

"Green. Wanna fuck him so bad, George." Dream's lips ghosted against his inner thigh, his voice slurring over the words, "Don't even need to strip him. Just wanna flip the pretty little skirt up and ruin him." Dream sounded as out of it as Sapnap felt, babbling his need out before licking hotly against his thigh.

"Yeah?" George slowly rolled his chair back, dragging Sapnap's along with his, "What do you think about that, baby? Want your Daddy to fuck you in your pretty little skirt?"

The whine that bubbled out of Sapnap's throat cracked brokenly. He rocked his hips up into open air, searching blindly for something, anything. "Please."

"Go lay on the bed. On your stomach. Ass up." George patted his cheek gently, "Then I'll let your Daddy fuck you."

Sapnap scrambled up, stumbling over to the bed without a second thought. His mind felt like it was anchored to the deepest parts of the ocean, dragged down beneath the depths of George's will. It was sweet and intoxicating, how it all felt so deliciously sluggish.

As he settled into position, he spared a glance over his shoulder. What he saw made him pause and watch. George was hauling Dream up to his feet with one hand wrapping through the tight red ropes that crisscrossed his chest.

Dream's chest was flushed pink, slick with spit where it had dripped off his chin. His dick was hard and leaking, twitching against his stomach. His eyes were glossy, looking down at George in an unfocused way. His cheeks were flushed, making his freckles stand out.

Sapnap spread his legs slightly, feeling heat rise to his own cheeks. "Daddy," he whimpered out softly, his dick twitching freely against the soft damp fabric of the skirt.

George's head snapped to look at him, his eyes dark and annoyed, "Sapnap. Is that how I told you to lay?" His tone was low and condescending as his eyes dragged up and down Sapnap's form.

It made Sapnap squirm. "No, Sir," he whined quietly.

George's jaw dropped open before he swallowed heavily, "Then why are you still sitting there like that?"

Sapnap quickly turned over, falling to his elbows. The skirt brushed over his dick, making a whine pour from his lips. He couldn't help the way he arched his back, trying to make the skirt move against dick again.

A sharp spike of pain coursed through him from his ass, followed by cracking noise. Soft hands traced over his ass, "You are lucky you have a nice little ass, considering how dumb you are," George muttered, his fingers digging in slowly.

Heat pressed along his back and lips danced against his ear, "Keep calling me sir like that, and I'll be inclined to forget when you don't listen." George's voice was a low whisper, hot air blowing across Sapnap's sensitive skin.

“O - okay Sir.” It came out barely even a whimper. Sapnap felt weak all over, like he couldn’t even manage to move himself anymore.

The heat pressed against his back was removed. Clever fingers pressed into his loose, lubed hole. The vibrator that had been almost a teasing pressure was pulled slowly out. What followed was three fingers pressing in deep, more lube easing the way. “Do you want a little stretch, baby? Or do you want your Daddy to open you up on his cock?”

“Daddy, please.” Sapnap arched his back, pressing his ass into George’s fingers, “Please.”

Dream moaned loudly, “George, please, let me.”

“Fine, I guess I can let you have him.” The fingers slowly withdrew, dragging along his prostate as he pulled them out.

It made heat flare along his spine; made him arch into the feeling of the fingers being pulled out of him, made him shudder with the racing feeling. He whined at the loss when an empty feeling overcame the pleasant, stretched feeling of having George’s fingers buried in him.

Knuckles grazed along his ass cheek before pressure pulsed through him. Dream’s cock pressed in without pause, a groan accompanying the feeling. “Wish I could touch my sweet Princess.”

“I know.” George sounded bored again, “Now hold still.”

Fingers pressed into Sapnap’s jaw, pulling him up off his elbows to his hands. It made Sapnap open his eyes slowly, his fogged up brain struggling to remember when he closed them. “Wha-?” His voice sounded slurred to his own ears.

“Watch.” George’s tone left no room for argument.

It forced Sapnap to keep his eyes open, even as Dream’s hips pressed flat against his ass. He watched as George stripped, first his shirt, followed by his sweats. He wore nothing underneath, which made Sapnap’s breath catch in his throat.

He ground back against Dream, a broken noise leaving his trembling lips. Dream’s moan mirrored how broken Sapnap felt at the sight of George and the feel of Dream’s cock just teasing him as a constant pressure.

George rolled over onto his stomach, one hand snaking its way behind him to press a single finger inside his own hole. It was obscene in a way Sapnap didn’t expect, his own jaw dropping open, as his cock twitched against the soft fabric of the skirt. “George, sir, please.” He felt tears start to build in his eyes.

“I know, baby. I know, give me a couple seconds.” George moved his finger slowly.

A second finger nudged its way in next to the first. Sapnap shuddered, his eyes trailed down, watching as a dollop of lube tracked down George’s ass crack, towards his balls. Mindlessly, he shifted his hips forward before pressing back on Dream’s cock, needing more than the teasing almost stimulation he had been receiving.

“Princess, oh my god.” Dream’s words were slurred around a broken moan, his hips twitching forward with Sapnap’s movements.

“Fuck, good enough.” George pulled his fingers out, “Sap, sit up, on your knees.”

Sapnap whimpered, pushing himself up weakly, until he got his hoodie clad shoulders pressed against the pattern of rope across Dream's chest. He whimpered brokenly, his cock twitching almost uselessly against his skirt.

George shimmied back, pressing his ass back against Sapnap's cock. Just the feeling had Sapnap pressing forward again, a whine building in his throat and coming out over a broken, "Please."

Fingers wrapped around his leaking cock, shooting burning pleasure through his aching body. He didn't even have time to press into the fingers before the head of his cock was catching on George's rim. A hand awkwardly gasped onto his hip and pulled him forward with relentless pressure.

Sapnap wasn't sure he could breathe anymore as velvety, wet heat surrounded his aching dick. "I—" His voice sounded wrecked and broken, even in his own ears, "Sir, Daddy, I—" He couldn't even find words as his hips came to rest against the plush curve of George's ass, "Please!" It tore through his throat as a sob, the wetness that had been building leaking past his lashes to drip onto his cheeks.

Dream let out his own vibrating, broken moan. His hips snapped forward, driving Sapnap somehow deeper into George. It made Sapnap throw his head back to where it was resting on Dream's tense shoulders.

"D- Dream," George gasped out, "You better get me off by fucking Sapnap so thoroughly I feel it, or you won't get to cum today."

Dream's broken noise in response was a mixed up mess of a whine and moan. He roughly pulled out of Sapnap before snapping his hips back in, "Fuck, Princess. You feel so good. Need..." He gasped loudly over his words, "Need you to help me make George cum. Okay?"

Sapnap couldn't even begin to understand how he was supposed to help. He felt sweat soaking into his hoodie, making the fabric stick to his skin. All he felt and could concentrate on was roaring heat through his body, and the overwhelming pleasure of wet walls surrounding his cock and pressure inside.

Blindly, he tangled one hand into the ropes, trying to hold on as Dream fucked into him, building into a blindingly brutal pace. It made him bounce against George's ass just shallowly enough that it wasn't fully Sapnap fucking him, but enough that George was letting out soft gasping noises, the sound of them tangling into Sapnap's own whining moans.

"Daddy," He whined out brokenly, as spiraling heat started to race through him, his cock twitching in the confines of George's ass. "Daddy, please. I'm close." More tears dripped out of his wet eyes, cool against the fiery heat that seemed to be permanently warming his cheeks.

"Not yet." Dream's tone edged towards begging, "Not yet, Sappy baby. Gotta get George to cum first. Please, baby. Not yet."

One brutal shove of Dream's hips had Sapnap falling over to drape his body limply over George's. Not even his weak grip on the ropes could keep him upright anymore. He could feel the quiet groans George had been stifling into his own arms now that he pressed into his back.

"Princess, please," Dream sobbed out. "I want to cum, baby, please."

"You heard him, Sapnap." George's voice was hoarse and muffled from where he had pressed his face into his arms, "Are you going to help him?"

The new angle had Dream hitting Sapnap's prostate on almost every thrust. The exploding pleasure stoked the fire in his body until he felt like his mind was melting with the feeling. He somehow managed to get an arm around George, his mind finally processing exactly what Dream was asking of him.

He felt a little bit like he was trying to text with a hand that was still asleep, but he managed to sloppily grope at George's stomach until his fingers limply wrapped around warm, hard heat. The moan he felt vibrate against his chest verified that he had blindly managed to find George's cock.

He knew the way he messily stroked over George's cock couldn't feel that good, knew that he was barely even helping. That knowledge only made him feel more overwhelmed. He buried his face into George's hair, letting out a broken sob as he tried desperately to push the building, all-encompassing hot pleasure down.

"Fuck," George gasped out. "Neither of you fucking stop." He sounded breathless, a moan escaping his mouth at the end, unstifled by his arm.

"I can't," Sapnap sobbed as pleasure crashed over him. A tidal wave of rolling storms. A tsunami that everyone had mistaken to be just another wave. It broke over him blindingly hot as Dream kept brutally fucking into him, despite his broken moans.

There was no final release, just the pulsing continuation of heat and pressing pleasure. His own cum slicked the way for his cock to move easier in George. Dream's movements became more and more frantic.

George groaned loudly beneath him, his hips pressing forward into Sapnap's now lip hand before pressing back into his spent cock. Wet heat painted over Sapnap's hand, making relief pulse through him.

It wasn't his own orgasm, but the shuddering moan George let out as he went limp under him brought Dream's hips to a halt. "Finally. Finally. George please, can I?"

George huffed out a low breath, dragging himself forward. "Yeah hold on." His chest was still heaving with panting breaths. "Pull out."

The constant, almost over stimulating pressure inside of Sapnap pulled out. He collapsed down, barely missing George. George gently rolled him onto his back, one thumb running under his eye, "Can your Daddy cum in your mouth, baby?"

Sapnap's swimming mind slowly processed the words. When they clicked, he nodded, letting his heavy eyes trail away from George's flushed and sweaty face to lock onto Dream. His chest was somehow even more red than it had been before. Sweat made his dirty blond locks look almost brown where they stuck to his forehead. His cock stood angrily against his stomach, looking almost purple as it pulsed out pre-cum.

"Thank you, Princess. Look so pretty." Dream slurred out the words, his eyes glossy as they trailed up and down Sapnap's form.

"Color, Sap?" George pushed Sapnap's own sweaty hair off his forehead.

"Green," Sapnap whispered, he felt light and floaty, and where he had been hot before from the aching pleasure, he now felt pleasantly warm from the heat of George pressed into his side.

"Dream?" George slowly sounded like he was getting his breath back.

Dream flicked his eyes away from Sapnap to look at George. “‘M still green. Just wanna cum so bad, Georgie.”

“I know. Come here.” George sat up slightly, one hand reaching towards Dream. Sapnap couldn’t help watching as a bead of sweat rolled down his back, the line of pale skin mesmerizing to his fried brain.

George’s fingers laced into the ropes when Dream got close enough. He held him in place as his other hand moved Dream’s leg to settle on the other side of Sapnap’s torso. “There we go. Sapnap has already done so much for both of us. We don’t want to make him work for this, do we?”

“No. Princess deserves to be pampered.” Dream let George pull him forward until his massive cock was bobbing right in front of Sapnap’s face.

George’s hand that wasn’t wrapped in the rope wrapped around Dream’s cock. He slowly started to stroke over the hot skin. “Sapnap, be a good boy and open your mouth for your Daddy’s cum.”

Sapnap slowly parted his mouth, letting his eyes close as he waited for the familiar bitter and salty taste to land on his tongue. It momentarily surprised him when silky, wet skin slid along his tongue. His slow mind made sense of it when George’s knuckles bumped against his lips. George must have put the very head of Dream’s cock in his mouth.

On impulse more than anything else, Sapnap closed his lips around the plush head of Dream’s cock and sucked. He ran his tongue purposefully up to press into the leaking slit, trying to seek out the white cum he knew was about to coat his tongue.

“Oh my god,” Dream gasped out loudly, the words tapering off into a building moan. Warm, wet heat landed on Sapnap’s pressing tongue as Dream’s cock twitched violently against Sapnap’s clamped lips.

Sapnap sucked harder, swallowing the first little bit down like a hot brand. He only stopped when the twitching did. Fingers gently laced into his hair and pulled his head off of Dream’s cock.

“Show me,” George demanded sharply, all of his soft post-orgasmic haze gone.

With only a second of hesitation, Sapnap opened his mouth and eyes. He was glad he opened his eyes when he did, or else he would have missed the way George’s eyes darkened at the sight of Dream’s cum sitting on his tongue.

“Swallow,” George breathed out, his hand slowly letting go of his hair and stroking a gentle pet over it. “Be my good boy.”

Sapnap closed his mouth and swallowed the rest of Dream’s cum, feeling thoroughly owned and destroyed by both of them with it. His eyes drifted closed with the feeling, relishing in it for just a moment.

A heavy weight settled on his legs. When he let his eyes open he found Dream sitting on his legs, his chest heaving as he took in gulping breaths. “So good,” He slurred out with his eyes on Sapnap.

“He is,” George agreed in a soft tone. “You were too, Dream.” He slowly rolled off the bed and moved around to the other side. “Let’s get these ropes off, so we can cuddle for a bit.”

Sapnap lazily watched as George untied the ropes, undoing them in way less time than it had taken him to do them in the first place. He took more time rubbing over the place the rope had pressed into Dream’s arm, whispering something soft into Dream’s ear. Sapnap couldn’t be assed to figure

out what he said, though.

He closed his eyes momentarily, only to open them again when a heavy weight settled next to him. “My Sappy,” Dream mumbled, wrapping an arm around Sapnap.

George kneeled down next to Sapnap, a finger gently tracing his tingling bottom lip. “I’m going to get a wet washcloth to wipe you two down and some water. Are you okay with him? He’s still very out of it.”

“Yeah. We are just going to cuddle here.” Sapnap pressed into Dream’s side slowly and let his eyes slip closed.

For a little bit, he drifted almost on the edge of what felt like sleep, but not quite. He was pulled from it when gentle lips pressed lazily against his. He opened his eyes to find Dream’s glassy green eyes lazily gazing back at him.

“I love you, Sapnap.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

My Writer Twitter is [@AuthorKimb](#)

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Day 17: Do something where you could get caught

December 18th

Chapter Notes

Hi! Little shorter than last chapter...

Also if you don't follow me on Twitter I was just going to give you all a heads up. I'm planning on trying to post more consistently either for this work or other things I'm writing. My plan is to post every Sunday right now. If I have multiple things ready to post I'll let my twitter following decide what I post that week.

Anyway news over with! Enjoy the chapter. <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 18th:

To say that those innocent four words had left Sapnap beyond fucked up would be an understatement. He had floundered for a moment as Dream's sleepy eyes fondly flicked over his face. Thankfully, George had walked in with water and wet washcloths before he had to come up with an answer.

They had napped for a little bit then, and when Sapnap had finally dragged his groggy mind from the depths of sleep, he found himself alone in his room. He had gone through the motions of washing his sheets and putting fresh ones on the bed before taking the longest shower he had in a while.

Sapnap then guiltily sequestered himself in his room with a box of cold pizza, doing everything in his power to avoid Dream. It wasn't that Dream's confession wasn't everything his lovesick brain had ever wanted; it was just that he didn't know what to do.

If it hadn't been right after some of the best sex the three of them had, Sapnap may have thought Dream was just saying it. He tended to randomly say he loved Sapnap and George in passing, as a way to express his affection for his friends. It wasn't abnormal for him.

After sex though, well the connotation was completely different then.

Eventually, Sapnap forced himself to sleep. He didn't want to think of complicated emotions or what was going to happen now. He was tired of dancing around what they were becoming. Him and Dream. Him and George. George and Dream.

He didn't want to think about whether their friendship dynamic was going to change or not.

In the bright light of the following morning, he blearily stared at the pile of red rope and the dirty cum stained skirt in the corner of his room. He couldn't ignore his thoughts anymore, but he wasn't sure how to even go about organizing them.

He didn't think love should be this complicated, but when it was love involving his two best friends, it hit whole new levels of complexity. Knowing Dream loved him didn't realistically change much, but it still scared Sapnap.

It shouldn't, not when he knew how much he loved both Dream and George. Not when he had accepted those emotions and realized how deep the affection actually ran. It still scared him.

He didn't know where George's head in all of it was either. He had never been one to express his emotions openly. He much preferred leaning on Dream or Sapnap to do it for him. And Sapnap wasn't nearly as good at reading George as Dream was.

Maybe he needed space to clear his head and think it all through; think through where he wanted this to go and how to express that to both of them. He was pretty sure if he didn't formulate his thoughts in an organized manner before talking to them, it would end up like many of their other conversations had; not very far past the fact that they were all friends and had been friends and that wouldn't change, wrapped up in each other with a hazy, hot need to chase pleasure and feel one another.

Yeah, he needed space.

With sleep-heavy fingers, he texted the only other person in the area he knew he could trust wholeheartedly.

Sapnap: Hey, bud, you awake?

Punz: Unfortunately. I was about to do some early morning speed runs, what's up?

Sapnap: Can I come over?

Punz: Yeah, of course. You okay?

Sapnap: I don't know

Punz: Come on, you know my place is always open to you.

Sapnap sighed heavily, running a hand over his face as he finally forced himself out of bed. He and Punz may not have been friends as long as he had been friends with Dream and George, but Sapnap knew he could count on him.

He got dressed, barely paying attention to the shorts and red hoodie he threw on. He paused with his hand on his door handle, and took a deep breath. He hadn't even bothered to check if Dream and George were busy somewhere else before deciding he was going to go.

Taking a deep breath, Sapnap left his room. If they were downstairs on the couch, he would deal with it. He crept down as quietly as he could just in case they were still asleep. Passing the couch, he found Dream splayed out with an arm tossed over his eyes, Patches curled up on his chest.

It seemed he was asleep, so Sapnap passed him quietly, ignoring the judgemental look Patches gave him. She didn't know anything. Plus, she would choose Dream's side on anything. Not that there were sides in this. Sapnap just needed to clear his head.

When he creaked open the front door, a groggy voice sounded from the couch. "Where you goin', baby?" It was Dream's morning voice, and it sent a soft bolt of affection through Sapnap.

"Just going to hang out with Punz, I'll be back later." Sapnap glanced over his shoulder to find Dream sitting up slightly and looking at him sleepily.

"Okay." Dream yawned, settling back down into the couch, "I'll let George know when he comes down."

Sapnap let out a soft breath at Dream's easy acceptance. For some irrational reason, he expected more resistance from Dream; expected him to cite the calendar or something as a reason for Sapnap to not leave. He didn't though, and it left Sapnap thankful for his friend's easy acceptance.

He left without another word, closing the door softly behind him and locking up. The drive over to Punz's was uneventful. It was early enough in the morning that Orlando afternoon traffic hadn't settled in, but late enough that the morning rush had already cleared.

He typed in the code to get access to Punz's apartment and parked next to his car. Sapnap knew as soon as he entered Punz's apartment, he was going to have to start explaining. He knew Punz was worried about him, knew that Punz probably wouldn't like what was going on either. Punz was too practical and in tune with his own emotions to accept at face value what Dream, Sapnap and George had been doing without a little worried judgment.

Staring at a crack in the concrete wasn't helping him though, and he knew that. With a dejected sigh, he got out of his truck and headed up to Punz's door. He knocked and moments later, Punz opened the door.

"Come on in." Punz turned around and walked back into his bare apartment. He had rolled his desk chair and spare chair out to sit in front of the TV he had set up in his almost empty living room.

"We need to get you a couch, bud." Sapnap let his body flop onto the spare chair.

"Hm." Punz rolled back in his own chair, pushing his hair back out of his face, "Whatever, man. Tell me what the fuck is going on. I thought you said everything was 'good'?"

Sapnap rubbed his eyes, his hands coming down to rest on his cheeks. He refused to look at Punz as he spoke, "I think it maybe still is? I'm just super confused about everything and need to clear my head."

"Do you want to talk about it or just play Mario Kart?" Punz rolled forward to the TV, grabbing the remote and turning on his Switch.

Sapnap relaxed, maybe with the distraction of Mario Kart, he wouldn't be so anxious about talking this all out. "Both?"

"Okay." Punz tossed a Switch remote at him with only a slight glance back.

Sapnap almost missed catching it, but he managed to juggle it into his hands. Thankfully, Punz wasn't looking at him when he fumbled, so he didn't get made fun of for it. He settled back more fully in the chair, and looked around the bare room for a moment until the Mario Kart sounds filled the space.

Punz started a race, and Sapnap felt his focus on all his anxious thoughts fade away. It was easy to let it all go when all he needed to do was focus on a game. It reminded him of when he was a kid and how he would lose himself in hours of Minecraft or other games to forget about all the stress in his life.

Around the beginning of lap two, Punz spoke up again, "So, what's going on with Dream and George that made you need to clear your head?"

It was a gentle prying question, one Sapnap knew Punz would ask eventually when he said he wanted to talk about it. It still didn't make it easy to answer, "I guess we have this friends with benefits thing going on."

“You guess?” Punz’s character sped past him on the screen, pulling Sapnap’s mind away from worrying about doctoring the information he shared and back to the race.

“Yeah. I mean we haven’t really talked about it. We had one conversation where Dream said what we were doing was just Dream Team things, but nothing more.” Sapnap snagged a blue shell and immediately used it on the bot that was in first place.

Punz swerved in front of him, grabbing first place from the bot Sapnap had just bombed. “So you guys are fucking, and only talked about it once?” There was an almost accusatory note to Punz’s tone, and it made Sapnap’s heart clench in anxious stress.

“Well, to be clear, we have had a few conversations, but they mostly revolved around the sex and not like the rest of it.” He ran into a banana, his character spinning out on screen. He gave up when Punz hit the finish line, setting his remote down and staring at the ceiling. Maybe playing a game while trying to explain this wasn’t a good idea.

“Maybe start at the beginning?” Punz’s chair creaked over the sounds of Mario Kart filling the background.

“Okay, well, I got the calendar you sent me for them, and then they started doing stuff from it. You know all that. Um, I guess what you don’t know, but maybe sorta know, is that they started including me in it all. Things got kinda complicated, and I honestly thought they were just using me to make it all less intense for them.” A spider caught his eyes as it started to spin a web in the very corner of Punz’s ceiling.

“Obviously that wasn’t true, since you said you guys were doing this friends with benefits thing.” There were some menu noises from the screen before Punz tacked on, “Ready up for another race.”

Sapnap sighed heavily, tearing his eyes away from the spider. He hit ready for the next race, half-ass paying attention to it starting, “Yeah. That’s the one conversation we had that was more about what we were doing, and less about sex stuff.”

“At least they are checking in on your kinks,” Punz muttered a little bitterly. “I’m still not very happy with them. I thought they were smarter than to fuck around with their best friend and not expect your friend dynamic to change.”

“Yeah...” Sapnap swallowed heavily, he was just as guilty as Dream and George were on that front. “Well, Dream told me he loves me yesterday.”

“Wait, what?” Punz’s character drove off the edge of the road and the game suddenly paused. “Like he does on stream and calls, or...?”

“Like we had just had mind-blowing sex, and while we were waiting for George to come back, he told me he loves me.” Sapnap put his own remote down, finally looking back over at Punz. His eyes held shock, and his lips were pressed into a firm line.

“And do you love him?” Punz turned his chair to fully face Sapnap, leaning forward slightly in it.

“I’m pretty sure I love both of them.” Sapnap looked away again, his eyes automatically finding the spider working away at its web, oblivious to Sapnap’s emotional turmoil. He wished he could be the spider.

“Okay, so what is the problem, outside of the fact that you three apparently suck at talking to one another?” Punz sounded baffled and just as confused as Sapnap felt.

“I don’t know how George feels, and I don’t want this to mess up our friendship.” His throat felt tight as those last words were pulled from the very depths of his mind, and along with it, his real fear around all this. Dream and George were his very best and closest friends. What all of his mixed up jumbled confusion really boiled down to was a dark fear that he would lose them at the end of the day.

“I think it’s too late for not messing up your friendship.” There was pity in Punz’s tone, pity that Sapnap really didn’t want to hear.

Sapnap swallowed past the tightness in his throat that refused to go away. “I know.”

There was silence for a long moment before menu noises sounded from the game again. Sapnap turned his unfocused eyes back to the TV just in time to see the restarting countdown end. They played in silence for a bit, only the noises of the game filling the void between them.

When the race ended, Punz spoke again. “I think you need to sit them down and have a serious conversation on where this is going to go for the three of you. And not whatever bullshit conversation you guys already had when Dream told you this was just ‘Dream Team things.’”

“What if I lose them?” He couldn’t help the way his voice sounded small. It touched too close to home, the idea that this would become too real for them and that they would leave circulating in his head.

“Then they are bigger idiots than I thought they were, and we will be buying a couch when you move in.” Punz made it sound so simple, the easy way he just offered for Sapnap to move in if Dream and George didn’t fully return his feelings.

“Thanks, Punz,” Sapnap sighed out, his breath shaky with the confused swirling emotions bombarding his mind.

They lapsed into silence, playing Mario Kart with only a few normal exchanges of arguing back and forth. Sapnap kept his thoughts quiet regarding how he was going to talk to them about it, focused on beating Punz instead.

“How long have you loved them?” Punz asked when they switched from playing to watching some horror movie. He had the Domino’s app pulled up on his phone to order pizza to be delivered.

Sapnap sighed heavily, considering the question. “I think I have a lot longer than I knew I did.” It wasn’t really an answer, but it was his thoughts on the matter.

“So, what? Having sex with them made you realize what you should have already known? Or are their dicks just that good?” Punz smirked slowly, a teasing look in his blue eyes when he pulled them away from his phone screen to look at Sapnap.

Sapnap couldn’t help the stain of heat that graced his cheeks, “Both, I think.”

“Man, I can’t even get a significant other to stick around, and you are about to land yourself two boyfriends that leave you blushing like a virgin with just the thought of how good they are at fucking you. I’m jealous, man.” Punz set his phone down a teasing smile on his face.

“Fuck off,” Sapnap groaned, hot embarrassment lacing through him.

Punz shook his head, rolling his baby blue eyes. “Seriously man, I hope it all works out. Talk to them and get together, and then the three of you can be the powerhouse poly couple of content creators.”

Sapnap covered his face, “I don’t know if we would ever tell the internet, bro.”

“Pretty sure the loyal fans that follow you three pretty closely are figuring you guys out already. I don’t know what happened yesterday, but DreamNotNap trended for a solid two hours. I thought you knew that already?” Punz leant against the counter as a scream sounded from the TV.

“No I didn’t...” Sapnap wasn’t sure the embarrassed heat in his cheeks was ever going to leave. If he was honest with himself, he had completely forgotten about the stream they had done. He had forgotten about George abruptly ending it; forgot about how he had been hard and leaking the entire time when thousands of his fans were watching live.

“Oh, well, now you know.” Punz shrugged, pushing off of the counter and heading back to his chair. “Might want to let the fans know you are alive, though.”

Sapnap rubbed at his hot cheeks. He would just ignore it for now and deal with it later. A bit like he was ignoring the conversation he was going to have to have with Dream and George for now and dealing with it later. At some point.

Instead of thinking about it, he let himself get sucked into hours of horror movies. He and Punz made it a game to point out the unrealistic parts and laugh about it. It passed the time quickly and left Sapnap feeling relaxed and at ease in a way he hadn’t in what felt like too long.

He couldn’t avoid home forever, though, and Punz had humored him for hours already. It was dark outside, and he knew Dream and George would be worried if he stayed away all night. As much as he wanted to hide from them, to hide from the conversation he knew they needed to have, he knew it wasn’t feasible, nor healthy. So with a long sigh, and a reluctant goodbye to Punz, he headed back to the house.

The drive back was a lot shorter than the drive to Punz’s had been. It was later than he thought it was, with almost no traffic on the roads. He sat in his truck staring at the dark windows of the house with trepidation squeezing his heart.

He figured Dream and George had already gone to bed, and he would be able to put off the conversation one more day, but it didn’t change that he knew he needed to do it. Punz had made it clear that they were being stupid about not hashing out their feelings.

Sapnap’s irrational fears aside, he knew they needed to talk. Knew he would have to tell both of them that he was in love with them, that he wanted more than what they already were doing. What more entailed, he wasn’t sure; that was something for them to figure out together, he guessed.

Giving up on avoiding his friends for any longer, he slipped out of his truck and headed inside. The sight that met his eyes made him pause. George’s head was tilted back on the couch and he was very obviously asleep. He looked tranquil in the soft light of the Christmas tree. Still, it was weird to see him sleeping sitting up on the couch.

Slowly, Sapnap rounded the couch. Dream was laid out across the couch, his head resting in George’s lap. George’s hand was loosely tangled in Dream’s hair, Patches curled up on Dream’s hip.

Haltingly, Sapnap took a step closer. Dream’s cheeks were blotchy red, his freckles showing against the red. Sapnap rubbed at his eyes, taking another half step forward. When he focused on Dream again, he could see his eyelashes were clumped together.

It made Sapnap falter, fingers digging into his arms. Had Dream been crying? Had they been

waiting up for him to get home?

Sapnap swallowed a lump in his throat. He knew he shouldn't leave them there; George's neck would be killing him in the morning, at least. Plus, if they really had been waiting up for him, he didn't want to leave them there, not knowing that he was home.

Carefully, he crouched down next to Dream and ran a thumb over his cheek. His skin was hot to the touch. "Dream," he whispered softly.

Dream, ever the lightly sleeper, opened his eyes, jerking his head up slightly. He relaxed back into George's lap when his eyes landed on Sapnap. "You're home." His voice was rough with sleep, but Sapnap thought he could hear relief in his words.

"Yeah. Sorry, Punz and I got wrapped up in a few movies." He shifted back on his heels and glanced up at George's lax form before focusing back on Dream.

Dream pushed himself up, reaching for Sapnap before visibly faltering and letting his hand drop, "It's okay. We should all get to sleep."

"Yeah. I'll wake up George." Guilt welled in Sapnap's stomach. He shouldn't have avoided them for as long as he had.

"I'm awake." George's sleep slurred accent made Sapnap look up again. George's sleepy eyes were looking at him, one eyebrow raised.

"Oh." Sapnap swallowed slowly, "Well, you two should head to bed then."

"What about you?" Dream's voice was small, even as he stood from the couch, stretching his arms above his head.

"I—" Sapnap shifted to stand from where he had crouched down. "Well, I thought, we were going..." He stopped when George rolled his eyes.

"Come cuddle with us?" Dream made another aborted movement towards him, "please?"

"Um, yeah. Okay. Just give me a bit to shower." He crossed his arms slowly, flicking his eyes between George and Dream.

"Okay." George sighed, standing as well, "If you aren't in there in an hour, I'll come drag you to Dream's room."

Sapnap nodded slowly, "Okay, fair." He pivoted on his heel and fled to his room. He should have brought it up then. He should have expressed all his whirling thoughts, should have told them right then why he had been at Punz's.

But he was a wuss. So now he was standing in his empty room, staring at his blank monitors. He shouldn't have run away from them again, he just didn't know how to go about explaining what was going on in his head.

His eyes caught on the pile of coins in his half-open desk drawer. He was starting to really hate the calendar; starting to really hate that he had bought it purely on impulse. It had really complicated everything.

Still, it had brought them together in a way they hadn't been before.

In a trance, he walked up to his desk drawer and ran a finger over the top coin. He let out a shuddering breath and shuffled through the coins until he found the one that was meant for that day.

‘Buy each other presents based on each other’s kinks.’

It was written in tiny font bordering the coin. He sighed and set it down on the desk. Uncertainty filled his mind; what the hell should he get for them? He wasn’t even entirely sure what their kinks were, outside of fucking around with him.

He sat down on his bed and opened up Amazon, mindlessly staring at the home screen. George liked control; he liked delving out pain or holding their orgasms back. Sapnap pressed his hand into his mouth as he first looked up cock rings. He didn’t know enough about all this to reasonably find something for the pain part, so he just added an assortment of cock rings to the cart.

Dream was a little harder; he seemed to just be obsessed with Sapnap and George, like he didn’t really care that much about doing something specific, more just doing something with them. However, he could think of something. And it was something that he had dreamed of one too many times.

He typed in collars, his fingers slow as he scrolled through the options. After taking way too long considering his options, he added four leather collars to his cart. One of each of their colors, and a black one.

He checked out quickly after that, trying not to overthink it too much.

He glanced up and around his room after, his eyes catching on the still lingering evidence of their actions from the day before. The comment from Punz came back to him. Their fans were catching on, and a lot of it had to do with how obvious he had been during his stream yesterday.

With a heavy sigh, he decided to tweet the only believable lie he could think of to his private account.

sapnappropriate: sorry about the stream yesterday guys, I wasn’t feeling well and George could tell so he ended. Don’t worry though, Dream and George took good care of me and I’m feeling a lot better.

The replies came flooding in. Most were supporting and sending him well wishes. There were a few that called his lie out though in the most sarcastic way possible.

‘I bet they took care of you ☺’

‘Oh sure you weren’t feeling well, hope you enjoyed whatever care dnf gave you.’

‘DreamNotNap real.’

He sighed and closed out of Twitter. He got ready for bed, taking a quick shower. Maybe he was still avoiding thoughts of their conversation that would still inevitably have to happen. He didn’t care.

With his hair still wet, he padded down the hall to Dream’s room. He crept in, just in case Dream and George were already asleep again. It was futile, though. Dream had his phone open in one hand and George was sitting up in bed next to him staring at the screen.

“Oh. Um, you two really didn’t have to wait up.” He carefully stepped into the room, flicking his

eyes between both of them as they looked up at him. The atmosphere felt so much like those first days, like when he would run away from them after they did anything. Before he knew they wanted him involved too.

“I wasn’t sure you would come to bed, and Dream wanted to scroll Twitter.” George scooted over so that the space between them was open.

Sapnap crawled into bed, cuddled between the two. It was weird, normally when they fell asleep together, it was after sex. This felt way more domestic, and after his revelation that they really needed to talk, it felt almost too sweet to be true.

“The fans have been so stupid today. Coming up with all these theories about what happened on your stream yesterday.” Dream laughed, throwing one arm over Sapnap’s stomach with his hand on Sapnap’s chest, so he could cuddle into his side while still looking at his phone.

George slid down on the bed as well, his tense shoulders relaxing as he pressed his warm body into Sapnap’s side. “I don’t know if stupid is correct. Some of them are very close to the truth, and you replying to them hasn’t been helping.” He yawned loudly.

“Sapnap’s private tweet didn’t help just now, either. I almost had it under control, all of them second guessing everything. Then Sapnap tried to look all reasonable and they are all tweeting nonsense again.” Dream’s laugh shook the bed slightly.

“Well I didn’t know you had been doing damage control all day.” Sapnap rolled his eyes and tried to shift his head to peer at Dream’s phone.

Dream’s thumb scrolled up on his timeline, “Well, if you hadn’t been hiding away at Punz’s house all day, you would have known.”

Sapnap’s jaw clicked closed. Sometimes Dream knew him too well. “I’m here now,” he muttered quietly. Maybe the conversation did need to wait, if this was how they reacted when Sapnap took some space. If the conversation went poorly and he needed to leave for a bit, the reaction would be significantly worse.

“Good.” George sounded sleepy and his nose pressed against Sapnap’s neck.

The hum of agreement that came from Dream just made Sapnap feel worse about it all. He hadn’t meant to make them feel bad, he had just needed space to think through everything. Needed to get away from their intoxicating presence for a moment.

George’s breath evened out before Sapnap could begin to formulate a response. He swallowed heavily and looked down at Dream. Dream’s eyes were focused on his face, a contemplative look on his face.

“What?” He whispered softly, not wanting to disturb George.

“You don’t have to run away every time things get a little overwhelming.” Dream laid his phone face down, leaving them in the empty darkness of the night.

“I know.” Sapnap let a shaky exhale escape from his lips; this was somehow easier in the dark of the night, “I wasn’t-” He paused and closed his eyes, “I wasn’t running away.”

“Felt a little bit like it when you were gone all day.” Dream’s nose pressed into his shoulder and his legs tangled loosely with Sapnap’s.

Sapnap couldn't figure out what to say. He was at a loss, so he said the only thing he could think of, "We probably need to have a conversation between the three of us."

"Yeah," Dream breathed out quietly. "I think we do."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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Day 18: Buy each other presents based on each other's kinks

December 19th

Chapter Notes

Hi! I don't know if you guys noticed but we have a set chapter length for the fic now!
Getting close to the end hehe.

Anyway! I hope you enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 19th:

Sapnap didn't sleep well. His mind was still whirling with everything that happened, his anxious thoughts thinking and rethinking how the conversation might go when they had it. It kept him awake, and every time he started to fall asleep, he jerked back awake with an intrusive thought about how poorly it could go.

He knew Dream didn't sleep well either. Every time he opened his eyes to roll over to try and find a different comfortable position sandwiched between the two of them, the dim light of Dream's phone shone over his face as he scrolled through whatever it was he was looking at.

It made him feel guilty. Dream had been asleep before he got home, but his own anxiety that was keeping him awake definitely revolved around Sapnap. Well, he couldn't say that for sure, but Sapnap couldn't imagine that it was anything else.

When Dream inevitably gave up on sleep, climbing out of bed to silently settle in front of his desk and work on something with his headphones on, Sapnap watched him with sleepy eyes. He wished he could just wake up George and get this all over with. Move past his fear that this would go poorly. Find a middle ground with both of them. Understand what was going to happen.

He really didn't want to bother George though. He didn't want to make this harder for either of them.

Instead of rushing it and relieving his own aching chest, he let George sleep, and let Dream busy himself and he lay there. He alternated between trying desperately to shut off his mind for long enough so that maybe he could get some sleep as well, and staring quietly at Dream's back as he went through the motions of editing some video. George's by the look of it.

When sunlight graced the floor of Dream's room, shining through the blinds with a soft golden light, a loud shaky exhale sounded from where Dream was sitting. The sound of it made Sapnap pull his sleepy eyes open to look at the back of Dream's head.

He found Dream's head lowered face down in his own arms, his shoulders shaking slightly. It made horrible guilt well into his chest, making it feel tight with everything swimming through his head.

He pressed his palms to his eyes tightly, not even sure how it had devolved to this point. When lights burst across his eyes from how hard he was pressing against them, he eased his hands up. He forced himself to turn away from Dream instead of torturing himself by watching Dream's private

breakdown.

They would figure it out. He kept repeating that to himself all night and he repeated it himself again as he turned away.

When he opened his eyes again he met George's sleepy gaze. Mild surprise raced through him that George was already awake when it was still the early hours of the morning. He flicked his eyes between George's dark brown eyes quickly. All he found in the lines of George's face was sleepy consideration.

With a huff, he rolled onto his back. He stared at the ceiling, not really focusing on anything. After spending all night wishing for the moment for George to wake up just so they could get their conversation over with, he was somehow feeling nerves crawling over his skin.

An arm wrapped around his stomach, gentle and reassuring in his warmth. "Good morning." George's sleepy accent pulled at Sapnap's heart strings. It hurt how much he loved them and how scared he was at the idea of losing them.

He heard a sharp noise from where Dream was sitting. "Ow, fuck." Dream's voice was low, obviously meant for himself. He tacked on louder, for both of them, "Are you both awake?"

"Yeah," George sighed out, his arm shifted so he could trace a gentle line across Sapnap's jaw. "Did you sleep?"

There was a long drawn out pause before Dream answered in a small voice, "No. Not really. I tried though..."

Sapnap couldn't help the scoff that broke through his lips, "No you didn't. You sat on your phone for half the night and then started editing." He kept his eyes on the ceiling as he spoke, he hadn't meant to call out Dream like that, but his own lack of sleep was eating away at his mind.

"That means you didn't sleep either." George sounded exhausted already, even though he was the only one who slept.

"I at least tried." Sapnap finally looked at Dream. Guilt was something he had started to grow familiar with since coming home late and finding Dream's eyelashes clumped together with tears and George sleeping in an awkward position on the couch. The roaring stab of guilt at the sight of Dream's broken look left him winded.

"I-" Dream stopped his words and looked away. Sapnap knew him too well, knew his mind was racing with broken thoughts to find the words he wanted to say. "Why did you leave?"

"Really, Dream? Right now? I just woke up." George groaned, burning his face into Sapnap's shoulder.

"Yes. Right now. He ran away. Again." Dream stood up, his green eyes dull with lack of sleep and too much anxiety. "After I told him I love him."

"I needed space," Sapnap defended weakly. This wasn't how he expected this to go. He didn't expect the broken anger in Dream's face. He had thought of so many different variations of this conversation, but somehow hadn't dreamed up of one where Dream was angry.

Dream was very rarely angry. When he was angry, it tended to be explosive and Dream said many things he didn't mean. That didn't bode well for this conversation.

“Dream, maybe we should wait until later and you should try to get some sleep.” George sat up to look at Dream over Sapnap’s prone form.

“If you can’t handle it, then leave. You will probably find some excuse to miss out on the conversation anyway.” Dream’s tired eyes moved from Sapnap to George. “Both of you just run away all the time.” His voice cracked over the last word.

George tensed, his body going rigid and unmoving next to Sapnap. When Sapnap glanced at him, his face was unreadable.

“Dream, I wasn’t running.” He pulled his eyes away from George, trying not to worry about the way he seemed to have shut down, “I needed space and to talk to someone who wasn’t you two. So, I went to Punz’s place. I came home though.”

“You had to do that after I told you I love you?” Dream’s voice was tight, his arms hugging his stomach.

“Yeah, after you told me you love me. I needed to think, Dream. And if I had stayed here, one of you would have done something, and I was going to get all wrapped up in everything and not be able to think everything through fully.” Sapnap rolled his eyes. He pushed George’s tense arm off him so he could sit up.

“We wouldn’t have done anything, yesterday’s calendar task wasn’t anything.” Dream threw his hands up, “That’s a bullshit excuse, Sapnap.”

The lack of sleep was starting to catch up with Sapnap too. He felt anger - hot and sharp - surge through him. All he wanted to do was have a heartfelt discussion about where they were going to go after all this, and Dream was attacking him for needing a moment to himself. “That’s the whole thing Dream, everything we have done is about the fucking calendar-”

“You bought the calendar in the first place.” Dream stood up in agitated fury, pacing in front of his chair, his hand twitching against his leg.

“Yeah, I did, and it made me realize a lot of things, but I’m terrified of the last day.” Sapnap looked away, he let his eyes focus on the sun rays shining through the window.

“What happens on the last day?” George asked, finally contributing to the charged atmosphere, his voice small, but nonetheless heard.

Sapnap jerked his eyes around to look at George, “Nothing. It’s just over. We don’t have this thing keeping us going. What happens then? What happens when we don’t have rules to our game anymore?”

“I- What?” Dream’s voice raised slightly, “You think this is just a game for us?”

Frustration bloomed in Sapnap’s chest. How did he not understand that Sapnap was confused and lost, and they hadn’t done anything to help him understand what was going to happen when it was all over? “You were the one that said this was just Dream Team stuff!”

It burst out of him like a firecracker, disjointed and burning bright. It fizzled out almost immediately too, leaving him feeling empty and burnt out. “I’m just so scared, Dream.”

A soft hand came to gently rub his side, a tiny reassurance that George was right there. Sapnap was glad he didn’t try to wrap him in a hug or express his reassurance in some confining way, it would have left his frazzled nerves fried even more. It probably would have ended in him crying.

Dream deflated from where he was standing. He just stared at Sapnap, looking so very defeated, “I think we all are, Sap.”

“I-” Sapnap stopped as hot tears started to well up in his eyes, “I just don’t want to lose you two over this stupid fucking calendar.” He felt overwhelmed and tired in a way he hadn’t in a long time, emotionally drained to the core and stripped bare before both of them. “You two mean too much to me for that. Both of you are my entire world.”

Dream took a halting step forward, his eyes boring into Sapnap, “Why didn’t you tell us this before?”

The question packed a lot of punch, it hurt a bit too in the broken way Dream delivered it. George’s fingers stilled in their gentle reassuring motions, like he was waiting for the answer too even if he was mostly a quiet force in this discussion.

“I didn’t know how to. That’s why I talked to Punz. He helped me sort out my thoughts. Because I knew-” He took a gulping deep breath. This was what he had wanted to really bring forward in the quiet rehearsals he had put on in his mind all night. He wasn’t fully sure he was ready, but he didn’t have a choice now.

“I knew that I wanted us to be more, but I didn’t know how to say it, and then you confessed that right after we had finished having the most intense sex I’ve ever had, and George wasn’t there and I got so scared because what if you didn’t mean it.” It came out jumbled and messy, but all of his thoughts were there. Well, most of them.

“Why would I not mean it?” Dream lifted one hand to pick at the chapped skin of his petal pink lips. It was an anxious habit Sapnap knew he had and it honestly didn’t surprise him that he was doing it now.

“Well, to be clear, it was right after really good sex and it could have just been all those feel-good endorphins or some bullshit.” Sapnap half shrugged ignoring George’s muffled snort from next to him, “But, I don’t know, you have said it thousands of times before just in passing. How was I to know for sure you meant it like that this time?”

“I guess that’s true...” Dream’s arm fell to his side. He walked forward until he could settle down on the edge of the bed. “Well I did mean it. I don’t-” He let out a whooshing breath and looked down at the floor, “I don’t expect you to respond or say the words back. Either of you. But I do mean it. I love both of you.”

George made a soft humming noise, scooting forward until he could reach out and lace his fingers with Dream’s fiddling ones. Sapnap, in an almost hysterical intrusive thought, wondered if George did it to stop Dream’s anxious picking at the dead skin around his nails.

“I-” Something choked Sapnap up from returning the words, from soothing them both with an affirmation of his own, “What does this make us?”

“Does it have to be complicated?” George asked, finally speaking up. He turned his dark, considering gaze onto Sapnap’s face. “Dream loves us, and I think he always has, since he’s a simp.”

There was a wet sounding wheeze that Dream gave off. “The biggest simp out there. Just for you two.” The words and Dream’s easy tone returning made warm affection bloom in Sapnap’s chest.

“Yeah, well.” George rolled his eyes, slouching down in obvious embarrassment, his cheeks

stained petal pink at Dream's affection. "That. But the three of us have always been closer than most best friends. And now if you add in us fucking what really makes us any different from the natural progression of a horrible friends to lovers story?"

"You read too much fanfiction George," Dream scoffed. "I don't know. I think I would be down to call you two my boyfriends."

"Punz is going to make so much fun of me," Sapnap groaned as soon as the word 'boyfriend' left Dream's mouth. "I'm never going to be able to talk to him again."

"Wait, what? What?!" Dream's head swiveled around to look at him with wide eyes. It was almost comical the way his flabbergasted surprise was written on his face, "What exactly did you tell Punz?"

Sapnap winced, "Well, most of it to be honest. He's chill though. I just needed to sort my thoughts out, like I said." This was getting repetitive and embarrassing. It wasn't surprising considering Sapnap and Dream hadn't slept a wink the night before.

"He's never going to let me live it down though." Dream groaned loudly, his face pressed into his hands. "You are very much his favorite out of us three. He'll hunt me down and hurt me for everything you said. I doubt he'll blame George, he has too much pretty privilege. It's not fair."

"L," Sapnap laughed lightly, rubbing his eyes with a sleepy yawn. Now that their emotions had run out and they were returning to gentle teasing bordering on flirting, his lack of sleep was catching up.

"Maybe we should think about the whole boyfriends thing after you two take a couch nap and I stream or something." George glanced between them. "I think I would be happy to take that step, but you two are running on no sleep so we should have that conversation when you both have had sleep. You included, Dream." The pointed look he settled on Dream made an almost hysterical laugh bubble up Sapnap's throat.

"I don't think I would mind a couch nap." Sapnap sleepily glanced between the two of them. The prospect of cuddling with either of them after that exhausting borderline argument sounded heavenly.

Dream clapped his hands together and climbed out of bed, "Perfect. To the couch!" He reached for Sapnap and hauled him off the bed a lot easier than should have been possible.

It made Sapnap's stomach drop out. He let out a yelp of surprise, immediately wrapping his arms and legs around Dream to cling on like a panda bear. "Dream!" He scolded lightly, ignoring George's light giggle in the background, "A warning?"

"Why would I do that?" Dream wheezed out, his hands clutching at Sapnap's thighs to hold him up.

"I personally found that funny." George's voice was warm with his amusement, "You should do it again when he's least expecting it, Dream."

"You two hate me," Sapnap whined in light annoyance, letting his head fall down onto Dream's shoulder. He fought another yawn that was building in his throat.

There was a rumbling chuckle he could feel where he was pressed against Dream, "Well..." Dream's breath ruffled his hair. "I don't know about that." He turned and started to walk towards the hall.

Sapnap turned his head to look over at George. He caught the tail end of George stretching, a strip of pale skin being hidden by a sleep rumpled shirt. It was unfairly attractive, but Sapnap was too tired for his mind to wander.

George rubbed his eyes and followed after them, “I mean. I hate Sapnap, but that’s just because he’s annoying.”

“Shut up, bitch.” Sapnap couldn’t even muster enough energy to make his voice sharp with fake anger. Instead it sounded soft and affectionate in a weird way, contrasting the mean words.

George just gave him a closed lip smile, his fingers running through his messy hair. It came across smug and self assured in a way that normally would have gotten a rise out of Sapnap. He was too tired to care though. Instead he turned his head to bury his face into Dream’s neck.

The gentle bounce of Dream walking almost lulled him to sleep before they even reached the living room. When Dream did stop walking his words were slurred and soft with his own drowsiness, “I need to set you down for just a moment, baby.”

““Kay.” Sapnap yawned as he slid down. His feet touched the floor and he swayed sleepily as Dream laid down on the couch.

Dream opened his arms and beckoned him in with cute little finger scrunches. Sapnap didn’t have it in him to protest or make a big deal about him being the one sleeping on top. Every second that passed, he drifted closer to the edge of sleep.

He settled down on top of Dream, mindful of his elbows as warm arms warped around him and a chin rested on top of his head. Sleep clouded his mind within moments of his eyes being closed, blissful and welcoming.

When he woke, the quiet waves of sleep tried desperately to drag him back under. Gentle tapping pulled him further from its depths though. He yawned slowly and groggily opened his eyes to find the light shining through the window, bright with the midday sun.

“Are you awake?” Dream’s voice was gentle, like he wasn’t sure and if Sapnap was still asleep he didn’t want to wake him.

“I just woke up.” His voice came out sleep rough and cracking at the end. Reflexively, he cleared his throat, “How long did we sleep?”

“It’s just past noon. I’ve been awake for about an hour.” A gentle hand came to rest on the side of Sapnap’s hand. It was a soft weight, grounding him as he slowly woke up more and more.

They laid there in silence for a bit before Sapnap asked softly, “Is George still live?”

“Hm.” Dream’s fingers tapped against his screen before a George scream sounded out of his phone. A moment later it went silent. “Yes. He is.”

“Bet the fans are happy,” Sapnap yawned out.

“Hm. Yeah. George has been trending for like 2 hours at least I think.” Dream sighed quietly, he set his phone down on Sapnap’s side, “I’m worried about him.”

It took a moment for those words to register in Sapnap’s still somewhat sleep fogged brain. When they did, it was like they jolted him awake. He pushed himself up slightly to look down at Dream. Dream’s green eyes looked tired despite their nap, and he was watching Sapnap with his lips

pressed tight together.

“What?” Surprised echoed in the word, expressing the feelings that raced down Sapnap’s spin.

Dream huffed out a long sigh, his chest lifting Sapnap up and slowly raising him. “I don’t know. I was thinking about everything while you were still asleep, and I think I have been so wrapped up in your tendency to just flat out run away, I missed him just...” He trailed off, one of his hands moving to rub into his eye roughly.

Sapnap was bewildered, “He’s George. He’s fine.”

“I don’t know.” Dream dropped his hand back onto the arm of the couch. “Maybe I’m overthinking again.”

“Plus, I don’t run away.” Sapnap pushed all the way off of Dream, standing up ungracefully. “We talked about that this morning already.”

“Talked, heh.” Dream let out a half laugh. When Sapnap turned to look at him, he was sitting up with one arm propped under him. “I’m sorry I lost my temper.”

Guilt rushed through Sapnap at Dream’s apology, “I shouldn’t have left you hanging like that.” He sighed and rubbed his face. “We shouldn’t have this conversation without George. As much as he hates serious conversations.” Sapnap rolled his eyes.

“I’ll text him and tell him to end stream and come down.” Dream reached for his phone where it fell on the ground when Sapnap stood up.

Sapnap’s stomach growled loudly. His hand flew to cover it, an embarrassed flush heating his cheeks, “Can we make some lunch while he ends stream?”

Dream glanced at him from where he was typing out the message on his phone. “And by we, you mean me, right?”

“Well, yeah.” He scoffed slightly, trying not to laugh when Dream rolled his eyes dramatically.

They ended up in the kitchen a few minutes later. Sapnap didn’t have to follow Dream to the kitchen, but he had this itching need to be close to either Dream or George. George wasn’t really an option since he was wrapping up his stream still, so the kitchen it was.

He hopped up on the counter as Dream pulled out things to make pancakes. They sat in relative peaceful silence as they waited for George to join them; the only sound was Dream occasionally humming a tune or another from some song he was working on.

It was minutes later while Dream was flipping a pancake that George finally came into the kitchen. He didn’t say anything as he walked over to where Sapnap was sitting on the counter and pivoted to rest his elbows on the counter next to him.

Sapnap watched his movement for a moment before he turned back to watching Dream flip pancakes. There was a long comfortable silence between the three of them until George interrupted it.

“So, what are you two thinking now that you have slept a bit?” George sounded a weird mix between bored and cautious, like he was trying to hide his own emotions about it until one of them said something more.

Sapnap kicked his feet against the cabinet softly. He let his eyes trail away from Dream so he could stare at a corner of the kitchen. “I just, I don’t want this to stop after we finish the stupid calendar.”

“Okay...” George took a deep breath, he was close enough to where Sapnap was sitting that the movement caused his arm to brush against Sapnap’s leg.

“I already admitted my feelings,” Dream mumbled, his eyes trained down on the pan in front of him. “I don’t really know about you two, but honestly, I loved both of you before we started this whole escapade. Now it’s just more, I guess.”

“We *are* on our friends to lovers arc.” George’s laugh was awkward, his own eyes looking down at his feet.

The joking comment brought a light laugh out of Sapnap and an equal wheeze out of Dream. “Well.” Dream glanced over at both of them before pouring more batter onto the pan.

“Wait.” Dream’s words finally fully processed for Sapnap, “When did you tell George you love him?”

George cleared his throat awkwardly, “He told me last night when he had a breakdown about you running away after he told you. It was very romantic.” Sapnap caught the tail end of George rolling his eyes and looking away from both of them.

“I was having a small moment,” Dream defended weakly, glancing at George with the spatula hanging loosely from his fingers.

“You could say that again.” George turned his head to look over Sapnap and at Dream. Both of them froze when their eyes met for a moment. Dream ended their tense staredown when he had to turn back to the stove.

“So Sapnap is horny, and Dream is a simp. Nothing new there.” George pushed off from the counter, “What about what I said? The three of us, Dream Team.” His voice went a little high and teasing, “boyfriends?”

“Boyfriends,” Dream echoed quietly. Even from the poor angle, Sapnap could see Dream bit his lip slowly to hide his small smile.

Sapnap couldn’t help the slow smile that spread across his face at the prospect. The argument that morning aside, this conversation was going better than he could have hoped for. “Never thought I would end up with a boyfriend in high school, let alone two.”

“Or that they would be your two best friends.” Dream dumped the pancake on the small tower and turned the heat off. Without a second glance at the doughy goodness he had made, he walked over to Sapnap in two quick steps.

Sapnap swallowed heavily, “I think I read somewhere that there is a very fine line between best friends and lovers. The three of us probably crossed that line a long time ago.”

Dream’s big hands dwarfed Sapnap’s thighs as he gently pushed them apart and stepped in between his now spread legs. One hand lifted and pressed into his cheek, “Oh, I think we probably crossed it before things even got physical.”

He leant down and pressed a gentle kiss to his lips. It was soft in a way that Sapnap wasn’t sure any of their kisses had been yet. When he pulled back, George had boxed both of them in, his chin coming to rest over Dream’s shoulder.

Sapnap flicked his eyes between both George and Dream's faces. What he found there was fond expressions that made him want to melt. It was a lot all at once, but somehow the most appropriate expressions for the moment they were having.

"How are we going to ever tell the fans?" He couldn't help breaking the moment with the question, not used to so much gentle affection at once from them. They normally focused it on one another or individually on him.

So, he asked a question that had come up when he talked to Punz the day before.

"Pretty sure they know," Dream wheezed out, "I was gaslighting them, but you said you were sick so now they are back on the DreamNotNap sus tweets." He shifted back and pulled out his phone to show Sapnap a screenshot, "I was going to show you when you got home yesterday, but..."

dreamnotnap

Top Latest People Photos

Rowel @hugz4karlnap • 13m
dnfers and snfers for once are reunited, b with dreamnappers

3 2 9

★Paltuki★ @paltuki_meow • 4m
FOR THE PPL WHO SAID THAT DREAMNO IS NOT REAL:

pau esta @pauscool • 12n
for that people that wasn't here, bo started stream and acted extremel sap looked like he was about to die

nowhere when gnt was punishing hi
ended stream.

173

1769

420



x1111m 😐 @womanluver666 • 13n
guess who's under sap's desk!
(clue: dreamnotnap is real).
-Dream
-Clay

5

1

7



kamu <3 @sofimybeloved • 5m
SO WE ALL AGREE THAT DREAMNOT
REAL, RIGHT? OR AM I GOING INSA

1

3

6



mixi @dteamsupporter • 14m
pretty sure that dream was there, dre

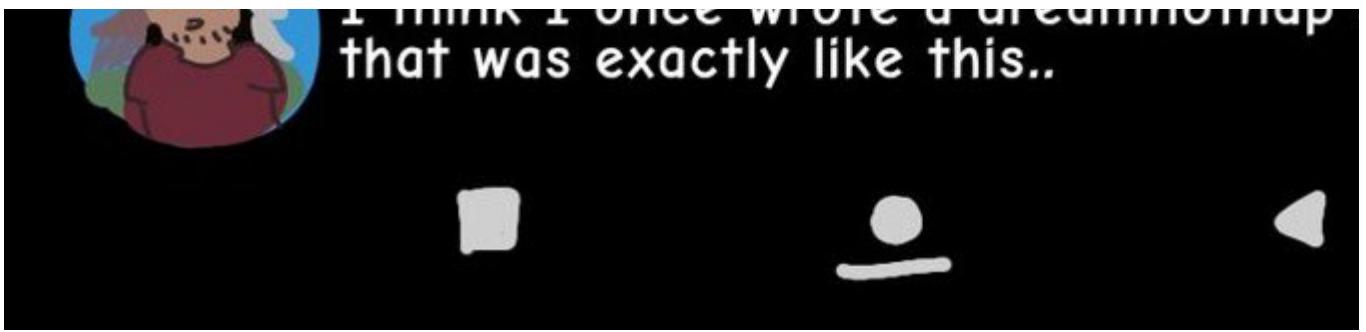
5

4

19



Kimb 🥕🔥 @kkmbry7 • 7m
I think I once wrote a dreamnotnap



“Instead, he tormented me by sending me the screenshots while I was trying to actually edit.” George rolled his eyes and stepped back from Dream.

“For once.” Dream rolled his eyes, pulling away as well. He locked his phone before Sapnap could even fully read the tweets on it, but he got the gist. “We should eat the pancakes before they get cold.”

“And then we should check the calendar’s task.” George gave Sapnap a sharp closed lip smile, like maybe he already knew what it was. Like maybe he knew exactly where Sapnap had hidden all the coins and things from his calendar and had gone and looked at the coin for today before coming down.

Sapnap narrowed his eyes at him, “What if we don’t?” He couldn’t help the question. He had grown to resent the calendar. Even if it had brought them to this point, he wasn’t sure how he felt about George still pushing for them to do a task.

“Well, you know what it is,” Dream pointed out, dividing out the pancakes. “Plus, we really only got to cuddle a tiny bit yesterday and, I don’t know about you two, but I’ve been spoiled with getting to touch both of you recently.”

George let out a soft hum, a slow smirk taking over his face, “See, Sapnap.” His condescending tone was back, “Dream wants to keep playing the game, don’t you?”

Sapnap knew when to admit defeat, “Fine.” He rolled his eyes, “After we eat and maybe cuddle some more though.”

Dream’s pancakes were a perfect amount of fluffy and sweet. He managed to get into an argument with both Dream and George about them needing to make chicken waffles with some of the chicken being spicy while they ate. It felt normal and sweet. It had a different feel than things felt even before they started the calendar.

After they finished, they unceremoniously dumped their plates into the sink and cuddled up on the couch with Dream laying across both George and Sapnap’s laps. George turned on some movie that Sapnap barely paid attention to; instead, he basked in being able to sit with both of them in the knowledge that they had settled on being boyfriends on top of best friends.

When the movie turned off, Dream set his phone onto the coffee table. He rolled over to look first at Sapnap then George, “So... day 19?”

“Yes.” George smiled, “I’ll go get the box.” He tapped Dream’s side, “You keep Sapnap here in case he tries to run away again.”

Dream sat up and, in an annoyingly fluid motion, he shifted to straddle Sapnap’s legs, promptly sitting in his lap. It was a weird flip on their normal situation and it made Sapnap’s throat feel dry, “There. He can’t leave now.” Dream’s smirk was way too self satisfied in Sapnap’s opinion.

Sapnap let out an annoyed and frustrated groan, “I am not going to run away, Jesus fucking Christ.” His voice came out a lot raspier than he expected it and was very much a telling sign for how much Dream sitting on his lap affected him.

“We’ll believe it when we see it.” George’s voice came tossed over his shoulder from where he was somehow already walking up the stairs to their rooms.

“You two are so annoying,” Sapnap huffed out heavily, letting his head tilt back onto the couch, the Christmas tree catching his eye briefly. He was trying desperately to ignore Dream’s weight keeping him in place. It was hard though, with the ever present heat from where his ass pressed into his legs and his knees boxed Sapnap in.

“That’s not what you think when we make you scream, Princess.” Chapped lips dragged along his neck, distracting Sapnap from his attempts to ignore that Dream was currently very much sitting on his lap.

“I-” His voice was lost in a helpless whimper when Dream dragged his teeth gently against his Adam’s apple.

“You what?” Dream’s voice dipped into a low baritone, his teeth scraping just a little bit harder against Sapnap’s skin.

It made Sapnap’s mind reel, thoughts flying away before he could grasp onto them. “It’s not fair,” he whispered out, throwing an arm over his eyes to block out the light. He was sure that if he couldn’t look at Dream, he would somehow be able to gain control of his thoughts again, not that he was really looking at Dream before.

“What’s not fair, pet?” George’s voice was somehow sharp and sweet all at once. How he had gotten the box from under Dream’s bed and made it back down so fast was beyond Sapnap.

Firm fingers wrapped around both of Sapnap’s wrists and pinned them down on either side of his head against the couch. “Look at us when we talk to you.” Dream’s voice was hard in a way it very rarely was. It made Sapnap arch up into him on instinct.

“Not fair how you two can just do this.” He barely managed to focus on Dream, already feeling hot and hazy and out of control. Maybe he just had so much pent up from the last few days that made it easy for them to take him apart.

The sound of the little door popping open was loud and ringing in Sapnap’s ears. He knew it shouldn’t have been like that, but somehow he felt over sensitized. Knowing what George was about to read didn’t help.

“Hm...” George hummed out into the silence and Sapnap couldn’t help rolling his head to the side to see George’s form. In one hand nipple clamps attached by a chain hung from a finger and three candles, red, blue and green, were held loosely in his hands.

Sapnap didn’t remember his candles being that appropriate mix of colors, but he wasn’t fully sure what had come in his box anymore outside of the things that haunted his mind. The colors of the candles were a minor detail compared to what they signified.

“Wax play and nipple clamps,” George read out slowly, his dark eyes flicked to where Dream had Sapnap pinned to the couch. “I think I’ll save these for another day.” He bounced his finger until the chain slipped off and the clamps fell to the coffee table with a light clatter, “we have plenty of time later.”

Dream swiveled his head around to look at what George was doing. Sapnap couldn't see his facial expression from the way he was pinned to the couch, but he did feel the small movement in Dream's hips as he rocked his half-hard cock against Sapnap's legs. "Fuck. Can I hold him down while you drip the wax on his back?"

"You just want to feel him squirm around on top of you." George rolled his eyes, he glanced around the room, his eyes landing on the lighter they kept above the fireplace. He set the candles down one by one on the side table next to the couch before going to grab it.

"Can you blame me?" Dream turned back to further pin Sapnap in place with his lust filled green eyes. "He's just delicious."

Sapnap shuddered, his eyes slipping closed. It was overwhelming. He knew from the things they had already done that sharp pricks of pain just heightened the pleasure for him. He always had a small obsession with candles. When he had gone to Christmas services as a kid and the wax from the white candles they held while singing Holy Night dripped onto his fingers, he had liked the feeling.

He had been trying not to think of this day swirled up in between the others. He had secretly hoped George would pick only the clamps. Plus, he had somewhat forgotten about this day and what it was going to hold with everything else going on.

"Well, get him ready," George snapped impatiently, the clicking of their lighter accentuating his tone.

The weight on his legs lifted off him. The fingers around his wrists pulled, making Sapnap stand up on wobbly legs. He cracked open an eye when Dream moved his hands to steady him by grasping onto his shoulders.

"Are you okay with this?" His tone tilted towards a little worried even as the flush on his cheeks gave him away.

Sapnap nodded slowly, he closed his eyes and swallowed heavily. Slowly he managed to pull his voice up past the quiet whines that wanted to break past his lips at the impending idea of wax painting his back. "Yeah. 'M Green. This is green. Good." It came out choppier than he intended, but that was okay. He had managed to say it and that was what mattered.

"Good." The hands left his shoulders and pulled his shirt up over his head. Sapnap helped slightly by raising his arms and dropping them with the movement.

He opened his eyes again slowly, just in time to catch Dream focusing on his chest. One of his big hands moved to pinch lightly at a nipple, making Sapnap arch his back into the delicious sparking pain.

"Are you sure we can't use the clamps today?" Dream asked huskily, "Imagine how swollen his nipples would get."

There was something intoxicating about how they would just talk about him like he wasn't there. Outside of that context, Sapnap would never have stood for it, but when Dream was slowly taking him apart and George was preparing to put him back together in the most heated way possible, Sapnap couldn't get enough of it.

He liked feeling like their little sex toy to use and abuse in the most delicious ways possible.

"Later, Dream. Patience is a virtue." George sounded bored. It made Sapnap twist his head around

to search him out. He was standing behind the couch, watching them with half lidded eyes. His hands lay limp over the back of it as he leaned forward slightly against the sturdy back.

The Christmas tree behind him cast a low glow around him, making it seem like he was radiating light. The candles on the side table, flickering with the dancing light of fire, didn't help. "George," He gasped out lightly, not fully realizing he had said it at all.

"Turn him around to look at me, Dream." George tilted his head to the side slowly.

Dream let out an annoyed sounding whine, "but, Kitten."

"Now, Dream." George's hard eyes left Sapnap's face to glare at Dream, "I'm giving you what you want by letting you hold him down and strip him, now put on a fucking show for me. Turn. Him. Around."

The hard, impatient words leaving George's mouth made heat shoot through Sapnap's stomach, his cock jumping at the words. Directed at Dream or at him, when George got that hard, unyielding tone, Sapnap couldn't help himself.

Dream's heavy hands landed on his hips and gently forced him to rotate around to face George. As soon as his back was fully to Dream, his arm came up and pulled Sapnap back against his chest.

The line of his cock pressed against Sapnap's lower back, reminding Sapnap just how much bigger than him his best friend was. It made him want to squirm, his legs feeling weak and his head cloudy.

"Now, Sapnap. I think you know what to call me." George leaned over the couch a bit more, his elbows taking more of his weight. "You did it the other day."

Sapnap whimpered quietly, searching blindly for what he had called George. For what George was referencing. His eyes slid shut as he thought, too overwhelmed by everything else to think straight without cutting off something. When it occurred to him exactly what it was George was referencing, his entire body twitched in Dream's hold. "Sir?"

"There you go. Dream, give him a little reminder of who he belongs to. Make it visible." There was a creak from the couch that made Sapnap assume George shifted his weight. He didn't open his eyes to check though, too overwhelmed by the lapping waves of heat that both of them stirred in him.

Dream's hand moved from where it had been lightly teasing at one nipple up to his neck, tracing hot lingering lines with his fingers as he went. His fingers gently squeezed, sending a jolt of heady haziness through Sapnap. He didn't linger there long though, even as his thumb stroked over his pulse.

Rough fingers gripped his jaw, forcing his head up and to the side. He squirmed slightly at the loss of control, barely processing Dream's hips pushing into his body as he moved. Hot lips brushed against his neck lacing more heat through his body.

A wet tongue pressed against his pulse before lips closed around the skin and sucked hard. It was a mix of pain and pleasure in the most delicious way, pressing more and more needy heat through Sapnap every time Dream sucked a little bit harder at his skin.

Teeth dug into the sensitive skin as Dream pulled back. They dragged against his skin and Sapnap felt a shudder run down his spine. He knew a purple-red hickey would be blooming there now. No way could he stream with his face cam any time soon.

“Good boy,” George breathed out heavily from his position on the couch.

Dream pressed his face roughly into Sapnap’s neck. His hand that had been clutching at Sapnap’s hip moved to palm roughly over Sapnap’s hard cock through his shorts. The pressure of it made Sapnap press back into Dream before pushing forward into his hand almost mindlessly.

“Can I finish stripping him now?” Dream’s words blew hot across Sapnap’s neck, his lips brushing wet lines where they rested.

George sighed, sounding put upon and annoyed. “I guess you can.”

Dream pulled back from Sapnap, the imprint of where he had been pressed against him felt cold without his ever present heat. Needy hands sloppily hooked fingers into his shorts and boxers before pushing them down without much warning.

Sapnap’s eyes snapped open when cold air hit his cock. He let out a whine at the abrupt feeling, “Daddy.” He let his head fall back so he could try and look at Dream.

Dream pulled him close again, one foot stepping onto the shorts and boxers that had pooled around his feet. It forced him to step out of them as he stepped back into Dream’s hold. “I’m right here, baby.” Gentle lips pressed against his sweat-dampened temple.

“Cold.” Sapnap tried desperately to say more words, to express that it was his dick that was cold now that it wasn’t in the warm confines of his clothes. He couldn’t though, a needy whine building up in his throat instead and his eyes falling closed again.

“Wow.” George sounded genuinely impressed, “He’s even more out of it than he was during the stream.”

“I know. Look at him.” Dream’s lips were a gentle pressure against his temple as he talked, blowing air against his damp skin. One of his big hands wrapped around his cock and stroked slowly.

It lit a fire in Sapnap’s veins and he couldn’t help the wanton moan that leaked from his lips. His hips shifted to press into Dream’s stroking hand. The dry drag of it left a burning desire in him, over anything else.

Sapnap didn’t know he liked it rougher than the gentle slick drag that lube or spit gave until now. “Daddy, Sir, please.”

“Can we let him cum before you put the wax on him? Get him all lax just to work him up again?” Dream’s questions sounded almost as needy as Sapnap felt, rushed out as his hand sped up slightly.

All Sapnap could focus on was the prospect that he might get to cum. “Please.” He whimpered out again, chasing the burning pleasure building in his gut.

“Hmmm...” George let out a thoughtful hum, letting the room fall into silence outside of the sounds of the slickened drag of Dream’s hand rubbing Sapnap’s leaking pre-cum up and down his heated skin on his cock. “I guess.”

Sapnap wanted to breathe out gratitude, but his words were lost as Dream’s hand sped up even more. He opened his lips only for a broken moan to press out over words he wanted to speak. His hips moved against his will.

The heat in his gut grew to a burning fire that roared through him. Pleasure crashed through him,

taking him almost by surprise as it pulsed through him. Dream kept his movements up as his cum landed on his stomach and Dream's hand, slicking the strokes even more.

He collapsed back as the pulsing pleasure came to a low simmer, leaving him feeling pleasantly buzzed instead. Dream held his weight easily, his hand letting go of Sapnap's spent cock to rub his cum into his skin slowly.

"So fucking pretty when you cum, baby," He breathed out into Sapnap's ear.

Sapnap opened his eyes to find George peering over at the candles, "I think the red one has enough wax we could get started."

"Perfect timing." Dream moved Sapnap around gently so that he was facing him, "Give me a little hop, baby."

Sapnap hopped without even thinking, his mind too busy floating on the gentle rolls of pleasure that always seemed to come after a good orgasm. Dream's hands hooked under Sapnap's ass and pulled him up further until Sapnap was forced to wrap his legs around Dream's hips again. "You like this." He meant for it to come out accusatory but instead it came out soft and small.

"Maybe. I have a size kink, Princess; are you surprised I like that I can pick you up so easily?" Dream wheezed lightly, pressing a gentle kiss to his cheek. "You look a little dazed, baby. Can you give me your color?"

"Green," Sapnap sighed out and nuzzled into Dream's chest. "Feel good."

"Good. George, you're green too, right?" Dream slowly sat on the couch, securing Sapnap in his lap as he did so.

"Yeah." George sounded a little preoccupied as he answered, "You?"

"I'm more than green. I don't know what is more than green, but I'm more." Dream pushed Sapnap to his knees slightly, "I need to strip too, so if George accidentally drips wax on me, it doesn't ruin my clothes."

Sapnap nodded slowly, taking a moment to process the words. By the time he did, Dream's shirt was already off and he was awkwardly wiggling out of his sweats under Sapnap. He couldn't help the way he focused on Dream's hard cock as it rested against his stomach, curving to the side slightly.

He reached forward as if in a trance, and gently wrapped his fingers around it. The velvety skin felt warm and nice under his fingers and he gave it a soft stroke.

Dream's breath left him in a whoosh, blowing across Sapnap's face. He gripped onto Sapnap's wrist and pulled his hand away from his cock, "Not yet baby. After George is done with the wax."

"Okay." Sapnap couldn't find a reason to argue with that. Instead, he settled against Dream's chest.

He felt a little dizzy as Dream shifted them so they were laying across the couch, instead of sitting up. It settled when the movement stopped though. He closed his eyes as a heavy hand gripped both of his wrists together and held them gently behind his back, "Okay, George. He's ready."

"Finally." George sounded more than a little impatient.

Sapnap relaxed down into Dream's chest as he waited for the first feeling of wax hitting his back.

Even though he knew it was coming, he still tensed as a hot spike of immediate pain followed by glowing warm pleasure hit his back. He shuddered against Dream's hold, pressing his face tightly into Dream's neck.

"Is it okay, baby?" Dream asked gently, the hand that wasn't holding his arms together ran fingers through his sweat damp hair.

"S good." He slurred out, trying to fight through the floaty haze that had only strengthened over his mind. He wanted to explain to Dream that the feeling of wax hitting his skin burned hot pleasure through him, but his voice wouldn't cooperate.

Those two words seemed to be all George needed to hear, as more wax landed with small plopping noises on his skin. It made Sapnap squirm helplessly against Dream. The constant mix of the burning pain with the warm glowing pleasure blending into a swirling mess across his skin.

He knew there were pauses in the warm wax hitting his skin, knew he had small breaks where both Dream and George checked in with him, but they blurred together as his mind sunk deep into a pleasant haze.

He nuzzled almost drunkenly against Dream's neck as George trailed the wax over first one ass cheek and then the other, small moans leaking past his lips and spit coating Dream's neck where he panted out the feelings coursing through his body.

"He's leaking so much, George." Dream sounded like he was far away even though Sapnap could feel the vibrations of his voice under him.

"I'm almost out of wax. We have been at it for a while." George's voice sounded rough from where he spoke nearby. "He's so good for us. You've done good too, Dreamie. What do you want for being so patient and holding him still for me?"

Sapnap whimpered at the break in the constant pattern of burning pain followed by warm soaking pleasure. He arched his back, trying to find it almost mindlessly. Something pulled and there was a small satisfying cracking noise before little pieces of wax tickled down his sides.

Dream's fingers on his wrists tightened, "Not yet, Princess. I'll peel it off in a second." There was a pause followed by quiet words, "Can I ride him?"

"Is that what you want?" George sounded surprised, and there was a soft patter of feet. Nimble fingers brushed along the back of Sapnap's neck before stopping where wax was pulling at his skin.

"Yeah. After we peel the wax off, I want to kiss his sensitive skin and then ride him since he was so good for us." The fingers in his hair left to drag down and meet the fingers tracing the outline of the wax.

"You can kiss his skin after I'm done peeling off the wax myself." A different set of fingers laced into his hair, pulling his face away from Dream's neck.

Sapnap blinked away the harsh light of the room, spots dancing in his vision before he hazily peered at George who was kneeling next to the couch. "Sir," He slurred out slowly, flexing his hands against the grip around his wrists.

"Hi, baby. How are you feeling?" George moved his hand from Sapnap's back to race along his chin that was damp with his leaking spit.

“‘M ‘reen.’ He leaned into the touch, “‘eel good.’” He couldn’t manage any other words past the cotton haziness in his mind, floating too high and wanting to chase more of the pattern of pain and pleasure that had lulled his mind into emptiness.

“Ready for me to peel the wax off?” A thumb moved to press against his bottom lip gently, “Then your Daddy will make you feel so good.”

Sapnap nodded slowly, not able to make his mouth form words anymore. Instead, he pushed his tongue out to lick along the thumb pressing into his lip, needing to taste something. George’s eyes darkened.

He pushed his thumb slowly into Sapnap’s mouth, “Fuck, maybe I’ll use that pretty mouth of yours. Shut you up with my cock.”

“His mouth is very good, George.” Dream added quietly, one finger starting to pick at the mass of wax on Sapnap’s back.

“Hm.” George pulled his thumb from Sapnap’s mouth. He disappeared from Sapnap’s field of view and a weight settled on his legs. His nimble fingers joined Dream’s idle one and started to pull slowly at the wax sticking to Sapnap’s skin.

It felt satisfying as it pulled off, small cracking noises sounding through the quiet of the room as part of the wax started to give out. Dream shifted one leg under him and pressed it up into Sapnap’s neglected and leaking cock.

Mindlessly, he ground down as the pull of wax continued. Soft lips pressed into his sensitive skin, making a whining moan press past his panting breaths. His lashes felt clumped together with the overwhelming sensations dancing across his back.

He couldn’t even track where George was moving, his entire back on fire with sensitivity. It felt good, like a live wire to his cock every time Geroe exposed more skin and pressed burning kisses to it.

When George reached his ass, the tears started to leak past his eyelids, dropping onto Dream’s chest as a broken hiccup sounded from his lips. It was so overwhelmingly good he couldn’t think straight at all, noises leaving him as he started to lose track of everything again.

“Color, Princess?” Dream’s voice was grounding in a way, reminding him that he wasn’t alone.

“Green.” His voice cracked over the word, a moan following it as he ground down against Dream’s leg.

“Good. Don’t cum yet, baby. George is almost done. Such a good Princess for us.” Dream’s fingers traced over his sensitive skin, leaving burning traces of pleasant tingles dancing over his back.

George flicked the exposed skin on one of his ass cheeks as he pulled back the last remains of the wax on the other. He pressed another one of his searing kisses to Sapnap’s skin followed by the press of teeth.

Sapnap sobbed brokenly into Dream’s chest, his cock twitching with the mixed feeling of too much pain and too much pleasure all at once. If he hadn’t cum before they started pouring wax onto his skin, he was sure he would have lost it right then.

Slowly, George let go of the skin between his teeth. His hands rubbed down Sapnap’s back in an

almost soothing gesture, gentle and caring against the smooth over-sensitized skin. “So good for us. Dream, you want a go at kissing his skin?”

“No. I want to ride him now.” Dream’s voice was hoarse when he spoke this time, “Please.” It cracked on the last word in a desperate way.

“Okay.” The weight on his legs lifted off. Gentle hands slid past his sides and between where his sweaty skin stuck to Dream’s chest, “Let’s get you on your back for your Daddy, baby.” George guided him up onto his shaking legs.

Dream stood up before Sapnap could even fully steady himself, instead leaning heavily against George’s arms, his body trembling with all the sensations rushing through him. He lost track of Dream when George pressed demanding fingers into his chin and pulled his head up to press a burning kiss onto his lips.

Wet heat pressed his lax lips open, George’s tongue invading his mouth with ease. It was heady the way George just took over, pressing into him even with something as simple as his tongue laying claim to his mouth. His tongue pushed Sapnap’s down, trapping it against his bottom teeth, as he licked against the ridges at the top of his mouth just behind his teeth.

“I’m ready, I’m ready.” Dream sounded desperate from behind them, needy in a way that reflected Sapnap’s own burning need.

George pulled back from the pressing kiss, a line of saliva connecting their lips messily until it broke and fell against Sapnap’s chest to mix in with sweat. “Did you prep yourself?” George held Sapnap’s head still with his fingers, limiting Sapnap from turning to look at Dream.

“A little bit, please, George, Kitten. I laid out a soft blanket for him and everything.” Dream’s voice dipped low at the end, trying to coax George into listening to him in the only way he knew how.

“Hm, fine.” George let go of Sapnap’s chin and guided him back to the couch with firm hands on his hips. “Ready for your Daddy to make you feel good?”

Sapnap whined brokenly, nodded his head quickly. He wanted anything they were willing to give him. Anything they wanted after how good they made him feel.

His ass and back touching the soft fuzz of the blanket was overwhelming. It was gentle against his sensitive skin, but in almost a tortuous way. His hips bucked up mindlessly at the sensation until Dream’s big hands pressed them back down.

“Need you to hold still for just a moment, baby.” Dream shifted to straddle him, one hand lifting from his hips to grab onto his cock.

Pleasure bolted through him as the pressure of Dream’s hand surrounded his aching cock. He would have mindlessly chased his pleasure using Dream’s hand if it wasn’t for the other one holding him steadfastly still. Somehow, that made the rolling pleasure so much sweeter.

The head of his cock brushed against one of Dream’s ass cheeks as he hovered over Sapnap, a look of concentration plastered to his sweat glistening face. The moan that left Sapnap’s throat at the feeling turned into a sobbing scream as Dream sank down over him.

It was almost too much and still somehow not enough. The hot wet warmth surrounding his aching sensitive cock made the rolling tides of burning pleasure crash over him. He couldn’t think, gasping out a broken, cracking, “Daddy, please,” as Dream started to pull off, only to drop down

again.

He didn't get to watch the look of satisfied pleasure on Dream's face for long as he started to bounce at a tortuously slow pace on Sapnap's dick. George's demanding fingers found their way back to his jaw and forced his head to turn to the side.

His flushed cock bobbed before Sapnap's face as he half knelt down next to him. One leg was propped up while most of his weight rested on his other knee. "Open your mouth, Pet."

Sapnap whined softly, letting his mouth fall open. He looked up at George's face, barely able to focus on it through the tears blurring his vision. He couldn't even think about what was about to happen, too wrapped up in the overwhelming pulsing pleasure coming from Dream's continuous bouncing on his cock.

George held his head still with the hand on his jaw, using his other hand to slowly guide his cock into Sapnap's mouth. Bitter saltiness exploded across Sapnap's tongue as the tip of George's cock pressed against it, the precum that had already leaked out accenting the normal salty taste of skin.

Sapnap opened his mouth wider. Taking George's cock in his mouth was easier than taking Dream's. He felt like he could breathe without it being overwhelming. The size difference was definitely evident in how their cocks felt in his mouth.

"F-fuck," George groaned lowly. "You were right, Dream, his mouth is heavenly." He pulled his hips back before pushing his dick in further. Sapnap gagged lightly when the head of George's cock hit the back of his throat.

Before George pushed further he pulled his hips back again, "Suck. I don't want to fuck your face right now. You are too out of it." He sounded breathless, but true to his word, he didn't move his hips again.

Sapnap whimpered around his cock. He ran his tongue over the tip, pressing against the slit in a way he knew would have driven himself nuts. George moaned loudly, his fingers lacing into Sapnap's hair.

"He's good at everything, I swear," Dream moaned out. "Feels good in me, feels good around me." His words started to take on a breathy quality, and the slick noises that naturally came with a rough fucking were doubled. Sapnap could only assume that Dream had his hand wrapped around his own dick.

"You getting close?" George asked over another moan, his hand started to stroke over the part of his dick that wasn't in Sapnap's mouth.

"Yeah. Want him to come first, can fucking feel him leaking in me." Dream groaned loudly, his bouncing somehow speeding up.

It made the pulsing in his groin heighten even more, pleasure circulating in his mind like a broken record. His hips started to move up into Dream of their own accord. The talk between George and Dream made his mind sink below the surface of rolling, aching pleasure.

"Yeah. I know exactly what you mean," George groaned out, his hips twitching forward and his cock sliding across Sapnap's tongue messily. "Like a fucking faucet right until he cums."

He whined brokenly around George's cock, pressing his hips up faster, meeting Dream's almost frantic movements now. The crashing pleasure rolled over him in pulsing waves until his lips slackened with a loud moan. He could feel his cum slicking the way for his dick even more,

spreading across his heated skin.

Dream didn't stop bouncing, his own voice cracking over a loud moan. Wet heat landed on Sapnap's chest a breath later. He was so focused on the pulsing drag of Dream rocking against him as he came down from his orgasm that he momentarily forgot about George in front of him.

Wetness landed on his cheek followed by a low, breathy groan from George. Sapnap opened his eyes when a hand smoothed over his cheek, smearing the cum there. George was watching him with a softness in his eyes. It almost hurt to look at, but at the same time was sweet. Sapnap rarely saw George look like this, especially when it came to him.

Normally those things were reserved for Dream.

He closed his eyes, exhaustion washed over him. Dream pulled off his dick, but Sapnap couldn't make himself open his eyes to look at him. Instead, he let himself drift through the pleasant afterglow of an amazing orgasm. He drifted off for a while, more asleep than awake.

When he slowly came to, his mind groggy with half-sleep, there were soft hands smoothing what he assumed was ointment into his back. He let out a low noise in his throat, turning his head to the side but not bothering to open his eyes.

"Are you awake, baby?" That was Dream's voice, gentle and caring. It made Sapnap feel warm with it. It was only on rare occasions that tone was brought out in Dream's voice.

"Mmmm, yeah." Sapnap nuzzled his face into the pillow beneath his head. "Feels good."

Dream wheezed out a gentle laugh. "I bet. You've been out of it for a bit."

"Heh." Sapnap gave a weak laugh. He pressed his face back into the pillow, sleep starting to drag him under again. The soothing motion of the hands over his skin lulled him further under as well. "Love you, Dream," He mumbled out slowly as sleep's fingers pulled him the rest of the way under.

Before he was fully asleep, he could have sworn the movements of the fingers on his back paused for just a moment, but then he was back into the depths of sleep's darkness.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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Day 19: Wax Play and/or Nipple Clamps

December 20th

Chapter Notes

IM BACK BABY!

Seriously though, I'm so sorry it's been so long. I was working on a one shot and then I had to evacuate for a wild fire and then I got to go home and then I had family visiting so I had to rush and put my house back together and then I got COVID. Whew.

Don't worry! I'm fine and safe in my house now, but May was rough.

Anyway! Enough with my sob story, on to what you have all been waiting for!
Chapter 21 >:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 20th:

Sapnap lulled his head to the side slowly, watching the footage he had taken with Dream and George earlier that day. He wasn't really invested in editing it, but some vindictive part of him wanted to surpass George in videos. He was starting in a deficit, seeing as he had technically started his channel after George, but George was chronically lazy about editing.

He was pretty sure he had a good chance of passing George if he just stayed on top of it. Dream had started refusing to even film videos if he and George had more than two videos to edit. Something about it being a waste of time.

The biggest problem was that Sapnap was already pretty tired from filming and the continuous days of sexual escapades with Dream and George. He just didn't have the attention span to go through and edit the 5 hours of footage.

He also knew very well that as soon as he left his room it would probably be game on for that day's calendar task. It wasn't that he was dreading it per se, in fact he was looking forward to seeing Dream and George all flushed with pleasure. It was just that his body ached deliciously already.

A long sigh escaped Sapnap's lips as he slowly clicked the pause button to the footage in order to highlight a part he would need to clip out. Sexual jokes were okay, blatantly goading George like Dream had been in that clip by talking about sucking his dick was not.

Maybe the three of them had grown too comfortable with making those jokes with the eased tension of knowing they were officially boyfriends. Not that Sapnap could blame Dream; he had definitely got caught up later in the video telling both of them that they weren't getting anywhere near his ass anytime soon.

He had known that wasn't true. George would do what he wanted and Dream was way too obsessed. He had figured out that much over the last twenty days.

His phone pinged with a notification, distracting him from his screens. A glance down told him that Karl had gone live. With a groan he scrubbed his face and looked back at his screens.

“I give up,” he muttered to himself, a bad habit he knew he had picked up from Dream.

Dream was the worst about talking to himself. Sapnap used to make fun of him for it, but now he was just as bad. It was unfortunate, really; one less thing he had on Dream, and he really didn’t have much.

He shoved back from his desk, opening the drawer with barely any hesitation. He was pretty sure he remembered what waited for him once Dream and George got their hands on him, but he just wanted to double check.

The drawer was a mess of scattered coins over unused wires he kept just in case something went out on his computer. The downside of having a job that required all his cables to be working.

It only took a moment to find the coin with the intricate 20 printed in looping lines. Printed in bold font on the top was the word “tease”. On the bottom, in matching font, was “denial”.

From previous days, Sapnap had a pretty good idea of just how intense today was going to be for him. He couldn’t exactly predict what George was going to come up with in his perverse little mind, but he knew he liked being mean.

He knew George liked watching him squirm with broken need.

Dream would be a wild card too, depending on his mood and George’s mood. He would either be right there tormenting Sapnap with George, or George would be playing Dream and Sapnap off one another.

Sapnap slid the coin onto his desk slowly. He knew he couldn’t avoid them forever, not that he really wanted to avoid them, not anymore. More just stewing in the anticipation of it all.

He stood up, stretching the pleasant ache in his muscles away with a soft noise. Honestly, he didn’t even know what the two of them decided to do after they finished filming and sent their perspectives over to him.

Knowing George, he was probably napping. As for Dream, Sapnap wasn’t sure. Even in the months of living with him before George had moved in, Sapnap had never been able to figure out Dream’s weird schedule. Probably because he didn’t really have a schedule. More like, he did what he wanted when he wanted.

The hall outside his bedroom was quiet, though that didn’t necessarily tell him anything. Quietly, he made his way down to the kitchen, deciding to get himself a glass of water before he figured out what Dream and George were up to.

He let his hand graze over the Christmas tree as he went, quietly admiring it. Something about seeing it there just made joy well in his chest. Maybe it was something childlike, but he didn’t care. Nothing would change his enjoyment of Christmas. Not even the weird way his relationship with Dream and George had formed under its guiding fingers.

When he reached the entrance to the kitchen, he paused at the sight that greeted him. George was standing in the corner next to their mixer. There was flour stuck to his hair and a smear of red icing across one cheek.

“What are you doing?” He took a step further into the kitchen, taking in the scene even more. Flour was spilt across the floor and mixing bowls littered the counter.

Slowly, he brought his eyes back to George to find him looking at Sapnap. Flour and something

that looked suspiciously like yellow food coloring stained the front of his too big tan t-shirt.

"Um, you weren't supposed to see this." George's eyes guiltily flicked over the mess he had made of the kitchen.

Sapnap's eyebrows raised as surprise bolted through him, "What exactly am I not seeing, George?"

A myriad of emotions flicked across George's face before settling on defeat. He rolled his eyes dramatically and stepped to the side. What he had been unwittingly hiding with his body was a cookie tray that had what looked like 5 sugar cookies on it and a plate that had 7 messily iced cookies arranged in an interesting way.

Sapnap didn't have the heart to tell him that the three Christmas tree shaped ones were iced in yellow frosting and not green. "You were making cookies?" He dragged his eyes back over to George.

"Well, yeah. We, uh, we kinda messed up our previous attempt and..." He trailed off and half shrugged, the movement making his too large shirt shift and more flour dusted the floor at his feet.

Sapnap had to fight the laugh that wanted to burst out at the almost pathetic sight George made, "GeorgeNotFound, king of being horrendously mean, is making Christmas cookies?" He crossed his arms and slowly cocked one hip to the side. He knew it looked stupid in basketball shorts, but he couldn't find it in him to care as teasing mirth filled his chest.

"Um..." George cast a glance around the kitchen slowly. "Yes? Poorly I think."

Shaking his head in fond exasperation, Sapnap took pity on George. He stepped fully into the kitchen and moved to the pantry to grab the broom, "Where is Dream?" He asked offhandedly as he started sweeping up some of the flour littering the floor, his back turned towards George.

There was a long moment of silence that almost made Sapnap turn to look at George before he answered quietly, "He's on Karl's stream. I didn't think that either of you would be down so soon."

"I couldn't concentrate on editing any longer and decided to take a break." Sapnap leant down to sloppily sweep the flour into the dust pan. He paused when he noticed little paw prints pressed into the flour in a space he had yet to sweep.

"Oh," was the only response he got from George.

Sapnap didn't pay George's lack of response any heed as he tracked the little paw prints across the kitchen towards where George was standing. There he spotted Patches, her little tail slowly waving back and forth as she looked up at the counter.

He recognized the bunch of her hind legs a second too late, only managing a garbled shout in warning before she leapt up on the counter. It wouldn't have been a big deal, except where she had decided to jump up in order to investigate, George had a bowl of icing precariously balanced on the edge of the counter.

George jumped back as both cat and bowl slipped off the counter in a dramatic crashing noise. Of course, red icing not only ended up all over the floor, but all over a startled Patches. The splatter of it covered the top of her head and dripped down the right side of her body.

Belatedly, Sapnap lurched to try and grab her before she went racing off, little red paw prints being left behind. He missed her tail by seconds, grasping at empty air as she raced out of the kitchen, her fur puffed up and claws scraping against the tile as she ran.

Sapnap collapsed on the floor with a huff, “Well. Dream may never let us in the kitchen without supervision again.”

A whining groan came from George. In a different circumstance, where icing wasn’t painting their tiles red and an icing covered cat wasn’t loose in their house, Sapnap would have thought the noise was for something entirely not innocent. “I just wanted to do something nice. I wanted to surprise you and Dream with cookies.”

Sapnap pushed himself off the ground into a sitting position so he could look up at George. He just barely managed to swallow down the grimace that naturally wanted to come up at the feel of flour dusting across his skin, “What matters is that you tried, right?”

George was leaning back against the counter, his head lulled backwards in a way that Sapnap recognized from many streams where George would stupidly die while they were playing games. He was either frustrated or exasperated. Either way, Sapnap wasn’t entirely sure how to make him feel better.

“I guess,” he sighed out slowly, his head falling slightly forward and to the side so that he could look at Sapnap.

“Look, we can just get Dream to make us cookies.” Sapnap turned onto his knees to push himself up into a standing position.

There was a small breath of silence from behind him before a long sigh sounded into the quiet air of the kitchen, “Yeah. Unless he is feeling contradictory.” There was an undertone of bitterness in George’s voice that Sapnap wasn’t even sure what to do with.

He didn’t have time to fully assess George’s tone because Dream came in clutching a squirming Patches in his arms. There was red icing smeared across his chest, blending slightly in with the red of his OU shirt. “Why is Patches covered in icing?” He stopped midstep, his eyes quickly jerking over the mess covering the kitchen, “Oh.”

An annoyed groan came from the corner George was in, making Sapnap pull his eyes away from Dream. George had his hands covering his face, “This wasn’t supposed to happen like this.”

“Why don’t you two go shower and I’ll get this cleaned up.” Dream’s voice was surprisingly gentle, coaxing in the way he spoke. It reminded Sapnap of late nights when soft fondness would creep into all of their voices during too long discord calls.

Sapnap would have looked at him with the dwindling hope of catching a fond expression in his face, but he was too busy watching George’s hands fall from his face. Too busy taking in the frustrated flush that colored pale cheeks and the brows furrowed in annoyance.

“I can help,” he offered quickly, anything to ease whatever was bothering George. “You don’t need to worry about it.”

George’s eyes met his briefly before he turned to look at Dream, “Fine. Whatever.” He quickly left the kitchen. It was quick enough that it looked to Sapnap like George was fleeing.

He shook his head, that was a ridiculous thought. They had worked everything out yesterday. George himself had made it seem so simple.

Dream sighed slowly, walking over to the sink and dumping Patches in one side. “I don’t understand what’s going on with him.” He pinned her down with one hand and turned on the faucet.

Sapnap winced at her plaintive meows as the water hit her fur. “I don’t know. He was trying to do something nice for us.”

There was way too much ease in Dream’s movements as he grabbed the bottle of Dawn at the edge of the sink and dripped probably way too much of it onto Patches’ icing and water clumped fur. “He’s acting weird,” Dream huffed quietly, his eyes focused on scrubbing the icing, even though his mind was on George.

Sapnap almost helplessly picked up the broom and started sweeping again, “Is he?”

“Yeah. Can you get a towel for me to dry her off?” Dream turned his head finally to look at Sapnap.

One look at Patches’ miserable face was enough to push Sapnap to their utility room to grab one of the pool towels without argument. Normally, he would have bitched at Dream for not thinking about it, but it wasn’t fair to Patches to walk around drenched and cold. Plus, he was pretty sure if he tried to hold her in place he would end up with angry red scratches all over his arms.

He wasn’t gone long, but by the time he got back to the kitchen, Dream was talking gently to Patches as he pushed the excess water out of her fur with one hand. The water was off, but even so his low murmurs were too quiet for Sapnap to pick up.

“Here.” He held out the towel, eyeing the rest of the mess in the kitchen, “This is going to take forever to clean up.”

Dream grabbed the towel from his hands, “With two of us it won’t take that long. Did you tell him his trees are yellow?”

“No.” Sapnap glanced at the cookies already iced and on the plate. “I was going to make fun of him for it later.”

“Maybe don’t.” Dream stepped back from the sink, Patches expertly bundled in the towel. “Can you finish the few cookies he had left and I’ll start cleaning?” Dream flicked his eyes over the mess, probably thinking the same thing Sapnap had when he had first entered the kitchen. It was a disaster.

“Yeah,” Sapnap sighed slowly, looking over the last few cookies that needed icing.

He went through the motions of decorating them with the icing George had dyed with food coloring, sans the red of course, since that was still strewn across the floor from the Patches disaster. The colors didn’t quite line up with the traditional colors you would see on a shape.

Blue santa hats joined the yellow trees, as well as a yellow and blue ‘Merry Christmas’ on each. He couldn’t help the quiet chuckle as he glanced over the cookies. They weren’t perfect by any means, but it didn’t really matter.

Something sweet bloomed in his chest at the thought of George coming downstairs after hours of filming just to try and make Sapnap the Christmas cookies they had failed to make before. He knew George wasn’t good at talking about his feelings. Hell, Sapnap wasn’t good at talking about his feelings either. This quiet show of affection was everything though.

He glanced over when Dream entered his field of view. Dream looked more than a little exasperated, clutching the broom in his hands as he started to sweep up the flour mess that Sapnap had abandoned in favor of finishing the cookies. He was a lot more efficient in his sweeping motions than Sapnap knew he could ever hope to be.

“Is Patches okay?” Sapnap gently pushed the plate of finished cookies to the back of the counter, pulling his eyes away from Dream in order to scan over the mess still on the counter.

“Yeah. I left her cuddled up on the couch. I’m sure she has moved to go clean the shame of a bath off of her though.” Dream sounded tired as he spoke, like there was something weighing his mind down.

Sapnap had a small mental war with himself on whether or not he should push for Dream to talk about what was wrong. He knew Dream would talk about it whenever he was ready to, but he also didn’t want Dream trapped up in his head more than he needed to be. Dream tended to get stuck in his head more than he needed to.

In relative silence he collected the dirtied mixing bows and set them in the sink so he could start wiping the mess off the counter. After a beat of further indecision he asked into the quiet space that had fallen between them, “What has you worried over there?”

“Just George,” Dream huffed and when Sapnap glanced back at him he found he had paused his sweeping to stare at the wall with unfocused eyes.

Sapnap paused in his own cleaning as well, “Because he has been acting weird?”

Dream was silent for a long moment, his jaw visibly clenching and unclenching as he thought. Expressions ranged across his face, his eyebrows furrowing slightly more than once. Sapnap had grown used to this quiet contemplation when Dream was trying to find the right words to express himself. It had been a part of their friendship for as long as Sapnap could remember.

“I don’t know if weird is actually the right word. He’s been withdrawn? I guess.” One of Dream’s hands came up to rub over his forehead. “That’s not right either. I don’t know. It’s not even enough to bring up to him. I just have this like, gut feeling that something is off.” His eyes finally left the wall so that he could look over at Sapnap.

Sapnap felt frozen under Dream’s tired gaze, “Dream, have you been sleeping? I know you say you have, but have you really?” He could deal with Dream’s concerns with George later, after he addressed the slowly growing purple bags under Dream’s exhausted eyes. He wasn’t sure how he missed how tired Dream seemed to be.

“Some.” He shrugged slowly, his eyes jerking away from Sapnap to look at a corner on the other side of the kitchen.

“You need sleep, Dream,” Sapnap sighed, leaning heavily against the counter. “When was the last time you had a full night of sleep?”

“Um...” Dream shook his head very slowly, “I don’t know. It doesn’t matter, I’ll sleep when I need it.” He started sweeping again, eyes down and mouth pursed into a frustrated line.

Sapnap could recognize when Dream was done with a conversation. He wanted to push the issue, but he also didn’t want Dream to blow up at him or feel ostracized. So, with a soft sigh of his own he let it go and turned back to the counters.

They lapsed back into silence, concentrating on cleaning up the mess. It took a while, scrubbing half dried icing and dough from the counters and cleaning the way too many mixing bowls George had used, but eventually Sapnap managed to scrub the last of the stuck icing from the counter.

He stood back and glanced around to find Dream pushing buttons on the dish washer to start it up. “Well, it’s almost like we were never here.”

Dream shifted his gaze to look at Sapnap with one singular raised brow. His mouth opened up as if to give Sapnap a response, only for it to click shut again.

A voice from behind both of them spoke. “You two didn’t have to clean up my entire disaster without me.” George walked in slowly, his eyes ghosting over the kitchen.

“Well, if we hadn’t cleaned it up it would have still been like that in two weeks.” Sapnap teased carefully, gentle mirth filling his chest at ribbing George.

George flicked his eyes to Sapnap’s face for a breath of a moment before he rolled his eyes, shaking his head as he did so, “Whatever.” He stepped further into the kitchen, letting his eyes roam over the counter. “Oh.”

Sapnap followed his line of sight where his gaze had stopped. It was the plate he had carefully pushed out of the way while he cleaned, the mismatched, messily decorated cookies arranged on top.

“I guess you finished them, Dream.” George’s voice wavered slightly, and for just a moment Sapnap could see what Dream meant by thinking he was acting weird. When he brought his eyes back around, George’s face was a mask of quiet curiosity examining Dream as Dream quietly examined him back.

“Actually, Sapnap finished decorating them.” He slowly crossed his arms, tilting his head to the side in some quiet form of a question. It was an expression Sapnap easily recognized from months of living with Dream. An expression of careful consideration, like he was trying to read into something.

It wasn’t one George had yet to pick up on, though.

George swung his head around to look at Sapnap, “You finished them?”

“Yeah. I kind of like to finish.” He raised his brows very slowly, waiting for George’s ever dirty mind to take over. He hated the tension that had settled over the kitchen and wanted to break it. There was only one way he knew how to break tension with his friends and that was by cracking horribly dirty jokes.

George cracked a half smile, rolling his eyes dramatically, “Yeah, okay. Okaayyy, Sapnap.” He dragged out the second ‘okay’ in his silly way that hinted at easy teasing.

Sapnap relaxed easily at the teasing, letting a half smile spread on his face. One glance at Dream told him that George’s teasing wasn’t enough to soothe his worries though. Dream’s eyebrows were pulled into a slight furrow as he flicked his eyes between George and Sapnap.

He opened his mouth to try and rope Dream into the teasing, only to snap it closed as a demanding hand pushed him firmly back into the counter. His eyes jerked away from Dream’s worried face to find George crowding into his space, one thigh sliding between his legs and the other hand slipping around the back of his neck. Agile fingers fiddled with the messy curls that tickled the nape of his neck.

“Too bad I won’t be letting you finish today, Baby.” One of George’s angular eyebrows cocked up as a cruel teasing smile spread across his unfairly pretty face.

All of Sapnap’s thoughts fled from his head. Heat rushed through Sapnap’s stomach, filling into his cock way too fast. He was beginning to feel a little bit like Pavlov’s dog, panting and drooling at the first sign of a treat.

“George,” Dream’s voice was low and questioning.

George didn’t react to Dream. Instead, gentle fingers looped into the curls they had been fiddling with before pulling harshly back. Sapnap let his head fall back with the tug, not bothering to fight the tugging pull on his hair.

“Hush, Dream, I’m playing.” George’s eyes trailed across Sapnap’s face, lingering where heat bloomed on his cheeks. The hand on his chest moved to press into the heat of his cheek, “Look at how perfect and pliant he gets for me; for us.”

Dream was silent for a long moment, long enough that Sapnap thought he might have left. Then, big hands circled around George’s waist and green eyes peered over George’s shoulder at Sapnap. “Don’t play without me, Kitten.” His voice came out whinier than Sapnap expected, not high and needy, but low and broken.

George’s hand left Sapnap’s cheek to lace his pale fingers around Dream’s slightly tanned ones. Sapnap could see George’s fingers squeeze down just out of the very bottom line of his vision. “You are going to listen to what I say, right, Pet?” George’s head tilted up and to the side to look over at Dream.

It was heady, the way George so easily took control of a situation despite how slim and petite he could seem at times. Sure, he was slightly taller than Sapnap, but Sapnap was sure he could body him in a fight without issue.

“Depends on what you say.” Dream moved one hand up George’s body to loosely wrap around George’s throat.

Sapnap tried really hard to follow the exchange, but their words passed through his head without processing. He felt like he was probably missing something important happening between them, but his brain felt like it had flooded with hot water, boiling it to mush.

He shivered as George’s thin thigh pressed up into his growing cock. “I-”

“Sh, baby. I’m making sure your Daddy knows who is in charge.” George sounded beyond bored, “Don’t talk.”

“Kitten,” Dream’s voice was low and dangerous, “Why can’t we both be in charge?”

Sapnap focused his eyes slowly on Dream’s hand, watching it squeeze slightly. His mouth fell open, deeply breathing the cool air in, trying desperately to clear his heat hazy mind. He canted his hips into George’s thigh mindlessly as he flicked his eyes up to the staredown happening in between Dream and George.

“Because, I don’t want to share control.” The hand in Sapnap’s hair tugged hard, “Don’t you just want to not think and feel good with your Princess, Pet? Stop grinding on my thigh, you little slut.”

Sapnap snapped his eyes back to George’s face from where they had drifted to Dream’s lips. “Sorry, I-”

“Shut up.” George tugged his hair sharply, “Dream, Pet, either stop arguing with me or leave.”

Sapnap couldn’t help the distressed whine that welled up his throat at that. He didn’t like the idea of Dream leaving. He didn’t like not being with both of them when his brain felt muddled and mushy.

“I’m not going anywhere,” Dream sighed, sounding exhausted and quiet. His hand that was wrapped around George’s throat slowly loosened and drifted down his chest to wrap loosely around George’s wrist. “What do you want, Kitten?”

“Neither of you get to cum, that was the name of the game on the coin, was it not?” George pressed his thigh up into Sapnap’s cock again, “So, I get to have as much fun for as long as I want. Color?”

“Green,” Sapnap whimpered quietly, fighting the broken need of wanting to push his hips into the coursing pleasure of the pressure of George’s thigh. He shivered as the thought of George teasing him to the edge before denying him over and over danced through his mind.

Dream took a moment longer before answering softly, “I’m green.” He tilted his head to the side and let his lips drift up George’s neck, his eyes were on Sapnap’s face though, sharp and present.

It made the boiling heat in Sapnap’s mind drip down his spine. Dream looked like a predator, biding his time until he could take over. As much as he had verbally given George control, he was very much still in the game of control. It was hot and made heavy anticipation fill Sapnap at the thought of what was to come.

George twisted his wrist out of Dream’s loose hold. He brought his hand up to press cruel fingers into Sapnap’s cheeks, forcing his mouth to fall open. Sapnap didn’t fight it, letting his jaw go lax and his eyes slip closed instead.

“So easy,” George mumbled quietly. “Dream, give him some of your fingers for his whore mouth to suck on.”

Heavy fingers slid over his tongue, pressing down slowly. Salty tanginess and the lingering bitterness of soap sparked across his tastebuds with the press. Sapnap desperately wanted to close his lips over the fingers, but instead he just flexed his tongue slowly against the pressure.

A small noise bubbled from his throat as the fingers pressing into his cheeks disappeared. He immediately closed his lips around the digits on his tongue and sucked gently, pressing his tongue up and in between the two fingers.

“He’s so good.” Dream’s voice came out low and like liquid fire, further melting Sapnap’s mind, if that was possible.

“He’s a whore.” George’s words were sharp like a whip across his back.

Sapnap couldn’t even help the broken stutter of his hips pressing his aching cock into George’s thigh. He felt out of control with the need to chase his own pleasure before George could stop him. The pure knowledge that he wouldn’t be able to cum somehow made his need so much more.

The pressure he had been grinding against disappeared and the overwhelming peak he had been mindlessly chasing washed through him in its lack of completion. He shook with it, a whining noise tearing from his throat and his cock twitching needily in his shorts.

“Tsk, tsk. I told you that you weren’t going to cum today, Baby.” George’s tone was condescending and a little high in his throat. “Why did you even try?”

Sapnap couldn’t have hoped to answer even if he had been able to come up with an answer. Dream’s big fingers pressed his tongue down until it was laying flat on the bottom of his mouth uselessly. He slid his fingers back along Sapnap’s tongue, almost in a gentle petting motion, until the tips reached the back of Sapnap’s mouth.

The tickling feeling of the fingers pressing into the very back of Sapnap's tongue made him gag, instinctually trying to jerk his head back and away. George's hand that was still tangled in his hair prevented him from fleeing the feeling.

The combination of the overwhelming need and Dream's fingers insently pressing against his tongue made wetness spring behind his closed lids. He squirmed against the counter, slowly opening his eyes to give them both a pleading look.

He could barely focus on their faces, the wetness having gathered more than he expected. It was apparently somehow enough, though. The pressure of George's hand in his hair moved and the fingers in his mouth slowly pulled out.

"That's enough, Dream." George sounded a little breathless as he spoke.

It made Sapnap blink through his tears quickly, ignoring how one annoyingly dripped free to slide a burning line down his hot cheeks. He focused on George's face to find his pale cheeks rosy with a heated blush.

The freedom of not having George holding his head still by his hair allowed Sapnap the chance to let his eyes trail down the sight Dream and George made. Dream had his face buried in George's neck where he was sucking a purple red bruise into place on George's neck. One of George's hands loosely held Dream's spit-slick fingers up and away from Sapnap. The other hand was buried into Dream's messy waves.

Slowly, Sapnap let his eyes trail down, enjoying the sight of his best friends - his boyfriends - in front of him in his moment of reprieve. He found that Dream had snaked one hand around George's body to grind his palm shamelessly into George's cock.

A moan vibrated through his chest at the sight, and Sapnap found he couldn't pull his eyes away. He was highly aware of the size difference between him and Dream, constantly reminded by the way Dream liked to easily manhandle him. For some reason he rarely remembered that the same size difference applied to George and Dream.

It was very obvious in the way Dream's hand covered almost the entirety of the outline of George's cock though. Sapnap knew his own smaller hands would have never been able to cover George's dick, let alone Dream's massive cock.

He could almost imagine how overwhelming the simple grinding could be with the way Dream must have been putting pressure on George's entire dick. His own cock ached for the feeling, wanting attention no matter how overwhelming it may be.

"Why don't we move to the couch." One of George's hands, Sapnap wasn't sure which one, moved to pull Dream's hand away from his cock.

A low groaning noise of protest sounded from Dream. It made Sapnap drag his eyes up George's body back to where Dream had his head buried in George's neck. He caught the tail end of Dream shaking his head slightly, his messy hair free of George's grasp.

They made an addicting sight; Sapnap knew he would never get tired of seeing them tangled up together. He knew it was all so much better now that he was fully part of it.

"Dream." George's eyes rolled up to look at the ceiling in exasperation, "Stop grinding on me like a mutt and listen." The last word had a mean bite to it that made Sapnap's cock jerk almost instinctively. "Don't you want your pretty Princess grinding down on your lap?"

The almost indiscernible movement of Dream's hips in Sapnap's peripheral stopped. A low muffled groan sounded through the kitchen and Dream slowly pulled his head away from George's neck. His sharp green eyes met Sapnap's, filled with lust but more aware than Sapnap had expected.

"Promise?" He asked in a low vibrating tone that made Sapnap shiver. If they had been live he knew all the fans would have clapped that one word and thirsted over it forever. As it was, it was meant for only Sapnap and George's ears.

"Hm," George cocked his head to the side and slowly turned it slightly so he could look at the side of Dream's head. "Only if you are a good boy."

Dream was silent for a moment, his hot gaze dragging prickling lines down Sapnap's body as he took him in. He clicked his tongue, "Okay."

If Sapnap didn't know better he would have thought Dream and George had rehearsed their next movement with how fluid it was. Dream stepped back and away from George and in the same moment George dropped his hands.

Sapnap didn't have long to dwell on it though. George reached out one of his nimble hands and grasped onto Sapnap's wrist, pulling him away from the counter and toward the door. Dream hovered almost awkwardly around them as George guided him past the Christmas tree and to the couch.

He paused in front of the couch, letting one hand drift to Sapnap's hip. He pointed at the couch with the other hand, turning his head to look directly at Dream, "Sit."

Dream's attractive face scrunched up slightly at the command, "I'm not a dog, George."

"Aren't you?" George cocked his head to the side, one brow raised up in a slight question and one of his signature half smiles spread across his lips.

Sapnap couldn't help the half-laugh, half-needy whine as the picture of Dream wearing one of those dog ear headbands and a collar came to mind. It was something to explore later when he wasn't held in place by a slowly tightening grip on his hips, watching Dream and George have a stare down.

It took a moment for Dream to surrender. He stared at George with lazy eyes, a spark in them that Sapnap easily recognized as a challenge. George, for his part, didn't back down either, for once not resorting to whining or bargaining to convince Dream to listen.

Dream broke the stare down first, letting his eyes roam over Sapnap again. It made Sapnap feel like the best cut of lamb at a high end market with the way Dream's hungry gaze took him in.

His sharp canines made a small appearance as his petal pink tongue licked a wet strip across his bottom lip. A sharp noise sounded through the room as he gave in, crawling onto the couch and turning over so that he was looking up at both Sapnap and George.

A smug noise pulled Sapnap's gaze away from Dream's hungry eyes and back to George, "That's what I thought, Puppy." George turned his own hot gaze on Sapnap, pulling him closer by his hip.

"Don't call me that." Sapnap didn't know what else to call Dream's inflection over those words besides a whine.

"Why not?" George breathed the question out against Sapnap's lips, his soft lips brushing against

Sapnap's enticingly. Nimble fingers dipped under the waistband of his shorts. "Tell your Daddy he's just a big puppy, Baby."

It took a moment for Sapnap's sluggish mind to catch up with George's words. He blinked slowly when the words finally made sense in his mind. "I—"

Sharp delicious pain sparked across his spine as George dragged his teeth over his bottom lip, sucking slightly as he did so. He let go and pulled back so that he could focus his dark eyes on Sapnap's face, "I don't want to hear anything out of that slutty mouth of yours if it's not you telling your Daddy that he's a big puppy."

Sapnap's head spun with the easy sharp way George spoke the words. With his head empty of any more protests, he turned to look back at Dream, " You're just a big puppy, Daddy."

Dream groaned, his eyes falling shut. His hands clenched almost uselessly in the fabric of his sweats, "George, Kitten, please."

Thumbs hooked into the elastic of Sapnap's loose boxers, "Patience, Puppy." George pushed both Sapnap's shorts and boxers down and off his hips. Gravity took over for him then, the fabric pooling at Sapnap's feet.

Sapnap's cock slapped his stomach, the noise of it dulled by his t-shirt. He shuddered as the cool air of the living room ghosted over the overheated skin of his cock. He couldn't help breathing out a soft plea as the aching need became so much worse, "Please."

"Hm." George pretended to contemplate whatever his next steps were going to be. He stepped back and away from Sapnap, letting his eyes roam over him first and then Dream's form, half lounging on the couch. He snapped his dark eyes back to Sapnap's face, "Get on your Daddy's lap facing him."

Sapnap scrambled to obey, not wanting to delay getting the attention he needed any longer. He settled onto Dream's lap awkwardly, one leg pressing heavily into the back of the couch and the other precariously balanced on the edge of the cushion. There wasn't much time for him to dwell on it though.

As soon as Dream could get his big hands on him, there was one grasping onto his chin and another lacing through his hair. Sapnap was roughly pulled into a heated kiss, demanding lips pressing burning hot brands against his own. His eyes fell shut as he let Dream easily take control of his movements.

"Impatient," George tutted from behind him, and a weight settled on the couch directly behind where he was positioned in Dream's lap.

His attention on George dwindled, as sharp teeth nipped lines into his bottom lip and a demanding tongue pushed into his mouth. Sapnap couldn't do anything but take as Dream held his head tightly in place. His hips started to stutter forward of their own accord, seeking needed friction against Dream's stomach.

He could feel the hard press of Dream's cock under him, pressing into his balls and the base of his dick, but he couldn't find it in him to care for grinding fully against Dream's cock too caught up in how good the hard press of Dream's abs felt. Sapnap couldn't think beyond the burning heat of chasing his own desire and letting Dream take what he wanted.

Cruel hands dug sharp burning pain into his hips, pulling him up and away from where he had

been mindlessly chasing his pleasure against Dream. “None of that, baby.” George sounded way too at ease, considering Sapnap felt like he was burning up from the inside out.

A broken whimper pressed past his vocal cords only to be swallowed by Dream’s ever demanding mouth. Frustrated tears welled behind closed lids at the denial yet again. Pressure and demanding heat burned in his gut, so much so that he couldn’t even think straight.

Wet heat pressed against his sensitive rim, not even giving him a moment to gather his fractured thoughts. Mindlessly one of his own hands drifted from where he had uselessly been resting them against Dream’s chest to relieve some of the aching need. He only managed a few quick messy strokes before sharp fingers pressed into his wrist and pulled his hand away from his leaking cock.

“Dream, hold his hands.” Hot breath ghosted over Sapnap’s ass as George spoke.

The hand holding his chin in a punishing grip let go. Dream’s big hand caught the wrist of the hand Sapnap still had resting on his chest before lowering to the loop the other half of his fingers around the wrist George was holding.

It shot a wave of hot need through Sapnap at how easily Dream captured his hands with only one of his own. His body felt overheated with it, and he shifted his hips uselessly against the grip George still had on them.

A cruel chuckle blew across his lower back, “Helpless little slut, can’t even control yourself without me or your Daddy helping you.” One of George’s hands loosened on his hip, only to drag roughly over his ass and squeeze harshly.

Sapnap couldn’t even follow Dream’s nipping kisses, instead letting his mouth go slack as he panted at the sensations pulsing through him. Despite the cool air in the room, he felt like he was boiling from the inside out. The thin fabric of his t-shirt stuck to his upper back where the sweat had started to soak through.

The pressure on his ass cheek lifted, and a finger slowly pressed against his spit slicked rim. It wasn’t alone for long as it pressed inside, George’s clever and hot tongue easing the way with more of his spit.

Having learned the ins and outs of Sapnap’s body, George was better and worse at this all at once. He was like a heat seeking missile, hitting Sapnap’s prostate almost dead on from the get go. It was overwhelming.

The rolling heat and pleasure that had been boiling in Sapnap’s veins grew more intense by the second. He couldn’t help the small broken noises that leaked into Dream’s mouth. His cock was twitching almost uselessly against his stomach, wet precum smearing against his shirt and stomach.

He lost himself in the building waves racking through his body, not able to concentrate on anything but the racing pleasure that George’s talented finger and tongue were giving him. His thighs shook with it and he was sure they would have given out if it weren’t for the bruising hold George still had on his hip with one hand.

Right as the waves of hot pleasure felt like they were about to hit a crashing tsunami, George pulled away. A broken sob wracked through Sapnap’s form as the waves died down to gentle lapping at the lack of stimulation. His body shook with the need for more, for completion, but George’s hand still held his hips in place and Dream still had his hands captured.

The hand in his hair loosened at the sound of his sob, and Sapnap immediately took advantage of

it. He buried his face in Dream's neck, some part of him trying to find comfort away from George's teasing fingers.

Sapnap twisted his wrists in Dream's hand, trying to loosen his grip there as well, "D'ddy, please." He hiccuped over the pleading words, pressing his face even harder against Dream's sweat damp neck. Tears slowly leaked past his closed lids adding to the moisture on Dream's skin.

A gentle hand carded through his hair, "Sh, Princess. I'm right here." Dream's voice was beyond gentle. It was contrasted sharply against a soft scoff from behind that Sapnap could barely hear over his hiccuping breath.

"I—" He shuddered through the pulsing need coursing through him, "Please."

He let out a wet breath as Dream's hand slowly ran from his hair down his back, "What do you need, baby?" Dream slowly let go of Sapnap's wrists to cup his face and pull him away from Dream's neck.

Sapnap tried to think of something, tried to pull his jumbled and mushy thoughts together into some semblance of a reasonable answer for Dream. "Don' know. More," was all he could manage as he focused on Dream's soft expression through wet eyes.

"Okay, Princess." Dream pulled his face closer and pressed a gentle kiss to his lips, "Color?"

Sapnap blinked hazily, trying to pull the right word up through his broken thoughts. Before he could a sharp broken noise sounded from behind him and George huffed out a wet sounding, "Red."

Cold washed through Sapnap not only at the word but also from the small quality of George's voice. George was always the self-assured one out of the three of them, hearing him sound so unsure was jarring.

Almost as if in slow motion he watched Dream's eyes snap from his face to focus on George behind him, a small stressed pinch taking over his eyebrows. "George?"

"I—" He cleared his throat and a shaky breath sounded out. "I'm sorry. I can't. Red." George's voice rose to a half panicked shake.

"Okay." Dream breathed out, he gently tapped on Sapnap's hip, "Can you stand up, Sap?" His eyes never left George's face even as he addressed Sapnap.

Carefully Sapnap slid off of Dream's lap and onto shaky legs. Dream helped with guiding hands on his hips. With unsteady feet under him, Sapnap turned to finally look at George. Some part of him dreaded seeing the expressions that would match George's wavering voice, but he knew he needed to be there for George as much as they had been there for him when he had to safeword.

There were trailing shining spots on George's cheeks where tears had spilled over already. His eyes were closed and his head was turned away from both Sapnap and Dream. There was a shaking quality to how he was breathing, a tremble showing up in his shoulders every time they rose with a breath.

It made Sapnap's chest ache.

"Can I touch you?" Dream shifted forward on the couch, his hands hovering in the air near George. There was a slight tremble in Dream's hands where he held them and it finally fully clicked just how scary and serious this was in Sapnap's still sluggish brain.

George slowly opened his eyes. They were wet and dull as they stared emptily at the wall. "I—" A shaky breath left his lips, "Don't know."

"Can you tell me what you need, Baby?" This time, there was stress creeping into Dream's calm tone as he started to fracture with worry.

The sound of it made Sapnap take a faltering step forward. He felt completely at a loss, even as his mind started to clear completely of the haze. Dream hadn't told him to do anything, and George—well, he wasn't even responding well to Dream's quiet words.

George didn't move or make any sound for what felt like way too long. There was a tension settling in the air around them. His eyes seemed distant, and the aching worry for him started to eat at Sapnap's heart.

The first movement George made was to flick his eyes away from where he had been staring blankly at the wall to look at Sapnap's frozen form. The broken and empty look in his eyes felt like a punch to the gut. He didn't look away as he slowly shook his head in a final response to Dream's earlier question.

Dream slowly followed George's gaze to Sapnap as well. The movement of him turning his head caught Sapnap's eyes. That was the only reason he caught the quick display of emotions that flicked over Dream's face. Confusion, then recognition then settling back into worry.

"Sap, can you go get George a glass of water?" He phrased it as a question but the level and serious tone in his voice left no room for protest.

That was easy, okay. Sapnap finally had something he could work with outside of lost confusion and the aching guilt that had started to worm into his heart. He had a horrible feeling he had done something wrong. The empty focus of George's eyes on his face hunting his mind even as he took quick steps to the kitchen.

He went through the motions of getting a glass and filling it with water without much thought. His mind wasn't invested in the task, too busy wiring through the past couple weeks trying to figure out what he had missed.

Dream had said George was acting weird, but surely that wasn't what led to that empty look. And certainly not that broken stare being leveled on him. He was sure that if he had been the direct cause of George's emotional turmoil, he would have seen it coming.

Maybe.

He had been caught up in his own mess of his emotions. It was very possible he had missed something. Very possible that he had miss-stepped somewhere along the way and hadn't noticed. And if he had, George may not have bothered to tell him, too scared that it would result in Sapnap running away again.

Sapnap felt a little bit like an idiot.

When he got back to the living room, a glass of water that was almost too full clutched in one hand, he found George slowly standing from the couch. One of Dream's arms looped around his shoulders carefully and turned him towards the stairs. There was a gentle murmur in Dream's voice, but Sapnap couldn't quite make out the words.

He watched the two of them go upstairs and realized, almost belatedly, that sending him to get water had been a ploy on Dream's part to get him out of the room. Slowly, he moved over to the

couch and set the water on the coffee table, unsure if he should follow or wait for Dream to come get him.

To waste time before he had to decide one way or another, he pulled his boxers and shorts back on. He felt a little crusty as the sweat and precum that had damped his shirt started to dry. He probably needed to shower sooner rather than later.

Glancing back at the water, Sapnap let out a long gusting breath. George did need the water one way or another. Plus, Sapnap couldn't be a pussy and hide for the rest of his life. He grabbed the glass and cautiously made his way upstairs.

He wasn't one hundred percent sure which room Dream would have brought George too, but he could hazard a guess that it was George's room. He did peek his head into Dream's room as he passed to verify it was still empty. Maybe he was just delaying having to face George in that broken down state.

George's door was closed when he finally walked up to it. It gave Sapnap a moment to take a deep breath and mentally prepare himself for whatever was to come next.

The door creaked when he opened it. Dream turned his head from where he was standing next to the bed to look at him. George was sitting up in bed, both of his hands pressed over his eyes. It didn't look like he was shaking anymore, instead his shoulders moved with slow deep breaths.

"Good." Dream beckoned him forward with one hand, the other one was slowly petting through George's hair. "Give me the water."

Spanap mechanically walked forward, not even bothering to take his eyes off George. When the weight of the water lifted from his hand he finally turned his eyes to Dream's face. He cocked his head to the side in question, trying desperately to figure out what the hell he was supposed to do now.

Dream offered no explanation. He wasn't even looking at Sapnap anymore. Instead, his gentle green eyes were focused back on George. "Gogs, Sap brought your water. Will you take a few sips for me please?"

Sapnap dragged his eyes back to George's face, waiting for some kind of reaction. Waiting for broken empty eyes to look at him again.

George's hands fell from his face to his lap almost as if in slow motion. He opened his eyes and looked first at Dream, and then at Sapnap. He didn't look nearly as distraught as he had on the couch; now, he just looked exhausted.

He looked down at the glass Dream was offering him. Carefully, he accepted it from Dream and took a slow sip, his eyes slipping shut again.

At a complete loss of what to do, Sapnap looked back at the side of Dream's head, "I can go."

Dream turned to look at him again, guilt straining his pretty features. "Um, maybe just go shower and then check in again?"

Sapnap was man enough that he could admit that hurt was crushing his heart. He really didn't know what he did, but he didn't want to be turned away from them and left alone. "Okay." He couldn't even keep the choked up hurt out of his voice.

"Wait." George's voice matched his tired eyes in its exhaustion.

Sapnap turned back to him, and out of the corner of his eyes, he could see Dream do so as well. His exhausted gaze was on Sapnap again. Sapnap couldn't help but notice that his eyelashes were still clumped together by his tears.

"Would you come here and cuddle me?" He sounded weighed down and unsure as he asked, "And maybe Dream could run us a bath or something?" He looked over at Dream then, turning the side of his face to Sapnap.

Something like relief filled Sapnap. He didn't even bother giving George a verbal response. Instead he rounded the bed and crawled in next to him. Uncertainty clouding his mind around the entire situation did stop him just before he touched George. "I can touch?" He asked hesitantly, carefully examining George's face for any discomfort.

"Yeah." George turned to face him, offering him a small smile.

It was all the permission Sapnap needed before he pressed his body against the line of George's. He hadn't realized exactly how much he had been affected by not receiving proper aftercare, even if they hadn't completed the scene, until the warmth of a body was against him.

A humming noise came from Dream. Sapnap briefly glanced at him, catching a small slight nod before Dream's long legs carried him out of the room. Sapnap assumed he went to go run a bath like George had suggested.

George carefully wrapped the arm that wasn't occupied by the water around his shoulders and pulled him somehow even closer. "I'm sorry." His voice was tipped towards a whisper, one of his hands coming up and pressing Sapnap's head down to his shoulder.

"Don't apologize for using a safeword." Sapnap shifted so he could press his face into the side of George's neck. He briefly recognized it was almost the same gesture he had used when he had sought comfort in Dream's neck earlier.

"I shouldn't have left you to come out of subspace on your own." There was a pressure on the top of Sapnap's head that he assumed was from George letting his head rest on Sapnap's own.

"I was fine." Better words of reassurance escaped him. He wanted to make George feel better, he wanted to erase whatever it was that was wrong. He wanted to undo whatever it was that he had done to make George look at him with that broken expression.

His hair ruffled with a heavy sigh from George, like he wanted to argue but was too weary to bother. Silence fell between them as they waited for Dream to come back. Sapnap let his eyes close, exhaustion from the day starting to catch up to him. He struggled against it though, not wanting to fall asleep while everything was still disarrayed.

A gentle hand on his side roused him from the light slumber he had fallen into against his will. When he opened his eyes it was to find Dream sitting in front of him, clean clothes on the bed next to him and a wet cloth in his hand.

"I know it's not the best option, but both of you look exhausted and I'm not sure moving either of you is a good choice right now." Dream's voice was painfully gentle, his eyes flicking between Sapnap and George.

George shifted next to him, "It's fine, Dream." His arm fell away from Sapnap's shoulders as he stood up. In his hand was another damp cloth. Sapnap assumed he had missed Dream handing it over.

With a big yawn, Sapnap stood too, reaching for the cloth still in Dream's hand. After a moment of hesitation, Dream handed it to him and let his hands fall uselessly into his lap.

Sapnap went through the motions of stripping down and wiping the places that were starting to itch. He knew Dream probably wanted to caretake, to clean both George and Sapnap and make sure they were both okay. He had known Dream too long to not know what he was most likely thinking. Sapnap was just too tired to wait for Dream to lovingly clean every inch of his skin.

When he was pulling the clean sweatpants up his hips, Dream's quiet voice broke through the silence that had permeated the room as he and George got ready for bed. "Do you want to talk about it now, or are you two too tired?"

"I'm exhausted," George huffed and there was a creak as he flopped onto the bed. "Can it wait until morning?"

"You aren't going to try and get out of talking about it right?" Dream voice was laced with anxious worry. Sapnap knew him well enough to know Dream probably wouldn't sleep tonight.

"I won't." There was a waiver to George's voice that didn't fully sit right with Sapnap. One glance at Dream's face told him that it didn't sit right with Dream either.

Sapnap quickly pulled his shirt over his head and crawled back onto the bed, pulling George back against his body. "We will talk about it tomorrow, even if Dream and I have to trap you like you two would trap me."

George rolled his eyes, but his body relaxed against Sapnap's side. "Fine." He tucked his sharp chin against Sapnap's shoulder, "Tomorrow. Sleep now."

The bed moved as Dream crawled over both of them to settle down behind George. Sapnap watched as he pressed a long gentle kiss to the back of George's head. "Good night sleepyheads. I love both of you." His eyes met Sapnap's and stayed there.

There was anxious worry highlighted in the lines of his face and the purple bags under his eyes seemed somehow more pronounced than they had been earlier. Sapnap wanted to ease Dream's worries as much as he wanted to erase whatever was troubling George.

"Good night," George huffed out, blowing hot air across Sapnap's neck. Almost as if in an afterthought, he tacked on a fond, "idiots."

Sapnap felt a small smile fight its way onto his face. It was normal enough that it eased some of the tension in his heart. "G'night." He closed his eyes and settled into the warm embrace of George's arms.

Sleep didn't take long to find him.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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Day 20: Tease and Denial

December 21st

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

December 21st:

Gentle fingers running through his hair roused Sapnap from a deep sleep. In his groggy still-half-asleep state, he thought that it must be Dream, thinking deeply and not fully aware of his motions. Dream was always the more touchy out of the three of them, especially if he was close by and was so deep in thought that he didn't notice what he was doing with his wayward hands.

A gentle hum vibrated through his chest when the fingers stopped to rub small patterns into his scalp. He cuddled into the soft warmth of the body he assumed the hand belonged to, not quite ready to face the light of the day.

"Good morning, lazy bones," George's accent washed over him in soft waves. The hand in his hair disappeared and the weight of an arm settled around his waist.

Sapnap cracked open bleary eyes and came face to face with a sleepy looking George, "What time is it?" His voice was still raspy with sleep, and he cleared his throat compulsively.

A half smile that looked almost sad quirked up on George's lips. "Almost 10. Dream got up earlier to make us breakfast. He mumbled something about how we could talk on full stomachs."

The reminder of the need to talk shocked through Sapnap, pulling the memories of the night before through his sleep-hazed mind. "Well, he really can't fight the housewife allegations then." He managed the joke even as he darted his eyes over George's face, trying desperately to read what was going on in his head, "How are you feeling?"

George's nose scrunched up slowly and he flopped onto his back, "I don't want to talk." His voice was whining and he threw an arm over his eyes. "Do we have to?"

Sapnap sighed heavily. He was just as scared of the conversation to come, his mind drifting over broken eyes turned towards him and the lingering insecurity that he had somehow messed it all up. The cuddling reassurance didn't change that George hadn't responded to Dream's gentle words until Sapnap had left the room.

"We need to." He had been aiming for something strong so that George would have no room to argue with him. His voice came out small and wavering, in spite of his efforts.

Silence fell between them, only punctuated by quiet breathing and the little sounds of birds chirping too early in the morning. It would have been tranquil, were it not for the settling dread creating a lump in Sapnap's stomach. Two days in, and Sapnap's lingering insecurities about being a spare in their relationship, that he thought he was past, were already trying to convince him he wasn't going to be a part of their relationship anymore.

He shook his head at himself, Dream and George had both reassured him that he was as much a part of their relationship as they were. He couldn't let yesterday's events convince him otherwise until George told them exactly what had made him safeword. He couldn't assume anything.

With a large breath to steel himself and calm his nerves, Sapnap rolled out of bed. "We can't hide up here and avoid the conversation forever. Dream will come find us and will probably lose

another night of sleep because we avoided him and his nice breakfast.” He meant for it to come out like a teasing jab aimed at Dream’s constant need to worry about everything.

He could tell from the way George’s shoulder’s tensed where he lay that it fell flat.

George slowly moved his arm until it slid up above his head, He looked over at Sapnap and the profound deep guilt that was swimming in his eyes felt like a punch to the gut, “He really hasn’t been sleeping?”

Sapnap shook his head, “Not that I can tell. The bags under his eyes look like bruises. He probably doesn’t even realize, he’s never been very conscious of his appearance when walking around the house.”

“I thought he just liked to show off his toned muscles.” Sapnap could tell George was desperately trying to make a joke to lighten the seriousness of the atmosphere that had settled around them.

“Well, that might be why he takes his shirt off a lot,” Sapnap snorted and absently ran a hand through his hair, letting his eyes settle on George’s face. In a smaller, unsure tone, Sapnap asked “Meet downstairs in a few minutes?” He hated that he even felt like he needed to ask, but he was half terrified that he and Dream would have to drag George kicking and screaming to this conversation.

George sighed, finally getting up himself, “Yeah. I guess. Not like I have much of a choice, huh?”

It made something like guilty relief swirl through Sapnap. He didn’t comment on the slightly passive aggressive nature of George’s question though. Instead, he pursed his lips together and nodded before leaving the room to go get ready.

Sapnap knew that they were going to have a rough enough time when they actually talked it all out; confronting George about his reluctance now wouldn’t get them anywhere. Plus, Sapnap needed to tuck away his own anxious worries about why George would be so reluctant so that they didn’t interfere with having a productive conversation.

He could work through his anxieties and insecurities in time; in the light of day, as he got ready, he knew they were mostly irrational. He didn’t bother getting dressed, finding comfort in Dream’s oversized sweats that he had brought him the night before.

The living room was silent and dark, outside of the soft glowing light of the Christmas tree, as he passed through it to the kitchen. Dream was sitting at the table with his head down and rested on his crossed arms. There were three plates stacked neatly next to a casserole dish. George wasn’t there yet.

Sapnap slid into a chair across Dream and critically watched the way his shoulders moved with his breath. If he was actually asleep, they could wait to talk; Dream desperately needed sleep. He held his breath, analyzing whether the up and down movement could be slow enough to indicate sleep.

Disappointment curled in Sapnap’s chest like a slow mist when Dream slowly lifted his head to look at him with exhausted eyes. “Where is George?”

Sapnap let his breath out in a long sigh, “Getting dressed or something, I assume. We agreed to meet down here.”

“I’m giving him five minutes.” His gaze left Sapnap’s face to stare blankly at the entrance of the kitchen.

“Dream, you need to sleep.” Sapnap wasn’t sure what possessed him to bug Dream about his sleep again. Maybe it was that the bags under his eyes somehow looked even worse. Maybe it was the exhausted stress lines that seemed to be permanently embedded into his forehead. Maybe it was the defeated slump to his shoulders.

“I’ll sleep later.” One of his hands lazily lifted up to wave through the air dismissively. “I’m fine.”

Dream’s lack of care for his own health could be so exasperating sometimes. “You aren’t fine, and we are supposed to be not lying to one another today. If George isn’t allowed to, you aren’t allowed to.”

That brought dull green eyes back to Sapnap’s face, “Then you won’t lie either.”

It was a verbal punch Sapnap wasn’t expecting, “I haven’t lied.” The look on Dream’s face told him those were the exact wrong words to say. Sapnap quickly tacked on a “Recently,” as Dream opened his mouth, probably to argue.

Dream’s mouth clicked shut. He narrowed his eyes for a moment before muttering quietly, “Lying by omission is still lying, Pandas.”

Sapnap jerked his eyes away from Dream’s face at the harsh words. He had a sinking feeling that an already difficult conversation was going to be made so much harder by how blunt Dream was being with his exhaustion. There wasn’t a way for him to fix that when Dream was refusing to sleep, though.

A soft yawn stopped the line of their conversation, socked feet padding quietly on the tile. “What’s for breakfast?” George’s question was punctuated by him half-throwing himself down in a chair.

“Breakfast casserole,” Dream muttered quietly. “It’s just egg and biscuits and sausage and cheese.” He pushed the pan and plates towards George,

Without preamble, George took a plate and scooped a third of the pan onto the plate. He quickly took a bite before Dream or Sapnap served themselves. Sapnap raised a brow at George’s antics. He didn’t question them, even as he grabbed his own plate and put some of the casserole on it.

“You can’t avoid the conversation by keeping your mouth full, George.” Dream’s voice was starting to sound borderline annoyed. “I’m tired of both of you trying not to talk about things.”

Sapnap looked up to find Dream leaning back in the chair with his arms crossed, he couldn’t help prodding back at Dream after his “We literally talked the day before yesterday.”

“And see how everything yesterday was perfectly fine.” Dream rolled his eyes and looked away towards the fridge. “I just—” He blew out a long breath, one of his loose longer hairs moving with it. “I want you two to be happy, and I don’t know how to do that when you won’t talk.” He sounded defeated.

It made Sapnap feel overwhelming guilt rush through him.

A soft clatter came from George, as he set his fork down on his plate a little rougher than necessary, “Stop taking this out on Sapnap, he’s not the one who safeworded yesterday.” Sapnap glanced over to find George with his arms crossed and an annoyed, bitchy look leveled at Dream.

“Then talk.” Dream was a mirror of the energy George had brought to the table, crossing his arms and glaring right back at George.

Silence fell, strained and painful. It filled the air with tension, enough that Sapnap almost started talking just to fill it. His fear of misstepping when George and Dream were like this was the only thing that held him back. He was still so scared of messing everything up.

George's puffed up chest deflated, as a long sigh left his lips, "Okay, fine. I can see you aren't going to let me get out of this."

"No. I'm not," Dream replied curtly, his words following George's so close that it seemed almost like he was cutting him off.

George glanced at Sapnap with a slow, broken looking expression on his face before turning back to address Dream, "Promise me one thing before I go into this, Dream."

"What?" Sapnap could tell Dream was very close to just exploding at George, his body starting to vibrate in a way that indicated he was impatiently bouncing his leg. Normally, Sapnap would have slid a foot over to his leg to remind him that his leg was bouncing like that; right now he just let it be.

George tilted his chin down slightly before speaking, a habit of his that tended to indicate just how serious he was. "You won't hold this against Sapnap."

Dread filled Sapnap's stomach as a sickening, swirling mass. He felt nauseous all of a sudden, the breakfast casserole on his plate looking less delicious, and more like a maggot infested mess that would make him puke the second he took a bite. The only reason George would have said that is if he really had done something wrong.

"Why would I hold anything against Nick?" Dream asked quickly, his eyes flicking to Sapnap before settling back on George.

"Just promise me." George sounded exhausted despite having just woken up. It hurt.

"Fine whatever," Dream agreed. "Just talk." The impatience had started to leak into his voice, and not just the movements of his body.

"What did I do?" The words left Sapnap's mouth before he had even processed that he was going to speak. He sounded small and confused, even to his own ears, and he desperately tried to shove all the negative emotions bubbling to the surface down deep inside.

George's dark eyes turned away from Dream to look at Sapnap. He was silent for a second, his lips pursed as if he was having an internal argument with himself. Finally, after too many seconds that left Sapnap's mind to whirl out of control, he spoke. "You just- you don't love me. Not like you love Dream."

Cold slid down Sapnap's body as he processed George's words. They weren't entirely wrong. He knew that. He knew that his feelings for Dream and George were different. One born from years of simmering under the surface, and the other born of something fresh and exciting. That didn't mean he didn't love George, though.

"George? What?" Dream's voice rose over the question. "What the fuck does that mean? Of course Sapnap loves you like he loves me!"

The words felt muted to Sapnap despite Dream's raised voice. He wasn't entirely sure what exactly was going through George's mind, but he felt the need to pour everything out in a way he had been holding back before.

What did it matter, anyway? It felt a little bit like he was losing George, and by proxy, might lose Dream too.

“He’s right.” He addressed Dream carefully, his eyes still on George’s face.

George, despite being the one to voice it first, looked like he had been slapped. His eyes went wide and started to get a little wet.

Sapnap was quick to continue, not wanting to drag this out anymore than he inadvertently already had. “I don’t love him the same way I do you,” he continued, addressing Dream for just a moment more before changing to address George. “That doesn’t mean I don’t love you, George.”

He looked down at the table, his eyes stopped when they fell upon George’s hands resting on the table. They had a slight shake in them. It made the swirling guilt and dread in Sapnap’s stomach so much worse.

“What does it mean then?” George’s voice was strained and thick with what Sapnap assumed was oncoming tears.

“I- well, to be clear, I do love you.” Sapnap furrowed his brows slightly in thought, desperately trying to find the right words to explain the confusing mass of emotions that defined his love for his two friends. “But it’s different from how I love Dream.” He looked up at George again, “Like-uhm, I love Dream in this deep like, timeless way. I think I’ve loved him romantically a lot longer than I’m honestly willing to admit to even myself.”

Dream made a soft noise from across the table, but Sapnap couldn’t look away from George’s wide, wet eyes. Not when a fat tear escaped them finally, dripping from his lashes as it fell to the table.

“With you- um, it’s newer I guess. Like for a long time, it was more the gentle fondness that comes with a good friendship, but really since you have moved in, it’s sorta developed into something else, I guess.” Sapnap ran out of words, he wanted to just take the mess he felt around George and put it in his head so he would understand.

“I don’t-” George took a long, shaking breath, “I thought-” He closed his eyes, taking another deep shuddering breath. Sapnap thought for a moment that he was going to continue, his lips trembling in a way that let him know that George was trying to get a hold of his emotions.

When he didn’t continue, a tense silence fell over the table. Sapnap wanted to reach out and comfort George, but he didn’t know if he was allowed to. He wanted the right words to come up so he could fix this, but he couldn’t figure out how to do that either.

“Is this why you had to safeword yesterday?” Dream’s question was like a bolt through the silence, loud and echoing, despite the gentle caress of his voice.

One of George’s hands lifted from the table to wipe roughly at his cheek, “A little. I don’t-” He stopped again, his shoulders slumping as he opened his wet eyes, “I’m not good at this.”

“Neither is Sapnap,” Dream half joked, falling a little flat even as Sapnap rolled his eyes.

George still let out a wet laugh, “I guess, yeah.” He rolled his eyes at Dream as well, before focusing back on Sapnap, the wetness in his eyes more pronounced in the way the light shined off his tears, “I didn’t want to pressure you into telling me that you love me when you don’t, Sapnap.”

Sapnap wanted to rip his hair out with those words, “You aren’t pressuring me, bitch. You couldn’t

pressure me into doing anything I didn't already want to do."

"That's not entirely true," Dream immediately interjected, his words a little sharp. "We pressured you into a lot of things at the beginning of all this."

Sapnap was definitely going to throttle both of them in their sleep, what with George denying that he loved him after he confessed it, and Dream undermining him when he tried to reinforce that he loved George. "Well, I kinda wanted it. I just didn't want to get in between you two having your happily ever DNF after." He waved his hand vaguely between them.

Silence fell between the three of them again as Sapnap let his hand drop. He looked between George, who was still quietly wiping away tears that spilled over despite his best efforts, and Dream, who looked like he was on the verge of passing out despite his best efforts.

All three of them were idiots.

"I love both of you, okay?" Sapnap looked at George, "I love you, George." He looked at Dream this time, "and I love you, Dream."

Dream didn't react outside of flashing Sapnap a small smile. When Sapnap looked back at George, he found him looking down at the table, his hands hidden in his lap.

"Why did you think I didn't love you?" Sapnap asked cautiously, not wanting to make this worse than it already was.

George shrugged slowly. He didn't say anything for a lone moment; Sapnap waited patiently for him to find his words. Thankfully, Dream did too, silent in his own seat across the table.

"You are just—" George started, his voice wavering slightly before he pushed on, his voice growing stronger as he went, "You are softer with Dream. Like, you cuddle with him more readily, and make out with him and always turn to him for comfort." George looked up, his eyes flicking quickly around Sapnap's face, "I thought you were just being polite about Dream's feelings for me and respecting them."

Dream sighed heavily, "Why didn't you say anything, George?"

Sapnap felt like he could relax slightly when George's teary eyes turned to Dream and away from him, "Because I didn't want to ruin what we had going, and I really didn't want to make Sapnap uncomfortable. That part of why I—" He stopped abruptly, his eyes shooting down to stare at the table again.

"Why what?" Dream sounded as exhausted as he looked, leaning forward in his chair like he could physically pull the information from George if he got close enough.

"That's why I kept making you take more of the in-between role these past few days. That way, Sapnap could lean on you and get comfort from you if he needed it." The exhaustion that had permeated Dream's voice seemed to reflect in George's now, as well.

Guilt ate at Sapnap's heart. He had really messed up by not telling George that he loved him before now. It hadn't even occurred to him that he needed to, he thought their easy cuddling in the mornings and their normal teasing had conveyed his affection. Obviously, he had been very wrong.

"Is that why you had to safeword yesterday?" Dream asked quietly, "Or was it something else?"

"Sorta that, I guess." George shrugged, his eyes seemed to be boring holes in the table. Sapnap got

the feeling George wanted to end the conversation. He had never been good at talking about his emotions, and this conversation must have already been a lot for him.

A long, frustrated groan sounded through the room, “Come on, George. We were making progress, don’t shut us out now. No ‘I guess’ es. Tell me why.”

Sapnap didn’t let his fear stop him from reaching under the table and gently lacing his fingers with George’s this time. He could tell from the flush in his cheeks and the unfocused look in his eyes that George was struggling more than either him or Dream really knew.

“If you-” Sapnap paused, considering his words for a moment before continuing, despite the repercussions they may give, “If you thought I didn’t love you, and that was part of the reason you had to call red last night, why did you ask me to stay?”

George pulled his eyes up to look at Sapnap, his fingers squeezing slightly down on Sapnap’s own. It felt like some form of warm reassurance. “Because I wanted one more night to pretend.”

“To pretend?” Sapnap couldn’t help but ask, a sick sensation filling the back of his throat at the inkling he had of where this was going.

“That you loved me back.” George blew out a long breath. He continued quickly over Sapnap who had opened his mouth to yet again inform George that he did in fact love him, “As far as why I did safe word, well...”

He trailed off, his eyes unfocusing as they drifted to stare at the wall, “I had been, uhm, trying to separate myself from everything.” He waved the hand Sapnap wasn’t holding around his head, “I guess to give Sapnap space like I said, and when he was, he um, he was-” His eyes flicked to Sapnap and his face flushed even more, “All worked up about what we were doing and because I was the one denying him and he turned to you, Dream.” He jerked his eyes back to Dream’s face, “It all just hit at once.”

“Maybe we should try and switch next time?” Dream asked slowly, “Like we had been doing at the beginning before you got all in your head about Sapnap.”

“I-” George hesitated for a second before nodding slowly. “Yeah. I think that might help me not try to remove myself from the scene emotionally as much. So, like if I crash again it won’t be so bad.”

“Also, then Sapnap will probably seek comfort from you. Right, Sap?” Dream tilted his head to address Sapnap this time, his exhausted eyes focused on Sapnap’s face.

“Um... Well I don’t really think about what I’m doing when I’m in the moment, to be honest.” He felt heat flooding his cheeks at just the thought of how he tended to lose control with them, “I think it’s just a reaction of who is there for me to like... burrow into.”

George snorted slightly, “Burrow.” He repeated in a far off voice, his eyes shifted to focus on Sapnap’s face as well.

“You really do get sex dumb,” Dream laughed out, shaking his head, his messy blond hair falling into his eyes. “Are we good?”

Sapnap knew it was more addressed to George than to himself, but he nodded anyway. “As long as this dumb fuck understands that I do love him and he doesn’t need to - what was it? - distance himself for my sake.”

“Hey.” George scowled at him, reaching forward to smack at Sapnap weakly, “You can’t blame

me for reading the situation the way I did.”

Sapnap softed at the small tone in George’s voice, “I don’t.” He sighed and squeezed George’s hand gently, “I promise.” He blamed himself a little bit because it was his actions, or lack of actions that led them here, but he couldn’t blame George for being scared that he wasn’t enough for Sapnap. Not when that was a continuous insecurity that lingered in the back of his own mind.

“Let’s go cuddle on the couch.” Dream stood, gathering the casserole and their barely picked at plates. “I’m exhausted and would like to take a nap. We can talk more later if we need to, but I need some sleep.”

“Now you admit it?” George let go of Sapnap’s hand and stood as well, “Sap said he’s been worried about that for a few days.”

“I was stressed about you two idiots. I feel better now. Just...” He paused in front of the fridge and glanced back at both of them, “Please, can both of you just talk when you start feeling insecure or unsure about one of our feelings? I can’t do this lack of communication thing, it stresses me out.”

Guilt ate at Sapnap; he didn’t want to make a big deal about his own insecurities right then, not when both of them had already been made aware of his fear about them being DNF and him being Sapnap. “Okay.” He looked down at the table. If it became more of an issue, he would bring it up with them. It wasn’t really an issue right then, just him being scared.

“Yeah,” George agreed easily as well. “This definitely could have been resolved if I had just brought it up sooner.” His voice wavered slightly at the end of the sentence.

“Don’t-” Dream huffed and turned to open the fridge. He slid the food into it while he spoke, “Don’t beat yourself up over this. We are all still trying to figure this out.”

“Okay,” George agreed quietly. Gentle hands ran across Sapnap’s shoulders and George leaned down to press a soft kiss against his stubbled cheek, “Come on. You can’t just sit there and stare at the table. That’s not what Dream wants.” He dropped his voice into a whisper, “And I would like to let him rest if he can.”

“Yeah,” Sapnap breathed out, trying to agree in just as gentle of a voice. He stood and followed George into the living room, expecting Dream to follow once he was done with putting up the food. “I’m sorry that I wasn’t as, um, lovey-dovey with you.”

One of George’s shoulders rose in a half shrug, “I wasn’t lovey-dovey with you either.”

Sapnap let it drop at that; he knew George wasn’t holding it against him, and dwelling on the past wouldn’t do anything but hurt them moving forward. He curled himself into the corner of the couch and gently patted the spot next to him. “We can cuddle and watch something turned down low while he sleeps.”

“Okay.” George settled onto the couch next to him, pressing his slight frame into Sapnap’s side. It was very rare that Sapnap realized that while George was taller than him, he was much lankier than him. Sapnap’s own broad frame made him feel like he should be taller than George, especially when they were sitting down.

Silence fell between them as Sapnap scrolled through Netflix trying to find an anime George wouldn’t immediately protest to. He settled on one right when Dream rounded the couch and flopped down on the half they had left open for him.

He couldn’t help the fond feeling that was welling in his chest at the sight of Dream pressing his

face into George's stomach. One of his arms curled up and around George's back until his hand brushed against Sapnap's hip. George let one arm rest on Dream's shoulder and with the other, grabbed Sapnap's hand and laced their hands together.

Maybe things weren't perfect and they were still figuring it out, but Sapnap knew they would be alright. Him and his two boys.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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Day 21: Take a Break and Discuss

December 22nd

Chapter Notes

HI!

So so so sorry for the long break I took. I really needed it though. Burn out sucks a lot. I'm back now though, already started writing the next chapter and everything!

Anywayyyyy enjoy :) I tried to feed you guys well after the long break haha. >:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 22nd:

“This is a bad idea,” George groaned loudly and dramatically from the passenger seat of Sapnap’s Tesla. “A horrible idea even.”

Sapnap merged onto the highway. “You were the one that insisted we finish out the calendar.” He glanced at George briefly once he was comfortably in his lane. “Dream and I were down to just do our own thing and you pointed out that we had already gotten this far.”

“I wasn’t wrong, you two are just idiots in the way you went around today’s task.” Out of the corner of Sapnap’s eye, he could see George cross his arms.

“You agreed to not be the one in charge today.” Sapnap briefly allowed himself to glance at George as he started to slow down with the flow of traffic.

George tilted his head back with his eyes closed in faux annoyance. “That was before I knew you two were going to make me have the vibrator in my ass as we went to a mall.” His head rolled to the side and Sapnap had to force himself to look back at the road.

Sapnap held up one hand in defense, “Dream was the one who decided that, not me.” He quickly let his hand fall back onto the wheel to change lanes to avoid the worst of the traffic. Sapnap felt giddy amusement at the easy banter between both of them and the knowledge that he was going to get to watch George fall apart.

There was silence from the seat next to him for a long moment. The music from the radio and general road noises filled the quiet space as George probably thought up whatever argument he had against Dream’s plan.

George’s voice was soft when he spoke again, barely loud enough to be heard over the sound of the wind and the pop song playing. “Can I ask you something?”

“What’s up?” Sapnap cocked his head to the side slightly, letting his eyes ghost across the cars in front of him.

“When did you know?” He could feel George’s gaze on the side of his head as his seemingly innocent question fell into the empty space of the car.

Confusion made Sapnap furrow his brows and spare George a quick glance, “Know what?”

“That you loved us. Me n’ Dream.” He sounded embarrassed and Sapnap could see the slow, awkward smile that crossed his lips that he tended to fall back onto when he wasn’t sure what else to do with his face.

“Oh, um.” Sapnap concentrated on the road as traffic slowed fully to a stop. His mind was a whirr of thoughts, being cast back into every small interaction that had led to any revelation. “I don’t know. Part of me wants to say that I really only found out two weeks ago, but-” A frustrated sigh escaped his lips.

Memories of long nights of pining after Dream filled his thoughts. The first pang of realization when George sent him and Dream the first Snapchat of his face. The gentle revelation that he probably wouldn’t ever have either of them when Dream’s excited voice drifted into his ears with enthusiastic talk about a programming project he was working on with George.

“I think maybe I have loved both of you for longer than that. I think I’ve known longer than that.” He leaned back glancing over the sea of red tail lights in front of him. “This was a horrible idea. Going to a mall across town right before Christmas. We should have known better.”

“So what made you realize?” George asked, completely ignoring his quiet complaining about the traffic.

Sapnap looked out his driver’s side window into the gray murkiness that made up a wet Florida winter day. He couldn’t look at George as he talked about that. He wasn’t really even sure what compelled him to give George the answer he was thinking over, but he did his best to explain it all anyway.

Maybe it was because of the not-so-easy truth that George had shared with them yesterday: the knowledge that he wasn’t the only one with deep set insecurities around their relationship.

“I realized I was halfway in love with Dream freshman year of high school. I kinda realized I was maybe not so straight then and...” He lifted his hands to ruffle his hair under his hat before securely placing it back on his head, “I don’t know. He was- is- my best friend. It was so easy to love him. So easy to wish and hope. Plus, you know how he is.”

He glanced over at George to find a soft, considering look on his face, “He’s magnetic.”

“Yeah,” Sapnap breathed out with a whooshing breath. “So I waited for him to wake up and, I guess, realize I was right there? I don’t know what I was thinking because for all I knew he was super straight then, but I just had this feeling.”

Part of him was sure this next part would hurt George as much as it had hurt him at the time, but the only way to explain it all was to let George know the whole truth. He still wasn’t sure why he was doing it, trapped in a car on a highway full of other frustrated people all trying to go about their business wasn’t the best place for this kind of conversation.

Rain pattered down on his windshield with soft plopping pops accompanying it, pulling Sapnap’s gaze away from George’s too perfect face to the surrounding scene of wet cars in traffic.

Maybe this was the best place for this kind of conversation.

“Then you came along.” His voice came out so soft, he could barely hear it over the soft rain. The sharp intake of breath next to him told him George had heard, though. “And I knew I didn’t have a chance.”

“Sapnap.” George’s voice was gentle and out of the corner of his eye he could see George make an

aborted movement to reach for him.

He plowed on, wanting to get all his words out now that he had started. He couldn't stop there. "I don't blame Dream for being so enraptured by you. You're perfect. Smart, pretty, funny- Jesus, I was enraptured by you too. For a bit I thought I wanted to be you. I even tried for a little bit there."

A soft self-deprecating chuckle left his chest as he tilted his head back against the headrest, his eyes closing against the pain of figuring out that, while he could try his hardest to keep up with George and Dream, he would always play second fiddle to the other. "Took me a while to figure out I wasn't going to get a computer science degree, and even if I did, that wouldn't somehow make me effortlessly funny and perfect like you. Plus, what was the point when I didn't really want to be you, I just wanted yours and Dream's attention."

This time when George spoke, the soft "Sapnap" was laced with pain.

Sapnap ignored him, screwing his eyes shut even further as the word vomit that had begun just kept coming up. It was damning him really. "I guess I got a little bitter there for a bit. You two were so wrapped up in one another that I felt like I just didn't exist anymore. It sucked even more when the fans picked up on it and made all those third wheel jokes. But I wasn't willing to do anything that would ruin our friendship. And then we just stumbled into this because of that stupid fucking calendar."

Soft hands cupped around his cheeks, pulling his head to the side. Lips pressed against his in a gentle kiss. "I think it's a wonderful calendar." George sounded soft in a way Sapnap rarely heard applied to anyone but Dream.

"Even if it means you have a vibrator up your ass when we go to the mall?" He cracked his eye open to find George rolling his eyes, much to his own amusement.

"I can forgive it for its faults," George huffed, sitting back into his seat. "Traffic is moving again."

Sapnap returned his attention to driving, letting the easy distraction it provided pull his thoughts away from circulating doubts. He wasn't sure he was ever going to feel secure, not when he had spent so long feeling like he was on the outside looking in with Dream and George.

"You know I used to be so jealous of you and Dream. I mean, you two have been friends forever. He knows you so well and you know him so well. I just wanted to be as close to both of you as I possibly could." George's voice sounded far away and contemplative as he spoke.

The longing to look over and study George's facial expression as he spoke filled Sapnap. He knew he couldn't though, not with the rain and traffic. "Well, I guess both of us are a mess."

There was a soft laugh of agreement that came from George before a lingering silence fell between them. Songs passed on the radio, soft and barely heard over the noise of the rain. Sapnap didn't dare lean over and turn it up though. He didn't want to miss anything else George might say, and the road water being kicked up by the semi-trucks made it hard to see.

When George finally spoke, it was after Sapnap had exited the highway and was turning into the parking lot of the mall. "I may be completely wrong in thinking you may still think this, but I'm going to say it anyway."

He paused to take a deep breath before continuing his thought, "I want you to know you don't need to like, think that you are the third wheel or on the outside looking in or not existing because of me

n' Dream. Both of us love you and—" He stopped, a frustrated noise escaping his throat, "Neither of us ever would have wanted you to feel like that."

It felt like the breath was knocked out of Sapnap. Somehow, George had hit on every insecurity and doubt that swirled through the back of his mind like creeping claws. Maybe it had been baked into every word he had spoken earlier, shouted louder than he could have ever intended it to.

"I—" He pulled his bottom lip into his mouth, sucking hard as he almost peeled into a parking spot. Tears were clouding his vision as much as rain was and he really needed to get a grip.

Clenching his hands on his steering wheel as a way to ground himself, Sapnap took a deep shuddering breath through his nose. He gathered his thoughts around him like a blanket before speaking, "It's hard to not let those kinds of thoughts linger when that's basically been our life for the past two or three years."

Gentle fingers gripped his chin and turned his face so he was forced to look into warm dark eyes. "Trust me, I totally get that. But I'm not sure either of us have done much to reassure you. Both you and Dream spent like all of yesterday worrying over my own stupid brain. The least I can do is help you out, idiot."

"Shut up." Sapnap wrinkled his nose, feeling awkward at the sudden soft and loving attention coming from George. It felt so out of character for him and it made Sapnap want to squirm.

George scoffed out a soft laugh before pulling him in for a soft kiss, his slightly chapped lips brushing pleasant warmth against Sapnap's own damp lips. It made Sapnap's eyes drift closed, the warmth of the kiss filling his chest.

When he pulled back and Sapnap opened his eyes, a small smile graced his lips. "You know..." He rolled his eyes and let go of Sapnap's chin, "I never thought I would have an emotionally serious conversation with a vibrator inside of me."

The laugh that came over Sapnap was loud and a little wheezy, leaving him out of breath in the best way possible. "Yeah, well. Here we are." He managed to say through lingering giggles, gentle mirth settling over him.

"Do we have to do this?" George whined, easily slipping back into the pouting he had been doing at the start of their drive.

"To be clear, I'm pretty sure if I don't call Dream and we show up claiming we did it without him, he will either never talk to us again, or is going to blue ball both of us so hard we will be begging to do anything." Sapnap turned his car off, looking towards the mall entrance he had parked closest to.

It was swimming with people crowding around the doors, wet umbrellas in hand and hoods pulled over heads. Some of them held onto too many shopping bags, others were trying to find a good spot to shake their drenched umbrellas off.

Mechanically, Sapnap pulled his airpods case out and tucked one of the earpods into his ear. "It's going to be so crowded inside."

"I know," George groaned from next to him. There was a soft thud and Sapnap turned to look at him again to find his head resting on the dash.

"Think we will be recognized?" Absently, he scrolled through his phone to his favorite contacts and selected Dream to call.

“I hope not.” George turned his head to the side to look up at Sapnap through his curtained bangs.
“That would be miserable.”

“Only because you know Dream will have me turn it on right then.” Sapnap laughed as the phone started to ring.

It took Dream only a second to answer with an annoyed sounding, “Finally. It was only supposed to be like a forty minute drive.”

Sapnap couldn’t help rolling his eyes, “There was traffic, dumbass. We are going into the mall now.”

“Whatever.” Dream’s voice crackled with static as Sapnap opened the door and stepped out into the freezing rain. “Just go find the Spencer’s. Take him to the back.”

“Oh, you have a whole plan.” Sapnap waited for George to get out of the car as well, ignoring his questioning look in favor of grabbing his slim wrist and dragging him to the entrance.

“I had a while to think of what I wanted while you two fucked around getting to the mall.” There was a soft shuffling noise and a muffled meow picked up by Dream’s phone. Further away than he had been before Dream muttered a soft, “I’m sorry Patches, but you need to get off.”

He really wanted to make a comment about Dream pushing Patches off so he could jerk off to the idea of Sapnap tormenting George in public, but there were about 20 people within earshot as he kept dragging George through the crowd until he spotted the mall map.

“Where are we going?” George asked in his ear that Dream wasn’t in. He was glancing over the map, his too-large hoodie hanging low over the hand that Sapnap wasn’t basically holding.

“Spencer’s,” Sapnap absently mumbled, his eyes tracing across the map until he found the store nestled in a corner only a few shops down from him and just past a set of bathrooms.

Dream cleared his throat, “Don’t tell him anything else; I want him clueless.” His tone left no room for arguing.

Not that Sapnap was going to argue. He was going to be an instrument in Dream taking George apart. Just the thought of it made him twitch in his jeans. He wasn’t sure exactly how this was going to go, really. As long as he and George didn’t get arrested for indecent exposure, he really didn’t care though. He trusted Dream enough that he didn’t think it would lead to that.

“Okay.” He barely restrained himself from letting a small ‘daddy’ leak from his lips too. It was really hard to remember there were probably hundreds of people around him that could easily see and hear what he was saying.

Just the thought made his grip onto George’s wrist harder.

“I hate that I can’t hear him,” George whined out, stumbling after Sapnap as he dragged him to the Spencer’s.

Sapnap swallowed heavily, weaving around people in an effort to get to the small dark store as fast as he could. He felt like he was going to combust already and they hadn’t even started; the heat of his hoodie combined with the vague knowledge of what was about to come leaving him feeling overheated. “Well, that’s too bad,” he quipped, trying to keep up with the banter that Dream or George would usually have while he went nonverbal.

There was a long huff from George, the ghost of his breath ruffling the strands of Sapnap's hair that were curling out from under his hat. His long fingers wrapped around Sapnap's arm as they crossed the boundary of the store.

"Are you there yet?" Dream's voice was deep in the one ear he had his earbud in, making shivers run down his spine.

Sapnap let out a shaky breath, "Yeah." He glanced around the dimly lit store, his eyes tracking over the graphic tees at the front. It was surprisingly empty despite the crowds in the rest of the mall.

There was a shuffling sound from the other side of the phone and Sapnap couldn't help but picture Dream pulling the band of his sweat pants down, his big hand wrapping around his half hard cock. It made him shudder, one of his hands moving up to grasp at George's fingers wrapped around his arm.

"Go to the back and get your phone out so you can turn on the vibrator." Whereas before Dream's voice had been deep, it now had a breathy quality to it.

"Okay." Sapnap pulled George to the back of the store, ignoring his soft questioning noise and the way his fingers clenched under Sapnap's own grip.

"What's he saying?" George stage whispered, leaning in closer, his breath a moist wind over Sapnap's ear.

Sapnap afforded George a quick glance, "You don't get to know. He said that." It was hard to remember he was supposed to keep his head about him when he met George's dark questioning eyes. Despite the way he clutched at Sapnap, his eyes were still sharp in a way that made Sapnap want to tell him every word Dream said.

After a moment longer of Sapnap's gaze being held by George's demanding one, George looked away, his eyes ghosting over the racks at the back of the shop that held cheap lingerie, blindfolds, fuzzy handcuffs and more. "Fine, if that's the game Dream wants to play."

With George's eyes away, he pulled out his phone, "That is how he wants to play." He swiped open his phone to the app that connected to the vibrator.

"Is he really complaining that much?" Dream huffed, a half annoyed breath half wheezed laugh.

Sapnap swallowed, letting his own eyes dance over the hidden goods that Spencer's masked behind graphic tees and keychains. When he spotted a familiar box on a shelf he paused, the answer to Dream's question falling from his mouth. "Yeah."

Despite all the things surrounding the shelving that held the familiar advent calendar, it looked innocent, the blue and gold coloring shining even in the dim light of the store.

"Well, then I won't be as nice as I was planning on being." Sapnap could hear the eyeroll in Dream's voice, the exasperation thick in his words. "You have the app open?"

"Yeah," Sapnap breathed out, his thoughts starting to feel thick as he pulled his eyes away from the decorative innocent façade of the advent calendar to look back at George.

George had a pair of lime green fluffy handcuffs in his hand and a contemplative look on his face, completely oblivious to the fact that Sapnap had his phone in his hand with the app pulled up on the screen.

“Turn it all the way up.” Dream has a vindictive tone in his voice, “and then slowly lower it back to off after a few moments. And tell me what he looks like.” The last order was added almost as an afterthought, like maybe Dream had forgotten he wouldn’t be able to see for just a moment.

With a shaking finger, Sapnap turned the setting to max intensity, his eyes jerking up to watch George as soon as he knew he had it right. George’s eyes had screwed shut, a soft noise slipping past his throat, the cuffs slipping from his now lax fingers. His legs shook slightly and one of his hands flew to find purchase against a shelf next to him, knocking over a box holding a monstrously sized bright blue dildo.

“Everything okay back there?” A raspy, slightly high pitched voice of who must have been the one employee working called back to them.

Sapnap tried to make his voice work, but the sight of George’s legs trembling and the way he clutched at the shelf left his mouth dry and his throat heavy with need.

George clenched his jaw for a moment before clearing his throat roughly and speaking in a tight voice. “Yeah, we’re good!” His knuckles turned white from how hard he was gripping the shelf.

“Okay.” The employee sounded unsure but they didn’t venture to the back to check on them.

Slowly, Sapnap lowered the setting on the vibrator, his eyes locked on George to not miss a single moment. George’s shoulders slowly relaxed. He let out a long shaky breath and his head dropped forward. Just barely, Sapnap could hear him breathe out a quiet, “F- fuck.”

“Sapnap.” Dream’s voice was like a shock to his system, “Princess. Don’t forget to tell me what he looks like.” His tone went a bit steely and the ‘or else’ may have been left unsaid but Sapnap knew it was there all the same.

“He’s,” his voice came out, cracking into a high pitch. He swallowed roughly and cleared his throat before starting again, “He’s gorgeous, Daddy. His legs were shaking and-” His words were cut short by George jerking his head around to look at Sapnap.

His eyes were dark and hungry, flicking from the phone in his hand to his face. He walked forward, his fingers wrapping around his wrist, forcing him to lower the phone. “Tell Dream that if he wants to know what I look like right now he should have us go home.”

Sapnap swallowed heavily again. “I- Dream?”

“I heard him.” Dream sounded contemplative, “Take him to the bathroom. On the way, turn it on medium.”

“Are-” He had to cut himself off as George let his lips drag over the curve of his jaw; his hot breath felt like a brand, “Are you sure?” He could hear the shake in his voice as he spoke.

“Yes, Princess.” There was a soft sound Dream’s phone was barely picking up. Sapnap was very sure it was the sound of Dream’s hand on his cock. It made hot pinpricks spring up in his stomach.

“Okay,” he breathed out, quickly pressing a slight open mouth kiss to George’s forehead. He pulled out of George’s grasp, tucking one hand into his so that he could drag him to the bathroom.

George, for his part, didn’t argue. Still, his eyes felt like burning holes against the side of Sapnap’s head, hot and concentrated. His thumb stroked over Sapnap’s hand as they walked back through the store and out into the crowded halls of the mall. It felt like a trailing hot burning brand.

Sapnap flicked his eyes over the crowd around him, the only noise filling his head were the soft slick sounds filtering through his airpods. He waited until they were in the hall leading to the bathrooms to turn the vibrator back on, trying to keep George's reaction as out of sight as he could manage.

When he turned it back on, George collapsed to the side, hitting the marbled wall of the hall leading back to the bathrooms. Sapnap glanced at the crowd of people walking past the hall and quickly stepped up to bracket George in. His head tilted back hitting the wall and his hands flew up to grip at Sapnap's shoulders.

He couldn't worry about the crowd anymore, not when George looked so lost in his own world of pleasure. There was a rosy pink blush high on George's pale cheeks. His mouth was parted with gasping breaths escaping his mouth, his lips a cherry red and damp with his own spit.

"Hey," Sapnap breathed out, one hand shifting down to cup at George's waist, "Feel good?"

"Yeah," Both Dream and George breathed out at the same time. Sapnap had almost forgotten Dream was on the other end as well, blind outside of what Sapnap told him.

"Take him into the bathroom. A stall," Dream cut out over his own low moan.

Sapnap shivered with the sound of it. Carefully, he slid his other hand to George's hip and pulled him the last few steps into the men's restroom. Thankfully, it was blissfully empty. Sapnap turned the deadbolt to the main door, trying to clear his mind long enough to think about the logistics of what Dream may or may not demand.

Dancing around the thought of getting caught was one thing, actually getting caught was another. The last thing Dream Team needed was someone walking in on George and Sapnap fucking in a public restroom.

"Leave the setting where it is, and once you are in a stall, you are going to get on your slutty little knees and suck George off." Dream's voice was edging towards going hoarse and breathy.

"All the way?" Sapnap couldn't help his own whine, his mind sliding away from him, even as he pushed George back into the handicap stall.

"Yes, Princess. And swallow. Then I'll let you take care of yourself too. If you are good." The way Dream spoke the words left spooling heat in Sapnap's stomach.

He latched the stall closed and in a not-so-smooth motion, turned and dropped to his knees in front of George. The pain of his knees hitting the grimy tile of the public bathroom should have brought some clarity to his hazy mind, instead it pushed him deeper into wanting.

"Fuck." George whined breathlessly from above him, but Sapnap didn't look up at him.

Instead, he concentrated on pulling the zipper of George's jeans down, popping the button with his thumb. The outline of George's hard cock against his hand was distracting in the most delicious way, as were the noises drifting through the other side of the phone.

He pulled George's cock out. The sight of it made a whine bubble up in his throat, quiet but higher pitched than he would like to admit. His mouth filled with spit and he leaned forward, his tongue falling out of his mouth without thought.

It was so easy to fall under the spell of Dream and George, the heavy breaths and slick sounds pouring into his soul and casting over him a thick fog. He leant forward, his eyes fluttering closed

as he loosely wrapped one hand around the velvet skin of George's pulsing cock.

The taste of bitter saltiness hit his tongue as it touched the very tip of George's cock, pressing into the slit slightly, seeking the source of the taste. A shiver ran down his spine when fingers tangled into his hair, pushing his hat off. They weren't guiding yet, just resting.

He pressed forward more, wrapping his lips around the tip of George's cock, a low moan reverberating in his chest. A responding moan crackled through his headphone. The sound of it made Sapnap press further down on George's cock.

George's fingers in his hair tightened roughly, still not guiding, but enough to cause a gentle spark of pain to pull him further into the heat of the moment. He let his tongue press into George's cock, trying to focus on something other than Dream's panting breaths and the heavy gasps coming from George.

Spit slipped from the corners of his lips and dripped down George's cock. Sapnap started to pull up just slightly, before sinking down again, enough that the head of George's cock tickled the back of his throat.

There was a broken sounding noise that echoed through the bathroom. The fingers that had just been a gentle tugging reminder pushed suddenly, taking control of Sapnap's movements with painful tugs and demanding presses.

Sapnap's hands gripped into George's thighs, bracing himself as he was forced down on George's cock repeatedly. Spit and precum slicking his lips and making him shudder at the delicious feeling of being used.

"Fuck, you sound so good, Princess," Dream breathed into the phone, letting him sink further into hazy fog.

George's quiet huffing moans held him there drifting in the fog as the pulsing of George's cock pressed against his tongue. In the back of his mind, he knew George had to be close. A stifled whine made Sapnap open his eyes and strain them to look up at George even as he choked on the feeling of George's dick pressing past his gag reflex.

The hand that wasn't in Sapnap's hair was pressed between George's teeth. Sapnap could see the indents from where his teeth had already slipped slightly in their grip. The sight of it made Sapnap's eyes flutter with a wave of hot burning desire pressing through him, his cock twitching in his own jeans.

He hoped he had been good enough for Dream to let him cum.

The fingers in his hair tightened and the careful, barely held on, control George had slipped. A long moan echoed through the bathroom as George's cock pulsed in Sapnap's mouth. The bitter, salty taste of George's cum flooded Sapnap's senses.

"Don't swallow yet" Dream's words were sharp in his ears, holding back the reflex and making him hold the bitter taste on his tongue. "Give your phone and headphone to George."

Without any thought of disagreeing, Sapnap pulled his airpod out of his ear and his phone out of his pocket to hold them up to George. He felt floaty as George used the grip on his hair to pull him off his softening cock and opened his eyes to look up at George with an unfocused gaze. With his other hand, George took first the airpod then the phone, the tremors of pleasure that must have been still rushing through his body making his hand twitch.

With a few taps of his thumb George relaxed back and hazily it occurred to Sapnap that he must have turned off the vibrator. The hand in his hair went lax before gently stroking down his cheek to his chin.

“Open,” George said quietly, his eyes trained on Sapnap’s face. “You better not have swallowed yet.”

Carefully Sapnap opened his mouth, trying to not let any of George’s cum or his spit leak from where he was holding it on his tongue. He looked up at George to see him holding Sapnap’s phone carefully above his face. There was the soft sound as George took a picture followed by another of a text being sent.

Another rush of burning heat ran through Sapnap at the implications: George taking a picture of him with cum on his tongue, sending it to Dream for Dream to use as he kept working to get himself off.

“Swallow,” George spoke the word like a caress, his grip on Sapnap’s chin tightening slightly before his hand fell to his side.

Sapnap clicked his jaw shut before swallowing the hot burning brand of George’s cum. He shivered when he was done, his eyes almost fluttering shut before he forced them open again to look at George.

George had his head tilted to the side, his gaze tracing over Sapnap’s face. “Okay,” He said quietly, tucking Sapnap’s phone in his back pocket before carefully tucking his softening cock back into his jeans. “Come on, baby. Let’s get you cleaned up so we can go home.”

The protesting whine that rushed forth from Sapnap’s chest couldn’t have been stopped even if Sapnap wanted to try. “I was good. Tell him I was good,” he protested almost mindlessly, sitting up on his knees. “Daddy said I could get off if I was good.”

“And you need to still be good, Pet.” George patted his cheek softly, “Come on.” He squatted down, slipping both of his hands under Sapnap’s arms and pulled him up roughly.

George gently guided Sapnap out of the stall and to the sinks. “You were so good for me, but we both need to still be good for Dream.” He whispered against Sapnap’s cheek and pressed a rough kiss against Sapnap’s swollen and tingling lips.

He grabbed a few of the paper towels and held it under the water from the sink. While he did so Sapnap couldn’t help but let his eyes drift to the mirror and take his own reflection in. His cheeks were flushed heavily, a rosy-red blotchy and continuing and traveling down his neck. His lips were wet with spit and bright cherry red, swollen and plump visually. His hair was a tangled mess.

His gaze was pulled away from the mirror as George gently turned him to wipe the too rough texture of the cheap paper towels over his face. He was as gentle as he could be with what he was working with.

Slowly, as George went through the gentle motions of trying to get Sapnap to look like he hadn’t just sucked his dick, Sapnap’s mind cleared a bit. His cock was still throbbing in his own jeans, but he was aware enough to know Dream probably had something new in mind he wanted to do, and it must have involved switching the phantom control from him to George.

George scooped Sapnap’s hat from where it had fallen onto the floor. He pulled it down over Sapnap’s bird nest of curls. “There. Not much we can do to hide how hard you are, though.” He

stepped back, the heat of his gaze making the pit of Sapnap's stomach feel like lava.

"That's okay." His voice was smaller than he would have liked, but he wasn't under the easy haze that he had been while sucking George's cock anymore.

Gently, George laced his fingers through Sapnap's. "Want to go home and see your Daddy?"

"Yeah." This time Sapnap's voice cracked as he spoke.

The smile George gave him was lazy as he pulled him to the door and unlocked it. Sapnap went with him easily, not bothering to ask anymore questions. He was highly aware he was going to have to drive home. He was also highly aware how uncomfortable that was going to be with how achingly hard he was.

George led him through the crowds milling about the mall, avoiding people weighted down by heavy shopping bags and annoyed scowls on their faces. They walked back out into the cold almost freezing rain and to his Tesla parked innocently between an SUV and a truck.

Sapnap rubbed his face roughly as he unlocked the car and got in. "I don't want to drive," he muttered mostly to himself and turned on the car.

His phone connected to the Bluetooth and Dream's voice rang through the car's speakers, "I just checked the traffic and you two should be home in about thirty minutes."

A scoff of a laugh sounded from George as he settled into the passenger seat, pulling his seatbelt across his chest. "Think you can match what Dream thinks, or do you reckon you can take less time, Baby?" George asked, one hand slipping across the center console to rest high on Sapnap's thigh.

"Yeah." He agreed without thinking about traffic or speeds. He threw the Tesla into reverse and pulled out of the parking spot.

He glanced down at George's hand while he waited at a red light to turn onto the feeder road to the highway. The pale skin of George's hand against his jeans was stark in the contrast. It made Sapnap shiver, focused on George's pinky rested so close to the visible line of his hard cock.

"Light's green." George's gentle tone pulled Sapnap's eyes back up to the road. He turned onto the feeder automatically, flicking his eyes to the radio to see the time on the call with Dream slowly counting up.

There was a soft hum through the car speakers, "Was he not paying attention?" Dream asked casually.

George snorted, his hand squeezing down on Sapnap's thigh. "He was looking at my hand."

Sapnap's mouth felt dry as he merged onto the highway, thankfully somehow traffic free. A shiver ran through him as Dream and George started to talk about him like he wasn't there. He didn't know why exactly he liked it so much in the context of them messing around like this, but it always made him have a hard time thinking. It was even worse when he had to spend all of his remaining attention concentrating on driving.

"Where is your hand?" Dream's voice dipped low like liquid honey running through Sapnap's veins.

George squeezed Sapnap's thigh again before sliding his hand up slightly until his pinky hit the

edge of his cock, teasing in the most tantalizing way possible. “On his thigh.” George sounded beyond smug.

“Oh yeah?” Dream gave a half laugh, the noise of it making static over the car speakers.

“Yeah,” George breathed in reply.

Without even looking over at George, Sapnap could tell he was looking at the side of his face, the heat of his gaze burning and heavy. Another shiver ran through Sapnap and he had to fight the need to close his eyes and fall into the feeling of George’s hand and the control Dream had over both of them.

A breathy gasp that filtered from the speakers before Dream spoke again, “You teasing my Princess, Kitten?”

There was a rush of tantalizing, almost-there pleasure as George pressed his pinky into the side of Sapnap’s cock. “Yeah. Is that okay, Pet?”

“Yeah. Get him all worked up.” The slick noise Sapnap had heard from earlier returned, amplified and horribly overwhelming over the speakers of the car.

“If I get pulled over, we are all fucked,” Sapnap barely managed to grind out, flicking his eyes to check the exits as he sped along the highway through the misting rain.

“Shut up, Princess,” Dream huffed out. “Focus on driving.”

George leaned over the center console, his lips ghosting against Sapnap’s ear in a way too distracting way. “Let your Daddy and I play, Baby.” His hand shifted up until it was grinding down against Sapnap.

The pleasure that zipped through him this time was bordering on painful. The confines of his jeans almost too much, and the length of time he had been horny and craving release eating away at his mind.

His teeth sunk into his lips as a soft noise escaped him. The pinpricks of pain kept him focused on the road, but just barely. He counted down the exits in his mind as George alternated between tortuously digging the palm of his hand into Sapnap’s aching jeans-covered cock, and teasingly running his fingers along the length.

He knew noises were escaping his mouth and that both Dream and George had said words, but the distracting way he had to split his attention between driving and George’s sinful hand made it hard to process anything else.

When the exit finally came into view he couldn’t help gasping out a soft, “Thank fucking god.” He knew it was still 10 minutes to the house, having to drive through subdivisions and waiting at a few lights, but the fact that he wouldn’t be on the highway anymore was a relief in itself.

The first signs of Christmas traffic reared its ugly head when he pulled up to the light on the feeder road to turn towards their subdivision. The feeling of George’s fingers shifted until they teased over his fly. Heat flashed through him at the implications and he jerked his eyes to look at George.

His mouth fell open against his will when the sound of a zipper hit his ears. The feeling of the pressure around his dick being released was way more addicting than he was ever going to admit to. His hips briefly left the seat as he sought friction, the heady feeling of everything washing through him.

George's eyes were glued to his face, hot and needy as he carefully popped the button on Sapnap's jeans too. "Watch the road, Baby." His voice was rough and one glance at George's crotch before turning back to look at the road told Sapnap that George was getting turned on again by all of it.

Hot fingers reached into his jeans and boxers, the feeling of them a shock to Sapnap's system. He had to fight the need to close his eyes as the light turned green, demanding that he start driving again.

Teasing soft fingers ran over his cock as George sat back innocently in the passenger seat, like he wasn't taking Sapnap apart while Sapnap was supposed to be driving. When the cold air of the car hit his cock he couldn't help but glance down. George's fingers were wrapped loosely around the base of his cock, holding it on display. The tip of his cock was shiny with precum and almost purple with his need.

"Eyes on the road, Baby." George's words forced him to look back up, noting they had only a couple more streets before they were home.

An annoyed raspy noise sounded from Dream, "What's going on? I want to know." The demand could have been taken as whiney in most circumstances, but Sapnap was highly aware that Dream was very much the one in charge today.

"Just pulled his slutty little cock out and he got distracted." Sapnap could hear the eyeroll in the way George said it.

Slowly he began to stroke over his cock, his thumb dancing over the slit and spreading the damp, sticky precum down his heated skin. It made boiling pleasure roll through Sapnap, his hips rocking in his seat of their own accord.

He wasn't even sure how he got onto their street if he was honest. His eyes were on the road, but all he could think about was the fingers teasing his cock with slight squeezes and too-gentle strokes.

As soon as he finished his turn onto their street he heard the click of the passenger seat belt unlatching. He glanced over at George seeing the seat belt definitely not over George's chest, but resting against the side of the car, "Wha—"

"Sh." George held up a finger to his lips before leaning over the center console and licking over the head of Sapnap's cock.

The heat of George's tongue on his already sensitive cock made Sapnap's arms jerk, pulling the car to the side slightly before he straightened it. "Fuck," He groaned out, his body feeling like a live wire, staticky and burning with electricity.

George gave a hum, his plush lips wrapping around the head of Sapnap's dick and his tongue swirling around in a teasing manner. It was too much. Way too much. Sapnap let go of the wheel with one hand and rested it on George's head, the sight of his red truck sitting in their driveway a relief.

A chuckle ran over the speakers of his car, "Does George feel good, Princess?" Dream asked in a low tantalizing way.

Sapnap very much understood in that moment why the fans loved that tone when he used it. He was never going to admit that out loud though. "Yeah." His voice came out high and breathy as the Tesla crawled to the driveway.

"Good. He's going to take care of you before you two come in so I can have some more fun."

There was a slight shifting noise over the phone but Sapnap couldn't get his thoughts together long enough to parse together what it might mean.

George sunk down more on his cock, sucking heavily. It made Sapnap arch his hips fully off the seat and push more of his dick into the warm, wet heat of George's mouth. Normally he would feel bad about potentially choking him, but his mind was a jumbled mess from having to concentrate on driving while George continuously teased almost to the edge.

"Won't take me long, Daddy." He managed the words in a breathy gasp as he finally, finally pulled into the driveway next to his truck. He threw the Tesla into park and looked down at George's mop of hair, curtaining his face and hiding the view of his lips around Sapnap's dick.

The feeling was more than enough to overwhelm him, however. He knew if he would see it all too he really was going to lose the tenuous grip he had on the building pressure of pleasure in his gut.

There was a gentle thumping noise coming from Dream's side of the phone now, like maybe he was walking. "Cum when you want to, Princess. You have been so good for Daddy today."

Sapnap shivered heavily, his eyes slipping shut easily now that he didn't have to force them to stay open while he was driving. The rolling heat coursing through him was building into something white hot and overwhelming.

George, probably knowing exactly what he was doing to Sapnap finally picked up his pace to something that wasn't just excruciating teasing. He bobbed his head, soft noises of encouragement humming through his chest.

It was too much all at once and the hot rolling pleasure burst in consuming waves over Sapnap. His entire body pulsing with it as he curled over George's head. His fingers snagged on one of George's curls and pulled, making George whine around him.

Despite the annoyed whine, George didn't move. He gently sucked as slowly the overwhelming waves of pleasure coursing through Sapnap came to an end. Slowly he pulled off Sapnap the cold air hitting his dick making Sapnap crack his eyes open. His lips were swollen and shiny with spit and Sapnap's cum. It was a very enticing sight to see.

"You better not have swallowed, George," Dream's voice rang through the car, reminding Sapnap of where exactly he was.

George flicked his brown eyes to the screen displaying their call with Dream, his brows furrowed slightly. He shook his head and rolled his eyes before looking back at Sapnap. One of his hands lifted from the center console to tangle loosely into the curls that fell onto Sapnap's neck.

Sapnap went pliant under the touch, already feeling loose from his orgasm and tired from what felt like hours of teasing. He was pulled over the center console and George pressed his lips into his.

The kiss was damp, but gentle. A finger ran over his sensitive still wet cock, making him gasp. Apparently that was all George needed, and bitter, salty cum landed on his tongue. His cum. That George had been holding in his mouth.

He groaned quietly, his sensitive cock twitching despite his body feeling spent. Logically he knew cum swapping should be gross, but both times Dream and George had done it to him it just made his brain leak away, until his head was empty outside anything that the other men wanted.

"Swallow," George breathed out against his parted lips, the movement making his own lips ghost

against Sapnap's in a way too addicting way.

Sapnap closed his mouth around the load and swallowed it down, feeling a burning sensation in his chest at the overwhelmingly sweet feeling of being used for Dream and George's every whim.

"Get him tucked up and come inside." Dream broke apart the moment with an impatient huff.

A breath of a laugh danced over Sapnap's face, smelling like sex and cum. George pulled back and glanced through the windshield, "Liked the show a little too much?"

Sapnap followed his gaze to find Dream, shirtless with low hanging OU sweatpants on, watching them through their front window. "Yes. Now I want both of you inside."

A heated flush rose in Sapnap's cheeks, traveling down his neck. He hadn't realized Dream was watching them. He should have known Dream would though, now that he could see them.

Carefully, he tucked his sensitive cock back into his boxers and did up his jeans.

George climbed out of the car, waiting in front of it and having some kind of stare-down with Dream. Sapnap didn't really know what was going on between the two of them, outside of George probably really wanted to be in charge even after he agreed not to be for the day and Dream wasn't going to give him an inch.

He had made that very clear before George and Sapnap had left the house that morning.

Sapnap turned off the Tesla and got out. "Come on, George." He grabbed George's arm and tugged him inside.

As soon as the door was open and Sapnap had set foot inside, a big hand tangled into his hair and pulled him in for a deep, overwhelming kiss. Dream's lips were hard and demanding, his hand not giving Sapnap an inch of control over his movement as he consumed his mouth.

The click of the door closing behind them was loud, but Sapnap couldn't have turned to look at George and the door if he had wanted to. His eyes slipped shut as Dream pressed his tongue past his lips, forcing his mouth to open wide and licking over the ridges of Sapnap's teeth.

Heat covered his back and gentle lips kissed over the side of his neck. Not pressing or sucking enough to leave marks, but tantalizingly sweet and sending shivers down Sapnap's spine.

When Dream pulled back, there was a line of spit that connected their mouths, breaking after a second. Sapnap opened his eyes when the smacking sound of kissing hit his ears. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Dream's other arm extending behind him and assumed he was also holding George in place while he pressed a bruising kiss against his lips.

There was a soft whimper that vibrated against his back from George. Pressure on Sapnap's hips told him that George was gripping onto his hips for some form of purchase. Even more telling was the outline of George's hard on pressing into the curve of his ass.

Sapnap's entire body ached from having been teased until his mind felt like breaking already, but somehow he could feel himself start to grow half hard again in the confines of his jeans.

Dream's grip on his hair went lax slightly, letting Sapnap turn his head and watch as Dream dragged his teeth over George's bottom lip before pulling back. His gaze was hungry as he looked at first George and then Sapnap. "My pretty boys."

George huffed a breath against Sapnap's neck, "Right, sure."

A yelp followed and Sapnap could just barely see George's neck craning backwards, "Don't be a brat, Kitten." Dream's tone had a heavy hint of warning in it.

"You could have come with us." George's voice was strained from the angle Dream was holding his head at.

Dream rolled his eyes exaggeratedly, "No I couldn't have and you know that." He let go of George's hair, stepping back and pulling Sapnap with him. "Go get the lube so I can prep Sapnap for you."

Heat flared through Sapnap and a whine built in his throat. His hands finally felt like they could move and one reached up to grasp uselessly at Dream's forearm. "D- daddy?" He managed to gasp out, the combination of having just cum and Dream's overwhelming presence making it hard from him to process everything.

George glanced between them, the deep brown of his gaze burning before he quickly walked away. "Don't do anything without me!"

"He's such a brat," Dream breathed out, his green eyes very obviously tracking George's ass as he went. He turned back to Sapnap as soon as George was out of sight, "You okay, Princess? Can you tell me your color?"

"M green." Sapnap melted against Dream as two of his big fingers traced the line of his jaw.

"Good. I'm going to fuck George while he fucks you. Is that okay, Baby?" Dream pressed a gentle kiss against Sapnap's cheek.

Sapnap nodded quickly, his other hand grasping loosely at the band of Dream's sweats. "Yeah." He managed to say in a breathy voice, cracking slightly at the end.

"Good. Let's get you out of these clothes." Dream stepped back and pulled Sapnap's sweater and shirt off over his head in one swift movement, knocking his hat off his head and to the floor as he did so. "Looked so good swallowing your cum like that. Didn't even question it when George started feeding it to you." He continued in a rough voice as he undid Sapnap's fly and pushed his jeans and boxers off his hips.

He gently pulled Sapnap to step out of his jeans and then further towards the couch. In the back of his mind, Sapnap noted that there were presents sitting under the tree that hadn't been there before. He wasn't fully present enough to ask Dream about it though.

Gentle hands pushed him back onto the couch. Sapnap fell onto it without complaint, registering the pounding footsteps of George racing down the stairs. "I told you not to do anything without me." His voice was whiny as he came into Sapnap's field of vision.

"I didn't." Dream pushed his sweats off his hips, letting his hard cock free. It was red and twitching already.

Sapnap had a feeling that none of them were going to last long.

George rolled his eyes pushing the bottle of lube into Dream's hands. "You stripped him without me."

Dream took the bottle, his large fingers wrapping around the clear plastic. He turned his burning gaze to George, "Kitten, shut up and strip before I make you." The hard tone of his voice made Sapnap's back arch off the couch where it rested. His eyes fluttered closed.

There was an audible click of George's jaw as he must have closed his mouth and then a shuffling noise that made Sapnap assume George was stripping like Dream had told him to. He didn't have it in him to open his eyes so he could watch.

Gentle fingers traced the inside of Sapnap's thighs before pushing the open and up. "Can you hold your legs there for me, Princess?"

Sapnap moved his hands to his thighs, wrapping his fingers around them with a soft noise. His too sensitive cock twitched against his stomach. His body twitched with it, feeling too hot and needy already.

A soft open mouthed kiss pressed into his heel as a lubed finger rubbed over his hole for a moment before pressing in. It made Sapnap arch his back off the couch again with the feeling of being slightly full rushing through him.

With the amount of sex they had been having for the last week Sapnap was already sensitive and felt loose to the touch. He still desperately wanted more, his whole body twitching with it. Sweat gathered in the hair along his temples with the overwhelming heat of his desire.

"Good?" Dream asked in a low gentle tone, his lips brushing gentle burning lines against Sapnap's calf.

Sapnap nodded, not able to make his voice work past the breathy moan breaking in his throat.

"Is he already hard again?" George's voice joined in the cacophony of things overwhelming Sapnap's senses.

"And leaking. He's so easy for us." A second finger pushed in with the first, moving slowly and scissoring Sapnap open. The stretch of it was delicious, adding to the burning heat building in his body.

"Fuck. Surely that's enough. I don't need to be stretched, just take the stupid vibrator out." A hand that must have been George's combed into Sapnap's sweat damp hair and pulled slightly, making pain lace through his scalp.

Dream let out a deep guttural groan that made Sapnap open his eyes. The sight that met him was addicting and sweet. George had his lips latched on Dream's neck, one hand reached around to stroke over his flushed cock.

Sapnap whined, words coming to him without thought, "Daddy, please."

"Fine," Dream huffed out brokenly, pulling his fingers out of Sapnap. "Get your needy cock in his slutty hole, Gogs."

George pulled off Dream's neck, his ivory teeth digging in and leaving dragging red marks in the slightly tanned skin of Dream's neck. "Okay, Pet." He stood up, pushing gently at Dream's shoulder.

Despite the sharp look Dream gave George, he shuffled back out of the way. He sat back on the other side of the couch, idly tugging at his cock and watching both Sapnap and George. It was an entrancing sight, pulling Sapnap's gaze until he was just watching the lazy motions of Dream's wrist.

George blocked his view moments later, settling in the spot that Dream vacated. He ran demanding hands over Sapnap's stretched out thighs. "Look good like this, on your back, needy and wanton."

A thumb pressed into Sapnap's empty hole for one teasing moment before pulling out again. George leaned over Sapnap, one hand braced next to his head on the couch, "You good, Baby?"

"M green," Sapnap answered quickly, panting out a breath before mustering up a single worded question, "You?"

"I'm green, Baby." George gave him a slow smile, "Dream, what about you?"

"Fucking hell, I'm green. Get on with it George, I've been waiting for this since you two got to the fucking mall." Dream groaned the words out with a hint of impatient annoyance in his tone.

There was a secret fond smile that graced George's face as he pressed forward to whisper into Sapnap's ear, "He's such an impatient brat isn't he?"

Despite the question, Sapnap found he couldn't answer as finally George pressed the hard line of his cock into him. It was overwhelmingly good, his body strung out and high off the feelings that he had been bombarded with already. He pushed into the feeling of it, a moan leaking past his lips, echoing his uncontrolled need.

There was a matching much quieter moan in his ear from George as he pressed all the way in until his hips met the heated skin of Sapnap's ass. "Fuck, Baby, you feel so good."

He shifted forward, his other arm coming up to fully bracket Sapnap in. Using the leverage he had, he rocked forward once, twice before stilling again, his lips ghosting over Sapnap's, a whine breathed out into Sapnap's mouth.

"Patience, Gogs," Dream said from above them. Sapnap would have looked up to see him, but he couldn't look away from George's hot gaze, the focus of it capturing him and holding him there.

George whined again. "Fuck, now I feel empty, come on Dreamie, fill me up." He nipped at Sapnap's bottom lip with a hint of cruelty in the way he dug his teeth in.

The pain shot through Sapnap in a delicious way, making him shiver and moan. He rocked his hips against George's still ones, wanting more than the frozen fullness that he currently felt. "Please, Gogy, Daddy, I need more. Please," He whined out mindlessly, begging for one of them to just do something.

"Hold on, Baby. Your Daddy is a horrible tease," George huffed, this time pressing a kiss into the corner of Sapnap's open and gasping mouth.

Heat flared through Sapnap at the easy way the two of them were playing off one another. This had been missing the last few times they had played, but now- now it seemed like Dream and George were so much more in sync than they had been before. It was addicting, and Sapnap knew he was fucked in the best way possible because of it.

"Shut the fuck up, George," Dream growled, one of his big hands wrapping loosely around the long column of George's throat.

Moments later, George was moaning loudly into Sapnap's mouth, his body going tense where he hovered above him. It made Sapnap wiggle, having guessed that Dream had finally put his cock into George. "Please," He whimpered brokenly, just wanting one of them to do something.

He didn't have to wait much longer. Dirty blond hair spilled over George's shoulders; George somehow went deeper into Sapnap as his hips were forced forward by Dream's movements.

It wasn't incredibly coordinated, but all the same, it sent delicious curls of burning hot pleasure whispering through Sapnap. His eyes shut, despite doing his best to fight the need to let them close. He wanted to watch the way George's face screwed up in pleasure. He wanted to see him lose control as he came deep in him.

He was washed up in his own waves of pleasure though, the hazy fog of not needing to be in control grasping his mind and pulling him under. The teasing from before and overstimulation from being aroused so soon after having cum had him cresting to the edge way too fast.

The rolling boiling pleasure washed through him before he fully realized it had hit him. Hot wet cum poured out onto his taunt stomach as the burning heat in his gut pulsed with it.

George gasped against his jaw, hot and moist. "Dream," He whined out, his voice edging higher than Sapnap had heard it before. "Fuck- Sapnap." He cut off in a long low moan and hot wet burning heat filled Sapnap as George lost himself.

Sapnap couldn't find it in him to care that it would be a bitch to clean later, still too lost in the waves of pleasure edging on pain wracking his body. He barely registered the whine of loss George let out before the heat of Dream's legs were pressed against his arm.

The sticky sound of Dream's hand pumping over his dick met his ears and Sapnap cracked an eye open to look. Dream had his large cock pointed towards the already sticky cum-covered mess of Sapnap's chest. His eyes were closed and his face screwed up in one of concentrated pleasure.

His mouth cracked open to let out a low breathy moan, his body going rigid. More wet heat hit Sapnap's chest, mixing with his own cum. Sapnap didn't bother sparing a glance at the mess, too busy watching Dream's face as he lost himself in his own pleasure. He had missed it with George, he sure as shit wasn't missing it with Dream.

"Fuck," Dream breathed out as his shoulders fell into a relaxed stance. "That was fucking good."

"Yeah," George agreed drowsily from between Sapnap's legs. "Sap is a mess though."

Dream cracked one of his eyes open to look hazily down at Sapnap, "Sapnap is always a mess."

Mild joy-filled annoyance filled Sapnap's chest "Hey," He protested weakly, attempting to glare up at Dream.

"Hush." George's hand gently stroked over his side, "I, um, I may have cum in him." George turned to look up at Dream, not a lick of guilt shown in his features despite the falsely guilty tone he used.

"George." Dream's annoyed groan rushed out through his teeth. "Okay, hold on." He glanced around quickly.

Sapnap watched him, wondering what Dream's stupid, but sometimes brilliant, mind was going to come up with. He knew the moment a solution dawned on Dream, his eyes freezing on the Christmas tree and his face lighting up. "Okay. Sapnap you are getting one of your presents early." He took three long strides over to the tree and scooped up one of the boxes.

"What?" Sapnap couldn't help but ask, letting his legs fall around George's hips so that he could sit up slightly.

Dream peeled open the wrapping on the box, "It was one of the things I got for that day that told us to get something for each other's kinks." He threw the wrapping paper to the side, uncaring where

it landed.

Sapnap could see the picture on the side of the box. A metallic looking buttplug with a bright red jewel on the end. “You got me a buttplug?”

“Well, yeah.” Dream shrugged, using one nail to pry up a clear sticker and pull open the box. “You are such a bottom, I thought it would look pretty tucked up in you.”

The flush that dusted his cheeks at the thought of that red jewel nestled between his cheeks was burning hot. “To be clear, I never said I was the bottom out of the three of us.”

“You are, though.” George tapped his hip gently before holding a hand out to Dream. “Give it here so I can put it in as I pull out.”

“Fine, but I want to see.” Dream handed the metallic plug over to George before situating himself to the side and behind him, craning his neck slightly to watch.

“Both of you are tyrants,” Sapnap complained lightly, letting his head fall back onto the couch again.

The feeling of George pulling out was weird as his cum slowly started to leak out. He shivered at the feeling, at the reminder of George’s cum buried deep in him. “Jesus,” he whimpered out.

“Fuck, that’s hot.” Dream groaned. “I just came though, and I don’t have a refractory period nearly as fast as Sapnap’s.”

“Refractory. Big word, Dream,” George shot back.

The cold touch of the metallic butt plug sent a shiver through Sapnap’s body. He wanted to join in on the teasing, but found words eluded him, as his mind fully focused on the pushing feeling of the butt plug spreading him wide before settling in place. As soon as he felt it settle he sat back up to look at both of them.

“Shut up, idiot.” Dream cuffed the back of George’s head.

Sapnap cleared his throat, “Exactly how long do you expect me to wear the plug with George’s cum inside me?”

He knew he shouldn’t have asked that when a sly smile spread across George’s face, “Until morning.”

“Come on.” Sapnap flopped back down and threw his arm over his eyes.

A hand pressed into his stomach, spreading the wet mess over his skin, “I think he should have the cum on him until morning too,” Dream added quietly, almost contemplatively.

“Ew, no. Gross. I won’t cuddle with him then,” George scoffed and the hand on his chest disappeared.

There was an annoyed, exasperated noise that only Dream could have made with the amount of attitude rolled into it. “Fine. I’ll go get something to clean him up.” Soft foot falls sounded through the room followed by the sound of running water from the kitchen.

A soft kiss pressed into his lips before George whispered against them, “You should know how much I love you for telling him that.”

Sapnap moved his arm off his eyes just enough that he could peer at George, “Why’s that?”

“Because getting dried cum out of hair is a bitch and it’s itchy. I would love to see you covered and filled with our cum like the cum slut you are for the rest of the evening, but you should be comfortable while we cuddle.” George sat up again and stretched. He glanced around for a moment, before lifting a hand and grabbing the red fluffy blanket that was draped over the arm of the couch behind him.

“Hm.” Sapnap closed his eyes again and returned his arm over them to block out the light. A yawn overtook him before he could say anything else, strong enough to make his jaw pop.

“Take a nap. We’ll clean you up and cuddle here until you wake up.” George pressed a soft kiss to his temple.

Sapnap relaxed at those words, letting the fog of sleep drift over his mind. “M’kay. Love you,” he slurred out as he fully drifted off, the comfort of George and the knowledge of Dream coming back to clean him up setting him at ease in a way he hadn’t felt in a long time.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

My Writer Twitter is [@AuthorKimb](#)

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Day 22: Vibrator / Semi-Public Sex

December 23rd

Chapter Notes

Hehe, we are in the last stretch guys. Wow...

Anyway enjoy! :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 23rd

Sapnap woke up with a groan. He was never letting George talk him into wearing a butt plug overnight ever again. He shouldn't have let him in the first place, but George was convincing when he was pressing hot kisses over Sapnap's neck. Dream making promises of letting Sapnap fuck one of them didn't help.

Carefully, he rolled out from under the arm draped over his side so that he could finally go take a shower and pull the butt plug out. He was still half asleep as he made his way down the hall to the bathroom. He ran the water until it was warm and then let his sore body relax under the spray of the water.

"Get two very attractive boyfriends out of that stupid calendar, win," He mumbled to himself, letting his fingers idly dance around the edge of the plug still nestled securely inside of him. "Have hot kinky sex with said boyfriends also winning."

He couldn't help scrunching his face as he carefully pulled the butt plug from his aching hole. "Perpetually sore from said hot kinky sex... not so winning." He grimaced as he set it on one of the shower trays.

At least they would be getting a small break soon. He didn't think any of them would last long without getting horny and wanting to fuck, but every day was a lot.

Slowly, he went through the motions of finishing up his shower. He stepped out and wrapped a towel around his waist. His back popped with the motion, releasing some of the tension that had been building up.

On the way out of the bathroom, he caught a glimpse of himself in the overly foggy mirror. It was blurred but he could obviously see the red-purple hickies trailing up his neck to his jaw. He couldn't even remember if it had been Dream or George who had left them there.

When he got back to the bedroom, he found Dream sitting up in bed, sleepily scrolling on his phone with George cuddled into his side, one eye cracked open and watching Dream's screen. They made an adorable sight, and something in Sapnap's chest warmed at the quiet mental reminder that both of them were his now.

"To be clear," he announced, breaking the peaceful atmosphere of Dream and George's cuddle, "I'm never letting either of you convince me to fall asleep with a butt plug in ever again."

George snorted quietly, turning his one open eye to gaze at Sapnap. "It wasn't like it was hard to convince you, Sap."

Dream didn't even glance at him let alone spare him a response. It made Sapnap furrow his brow as he walked to the closet, letting his towel drop so he could pull on a pair of briefs and a shirt. The shirt was definitely too big on him, but he wasn't entirely sure if it was Dream or George's. George's shirt sizes ranged from the same as Sapnap's to the same as Dream's sometimes.

"What's wrong, Dream?" He asked as he let his knee rest on the edge of the bed, considering flopping down on Dream or sandwiching him with George.

"There is a picture of you and George at the mall yesterday," Dream huffed, letting his phone fall to his chest so he could look at Sapnap. His expression was unreadable, but Sapnap could guess something about that picture was annoying Dream.

He reached over and snatched Dream's phone off his chest, looking at the unlocked screen. There was the picture; someone must have sneakily taken it when Sapnap wasn't paying attention. Sapnap hadn't even realized there were people that were looking at him and George in a way that would indicate they recognized them.

To be fair when the picture was taken, he wasn't sure he was aware of much.

It was in the hall leading to the public bathroom that he had blown George in. George was leaning heavily against the wall and Sapnap was covering most of his body with his own, leaning against George in a way that was very obviously intimate.

Sapnap sunk his teeth into his bottom lip. He glanced at Dream momentarily before returning to the phone to scroll more of his Twitter timeline. Dream had his arm draped over his eyes, probably lost in thought, if Sapnap was guessing.

He read a few tweets with the picture attached, trying to figure out what the damage was, if there even was any.

'SNF is real. DNF is dead, DreamNappers never had a chance.'

'I really thought DNN was real after that one stream too... but I guess it was just SNF we didn't know for sure Dream was under the desk.'

'SNF are so boyfriends it's not even funny.'

'OP said they went into the bathroom after too... wonder what they were up to 😊'

'Guys, don't lose hope for Dream, yet. Sapnap has an airpod in. Maybe Dream was on the phone with them.'

That last tweet had a photo attached that was zoomed in on Sapnap's head, circling the blurry airpod in his ear.

"Well..." Sapnap locked the phone, setting it down on the bed. "What do you want to do?"

George tucked his head back against Dream's chest as he spoke, "Well they aren't wrong; Sap and I are boyfriends." His voice came muffled towards the end as he spoke more into Dream's shirt than the open air.

"Yeah, but Dream is too." Sapnap let his eyes settle back on Dream, wishing half his face wasn't covered so that he could try and figure out what his best friend-turned-boyfriend was thinking.

Dream let out a gusty sigh, not moving his arm. "We could tell them."

“Do you want to?” Sapnap asked slowly, settling back on the bed and tucking his leg up so that his thigh would press against Dream’s calf.

Finally, Dream moved his arm, looking first down at the top of George’s head and then at Sapnap. “We have never hidden anything from them for long.” He licked his lips nervously.

Sapnap tried to gauge if Dream was upset about them thinking it was SNF and not all three of them. It would be understandable, Sapnap and George had already had their own crisis around feeling left out. Then again, Dream had been their rock. Sapnap really didn’t want him to go through the same insecurities about their blossoming relationship.

“Say we tell them, what happens next time George and I get spotted out and about without you?” Sapnap hadn’t expected to ask the question in that way, but he knew that if Dream was feeling left out that would probably be the crux of the issue.

Sapnap and George could go out together, but as long as Dream remained faceless, he couldn’t risk going with them.

“What are you getting at, Sapnap?” George’s voice wasn’t muffled anymore and when Sapnap turned his eyes to look at him instead of Dream, he found him sitting up slightly to look at Sapnap with a sleepy gaze.

“He’s saying he thinks I should face reveal,” Dream huffed before clearing his throat in a way that let Sapnap know he was feeling more nervous than he wanted to let on.

Sapnap looked back at Dream, crossing his arms and feeling a little defensive as he spoke, “To be clear you have been talking about it for months. With the fans and with us. I just don’t think it’s entirely fair to you that George and I could go on dates without you. Even if we tell the fans that it’s all of us together in the relationship there will still be that divide.”

A thoughtful look fell on Dream’s face and he looked off to the side, “I guess...” He sighed heavily, one hand moving up to scrub over his face. “I just haven’t felt ready yet.”

“Will you ever feel ready? I mean fully ready?” The question came from George before Sapnap could even bother asking, his gentle brown eyes examining the side of Dream’s face as he fully sat up.

Dream shrugged and a long silence fell between them as both Sapnap and George waited for his reply. His jaw worked as he thought over their words; Sapnap could see the tensing of it stretching his freckled skin.

Finally, the line of tension relaxed in Dream’s shoulders. “Okay. Say I face reveal, do we still tell the fans that the three of us are together?”

Sapnap shrugged, “I don’t have a problem with that. You have to tell them though.”

“Yeah, they like hearing the gossip from you.” George relaxed against Dream, tension that Sapnap hadn’t even been aware of leaking from his back.

“Okay,” Dream breathed out, one arm wrapping around George and the other beckoning for Sapnap to come to him.

The warm, fond feeling from earlier filled Sapnap as he tilted his torso forward to crawl up the bed and settle down, half on top of Dream. Dream’s heavy arm settled across his waist, followed by George’s slim arm falling onto his shoulders.

A comfortable and content silence fell between them, and Sapnap almost wanted to let the warmth of cuddling pull him back into sleep. Before it could fully capture him, Dream's voice broke through the silence, "What's today's thing?"

"Already thinking about sex, Dream?" George asked with a high teasing tone. "Can't get enough of us can you?"

"It's too early," Sapnap whined. "And I just showered," then almost as an afterthought he added, "Plus, I'm sore as fuck. Neither of you are fucking me today."

George snorted, "We don't even know what today is, Darling."

Sapnap patted Dream's chest before pushing up and breaking away from their embrace. He ignored the small, annoyed noise that came from Dream's chest in favor of opening the drawer of his desk to find the coin for the 23rd. He flipped it onto Dream's chest and stretched slowly. "There. Now out; I want to stream."

"Baby." The pout on Dream's face was exaggerated, "I'm comfy." He wrapped his arms tighter around George's shoulders, holding him down and in place against his body.

"Fine, but I'm streaming." He plopped into his chair, booting up his PC.

There was a soft shuffling noise from behind him and George mumbled, "Don't scream, Sapnap."

Sapnap sighed, "Guess I'm not playing Valo then."

He ended up playing some Pokémon, talking quietly so as to not wake up his boyfriends. He ignored all the questions in his chat about the picture that everyone was freaking out about on Twitter, and after one person asked in his donos, he turned them off too.

When he hit the four hour mark, he ended with a sigh, promising he would finish the game eventually. He gave himself a moment to scroll Twitter, watching as some of them bitched at others for asking about the picture. He liked a fanart someone had somehow already done of him walking around with a bunch of Pokémon behind him.

With a long sigh, he shut his computer down before turning around to look at Dream and George. It was beyond him how they were still laying in the bed when he had been live for four hours, but it made more sense when he saw George's chest slowly rising and falling in sleep.

One of Dream's hands was gently carding through George's brown locks, the other had his phone held up as he looked at whatever he had open on it. Sapnap rubbed over his eye before crawling into the bed.

"He slept the whole time?" He asked in a quiet whisper, peering at what Dream was looking at. He had the MCC reddit pulled up, scrolling lazily through the posts.

"Yeah," Dream replied absently, not bothering to lower his voice like Sapnap had.

George whined quietly, still asleep, from what Sapnap could tell. He nuzzled into Dream's shoulder before relaxing again.

The fond smile that spread across Sapnap's face was soft, mirroring the warmth that had saturated the whole day so far. "Lazy bones."

"We should order food soon." Dream locked his phone to look down at Sapnap. "We can talk like

the coin says while we eat.”

“I want wings.” Sapnap squeezed Dream’s waist with his arms before reaching over to tug at George’s hair.

George lazily swatted at his hand. “Stahp,” he whined, his accent thick with sleep.

“Don’t start shit, Sapnap.” Dream grabbed his hand, pinning it to his chest.

“It’s fun though,” Sapnap smiled wide enough his cheeks hurt, he just wanted to mess with George.

George sat up slowly, looking between Sapnap and Dream with sleep heavy eyes. “Why don’t we deviate from the coin a little bit today?” he asked carefully, stretching his arms above his head with a soft yawn.

The blanket fell to pool over his legs and the way he stretched his arms up made his shirt slip up to show a small sliver of his pale skin. Sapnap was going to ask what he meant by that, but he got distracted by the sight George made. It was an even headier sight when he remembered that George was his.

Maybe being with them was starting to get to his head.

“What are you thinking, George?” Dream’s grip on Sapnap’s hand loosened slightly.

“What if we just, I don’t know, made out? Tomorrow is the last day and I’m sure it’s going to be crazy. Sapnap already said he was sore, and I’m not going to lie, so am I.” George’s arms fell to his side and he looked first at Dream, then at Sapnap.

“I’m fine with that.” Sapnap licked over his top lip, “But you two need to brush your teeth. I don’t want to kiss either of you while you have morning breath.”

“Shut up,” Dream bit out, his hand letting go of Sapnap’s to wrap around his head and grab onto his hair. “We all know you don’t actually care,” he said before sinking his teeth into Sapnap’s bottom lip.

Sapnap let out a soft whine in distaste before sinking into Dream. It quickly devolved into them kissing in slow movements, nothing heated about it. Either way, Sapnap could feel his thoughts bleed from his mind until he was lost in the motions.

Gentle kisses were being pressed into his neck. A few moments later, they were followed by Dream pulling his head back with a soft gasping breath. Sapnap didn’t have time to think before George was pulling him in for a soft messy kiss.

His kiss with George didn’t last as long as Dream’s. Despite falling into the kiss so easily, Dream pulled him off with a rough noise. He held Sapnap in place with his one hand, the other coming up to grip George’s chin as he pulled him in for a rough kiss.

Heat polled in Sapnap’s stomach at the sight and a soft whine built in his throat, “Can we-” His voice cracked and he forced himself to restart, “Can we still get off?”

Dream pulled away from George so he could look over at Sapnap. “Are you hard already, Princess?”

Sapnap squirmed, glancing down at himself. The evidence was fairly obvious, the line of his cock tenting the front of his boxers. Still, he gave Dream the verbal answer he knew he was looking for,

“Yeah.” His voice came out high and breathy.

“I don’t know...” Dream glanced back at George, “Should we let him cum even after he complained about being sore this morning?”

“George said he was sore too,” Sapnap whined, his hand drifting down to palm over his aching cock. It felt different than sex had felt the last few days. Sapnap didn’t feel hazy or spaced out, but it was still hot. Everything about Dream and George was hot.

George snorted, reaching over to move Sapnap’s hand off himself, “I don’t see why we can’t give one another hand jobs. Just to release the tension.” His hand slipped into Sapnap’s boxers and pulled his cock out.

Sapnap’s hair moved with the long breath Dream let out. “Fine. I guess we can.”

His hand moved from George’s jaw, down his chest, and to his sleep shorts. It was entrancing watching Dream’s big hand dip below the hem of his shorts and pull out George’s flushed cock. It shouldn’t have been so hot, not with everything else they had done over the course of the calendar, but still heat flushed through Sapnap at the sight.

“Come on, Sap.” Dream’s voice pulled him out of his trance.

He reached forward and let his fingers teasingly run along the outline of Dream’s cock, trying hard to not let the slow rhythm George had started distract him from the task. Only when he heard a small frustrated noise leave his lips did he let his hand slip under the hem of Dream’s sweat pants and boxers.

“Fuck, Baby,” Dream groaned when Sapnap’s hand finally gripped around his dick.

George’s hand sped up over Sapnap’s cock, reminding him exactly what was going on. He couldn’t just spend his sweet time teasing Dream until he was strung out and pinned him down and took what he wanted. That was something they could do on a different day.

He matched his pace with George’s hand once he had pulled Dream’s dick free from his clothes. He wasn’t sure he had the mind to not match the quick pace George had set.

“Come here,” George groaned, one hand pulled Sapnap into a rough kiss, his teeth nipping slightly before he licked into his mouth.

The heat that had been gradually pooling in Sapnap’s stomach roared into a fire a lot faster than he wanted it to. Idly, he blamed it on how sensitive his body felt.

“I’m not going to last long,” Dream admitted moments later, his voice low with his moan. “You two are so fucking gorgeous.”

George smirked against his lips for a moment before pressing his tongue sloppily into his mouth, pressing Sapnap’s tongue down and licking against the back of his teeth.

The feeling of it combined with the overwhelming sensation of Dream watching them had Sapnap’s body locking up as he came. Heat washed through him in pulsing waves, as his cum landed messily on his shirt and his boxers.

His hand froze on Dream’s cock as he lost himself to mindless pleasure. When he finally gathered his wits about him, one of Dream’s big hands had wrapped around his and was forcing his hand to move along the length of his dick.

George was holding him fast against his mouth, breathy moans being pressed into his mouth as he gasped loudly in a way that made Sapnap assume he had cum. Dream wasn't far behind, his own moans joining the noises in the room. Wet cum landed on Sapnap's hand, warm and slimy.

The hold George had on him slackened, letting Sapnap pull back to look down at the mess they had made of his bed. Most of their cum had landed on their clothes and hands, but there was a streak of it that was slowly seeping into his blanket.

"Man" His shoulders fell, "guess we are sleeping in George's bed tonight."

A soft wheezing chuckle came from Dream, "Yeah. Or we could make mine..."

"How many times have we washed sheets in the last two weeks?" George asked, his hand carefully pulling off of Sapnap's slowly softening cock. The cum on his fingers dripped onto the blanket and Sapnap grimaced at the added mess.

"I don't know." Dream yawned and let go of Sapnap's hand and George's dick. "We should shower and really order food. I'm fucking hungry." He wiped his hands on the blanket and stood up with a stretch

Sapnap perked up at the reminder that they had been planning on ordering food, ignoring the added mess. "Wait, to be clear, I still want wings."

Both Dream and George laughed at that, "We'll get you wings, Baby. Now let's get cleaned up."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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Day 23: Favorite Things from the Calendar

December 24th

Chapter Notes

I was going to wait to post this considering everything that is going on, but I just want this out there and done with it. Sitting here trying to decide when to post it was making me more sick to my stomach and stressing me out so I just don't want to worry about it anymore.

I'm not even expecting anyone to keep reading this, but I did finish it so I'm going to let those who want to finish it finish it.

I love you all.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 24th:

The sigh that left Sapnap's lips was heavy. Dream and George were arguing about skins for some video George wanted to do. The Discord chat was flying by taking either Dream or George's side. Sapnap wasn't listening close enough to take a side but on principle he was going to take Dream's.

George had pushed him out of bed that morning with some excuse about needing to wrap presents. Sapnap's eyes wandered from the chat over to where there were two innocent looking Amazon packages on his desk. Maybe it wasn't an excuse.

Sapnap needed to wrap his presents that he had bought for that calendar task. Everything else he had either wrapped as soon as it came in or paid the extra money for it to come wrapped. Of course that hadn't been what he was thinking about when he ordered the cock rings and collars.

"Sapnap." George whined over his headphones, "Tell Dream to wear the skin."

Sapnap looked back at the screen, "What? No. Both of you shut up." He caught one chat message and really, he was tired of seeing that shit from their fans. "Chat, shut up about me being a third wheel. I'm not." He crossed his arms and forced himself to look away from the scrolling messages.

Both Dream and George fell silent in their arguing for a moment. Finally. It felt more bitter than sweet though. He preferred listening to their arguing than the tense silence that fell.

He knew Dream had started this podcast with the intention of telling the fans about their relationship. That was why he and George had hopped on, but it hadn't happened yet. Maybe Sapnap was just grumpy because he was hungry or something. His food was still thirty minutes away though.

"Well... guys he's not." Dream started talking slowly, obviously responding to something he had seen in chat. "Look, we-" He coughed, static crackling over Sapnap's headphones, "We have something to tell you."

Sapnap muted his mic, no way in hell was Dream going to rope him into saying anything. Sure, he wanted the fans to know, but he certainly wasn't going to be the one to tell them that Dream Team was actually a throuple.

He couldn't help the small laugh that broke past his lips when George also muted his mic.

"Oh my god. You two really are leaving me alone to explain it." Dream groaned and there was a rustling noise that made Sapnap think he had rubbed over his face, "Fine. Pussies. Look, they are embarrassed, I don't know why, we talked about this literally yesterday- but, okay."

Sapnap unmuted, unable to help the small giggle before saying, "Just say it Dream." He muted again before Dream could reply.

Static crackled over his headphones again as Dream let out a long breath, "Okay, fine, whatever. Sapnap, George and I are all - we are basically like, all dating." He stopped, another gusting breath breaking across the headphones.

"How did that happen?" Dream read out a chat that Sapnap had also seen. There were a lot of other ones that were a mix of 'dnf not real?' and 'DNNERS WINNING' and 'I knew it!' and 'WHAT?!'. It was easy to spot the one that wasn't a mix of everything else.

"Well, Sapnap bought this calendar and we just kind of did it and then we ended up together." Dream truncated the story a lot, but Sapnap wasn't about to correct him.

George however apparently had no qualms in doing so, his mic coming off mute as he started loudly talking over Dream, "No, you explained it wrong! Sapnap bought us the calendar to get you and I to stop DNFing so hard but it worked against him."

"Well, yeah. But then we included him so it doesn't matter." Dream replied, his eye roll audible in his voice.

Sapnap had to interject then, before the story got out of hand too much. He clicked the unmute and started talking over both Dream and George, "To be clear!" He quieted when both of them shut up, "To be clear, it's Punz's fault. He's the one who sent me the link to the stupid thing."

"You still got it." Dream replied, quick as a whip.

"And bought a second one so you could know what every day was." George added before Sapnap could say anything.

"Look, that's not my fault either. I needed to know what you two were about to put me through. I couldn't handle walking in on you two kissing let alone what might come." Sapnap crossed his arms, momentarily forgetting about the audience in the form of all their fans listening to them.

"Woah!" Dream said loudly, cutting off anything George was about to say. "No, we aren't telling you guys what the calendar is. Nope."

Sapnap shifted forward, uncrossing his arms so he could rest his elbows on his desk, "Why not, Dream?"

His phone lit up as Dream started trying to make some flimsy excuse as to why they weren't going to tell the fans. It was very obvious their minds had gone into the gutter and they really weren't wrong in some of the things they were speculating about. He grabbed his phone, opening it to a text from Punz.

Punz: I have no problems telling them things if you are going to throw me under the bus like that.

As he was reading it a text came through with a tweet from Punz on his alt.

@PunzOP: I found the calendar at a Spencer's guys.

Sapnap burst out laughing, momentarily forgetting about the fact that he wasn't muted and both Dream and George had started arguing again about saying anything more about the damn calendar. He quickly replied to the tweet.

@sapnapalt: Why were you in a Spencer's anyway?

"What's so funny, Sapnap?" George asked in a low tone.

Sapnap glanced up at his screen, his eyes tracking over Dream and George's icon before quickly scanning the chat. It was flying with comments like 'SPENCERS WTF' and 'CHECK TWITTER'

"Punz outed us." Sapnap said around a half nervous laugh, "He has no shame."

There was a long pause as, Sapnap assumed, Dream and George checked Twitter. George's reply came through under Sapnap's, quickly followed by Dream's.

@GeorgeNootFound: Why did you buy it?

@dreamwastaken: You were in a Spencer's the other day, baby.

Dream's voice broke across the silence a moment later, "Alright. I think we have things to do today. So we are going to go."

"Things to do." George echoed with a short laugh.

"Like a calendar task." Sapnap added before he could help himself, a short laugh joining George's still quiet chuckles.

"And bye." Dream left the call without any more words to the fans.

Sapnap watched George leave and then left himself, making the podcast channel close. He scrolled twitter for a few minutes, knowing that Dream and George were probably doing something similar. It was a little concerning when he saw a tweet with a picture of the calendar on it pop up on his timeline. Even more so when the likes on it started to skyrocket.

He shook his head and shut down his computer. They really couldn't keep anything from the fans. He supposed it didn't matter, it wasn't like they would ever truly confirm what the calendar was.

Dream opened his door as he stood up from his desk, "Well... that could have gone better."

He could hear George's sharp laugh from the hallway behind Dream, "They found out we have been fucking every day for like two weeks. Of course it could have gone better."

"We didn't tell them that." Dream turned in the doorway to look back at George. His freckles were in contrast to the slight roseay blush that rose on his cheeks.

The movement let Sapnap catch a glimpse of him standing in the hall with his hip cocked to the side slightly and his head tilted to the side. His eyebrow was raised in a way that said he was mostly teasing. "No, Punz did."

"I have no control over what Punz does or doesn't do." Sapnap raised his hands in a defensive gesture.

“He’s your best friend.” Dream turned to look back at Sapnap, his eyebrows shooting to his hairline. His arms crossed over his chest and his fingers started to drum over his arm.

Sapnap rolled his eyes dramatically. He knew Dream wasn’t seriously upset about the fans knowing, the man had a tendency to overshare with them anyway. “If Punz hadn’t told them you would have in a month.” He took a couple steps forward and slid past Dream and George, “Now I need to wrap presents so you two are going to leave me alone for a few minutes.”

“Our food will be here soon.” George followed him as he took the steps two at a time to grab the wrapping paper out of their entry hall closet.

Sapnap opened the door and grabbed the dark blue paper with snowflakes on it, tape and scissors that George must have just thrown in there when he finished wrapping earlier, “So you two can wait for our food and I’ll wrap.” He turned to find Dream had already laid across the couch and George was standing there looking between both Dream and Sapnap. “Plan?”

“I’m going to go scroll the fallout of us announcing we are dating.” Dream already had his phone out and in front of his face.

“Have fun.” Sapnap went back up to his room, catching the movement of George flopping down on top of Dream out of the corner of his eye as he went.

He closed the door behind him, locking it since both Dream and George had shown they had the tendency to open it without knocking. Despite them knowing he was wrapping things and that they shouldn’t bother him, he still didn’t trust them.

The actual wrapping of the items didn’t take that long. Still, his mind wandered to if Dream or George were going to use them tonight after they opened their calendar presents. How they were going to use them.

What Dream and George had gotten also floated through his mind. He already knew what Dream had gotten for him. The buttplug was still sitting in the shower where he had placed it yesterday morning. At some point one of them would need to grab it and put it up, especially considering Dream’s family was supposed to come over for Christmas morning the next day.

Honestly, Sapnap couldn’t predict either of them well enough in this space to know what they would have gotten. He would have never guessed that Dream would have bought a butt plug for him. With that in mind, he stopped trying to figure it out. There was no point, he would find out that evening anyway.

With the wrapped cock rings and collars in hand he went back downstairs.

The timing ended up being perfect. He caught Dream and George walking into the kitchen with bags of food in their hands. He dumped his presents on top of the now fairly large pile under the tree before following after them, his stomach grumbling at the smell of Panera.

“Food.” He chirped happily, reaching past George to grab his drink and sandwich. “I’m fucking starving.”

“You could have ordered something sooner.” Dream pointed out from where he was already sitting at the table. He was holding his spoon over his soup, his phone in one hand as he scrolled.

Sapnap slid into his chair, unwrapping his sandwich, “Why would I do that when you can pay for me if I wait?” He took a bite of his sandwich, humming at the taste of chicken salad and tomato.

“Sugar baby,” George snickered, setting his salad down and taking a seat as well, “You just enable him by doing it too, Dream.”

“Well.” Dream’s cheeks flushed a pretty pink behind his freckles, “He asks so nicely.”

“Whatever.” George speared a strawberry and some lettuce with his fork. “So we get to open presents today?” He turned his dark eyes to look at Sapnap as he took his bite.

Sapnap swallowed, licking his teeth before he answered, “You obviously already looked so I don’t know why you are looking at me.”

There was a click as Dream locked his phone and set it down, “It’s because you’re cute.” He seamlessly slid the compliment into the conversation, pointing his spoon at Sapnap, “He just won’t admit it, Babe.”

The easy use of the pet name reminded Sapnap of Dream’s reply on Twitter. “So, you going to be using pet names in front of the fans all the time now?”

“Why not? They know we are dating, they should be reminded that we are all with one another. Equally.” There was a creeping tone of jealousy in his voice as he spoke, the way he grit out the words sharp at the end.

Sapnap couldn’t help himself. He set down his sandwich and leaned forward to look straight at Dream’s face as he asked, “Dream, are you jealous?”

Dream’s movements paused, his spoon half way up to his mouth. He glanced first at Sapnap then at George with a wide eyed look, like he had been caught.

“I fucking knew it.” George crowed loudly from next to Sapnap, “He was way too calm yesterday about the photo. Easy to convince us his face reveal is the reason for wanting to tell the fans it’s all three of us in a relationship so soon after we finally get together.”

A slow teasing smile spread across Sapnap’s face, “You were jealous. I thought there was something wrong.”

“Look, I-” Dream cut himself off, putting his spoon back into his soup and looking anywhere but at Sapnap or George, “Yes, okay. I didn’t like that the fans were calling you two each others’ and not mine.”

“Possessive little shit.” A laugh left Sapnap as he said the words, shaking his head in disbelief. “And here I thought you just were being the most well adjusted out of the three of us.” He hadn’t really thought that, just been convinced that Dream could compartmentalize better than that.

One of Dream’s hands raised to cover his face, hiding his embarrassed flush from sight, “Well, I at least wasn’t holding it inside and pretending nothing was wrong.”

“That’s bullshit.” George’s sharp words cut Dream off, “You are better at pretending that nothing is wrong than both me and Sapnap. How long were you going to pretend that yesterday didn’t bother you?”

Dream let his hand dip down to cover his mouth so he could peer at both of them as he spoke, “It wasn’t a problem really. Both of you are making this a bigger deal than it is. I- we- announced that we are together today and I’ll face reveal at like, New Years or something and then it won’t matter.” His voice was muffled by his hand but audible all the same.

“You are just going to call us pet names blatantly so the fans can’t forget.” Sapnap rested his chin on his hand as he raised an inquisitive brow at Dream. He was finding this way more entertaining than he should.

“Well, both of you are mine. I’m allowed to call you pet names, am I not?” Dream finally let his hand drop from his face, moving it to resume eating his soup.

George sighed in an overdramatic way, resuming eating his food as well, “I guess you can.”

A chuckle bubbled from Sapnap’s chest, he couldn’t help it. The mirth he felt at the easy teasing too much to not let it out in some form or fashion. He shook his head and returned to eating his food as well.

“Anyway.” Dream started loudly at the tail end of Sapnap’s laugh. “The fans have been super receptive to the announcement, some of them have even already posted art.”

Dream continued on, talking about the art and some of the tweets he had read. It was easy for Sapnap to tell that Dream was really happy that the fans were accepting it so easily. There wasn’t much surprise about it for Sapnap, honestly. Their fans had always been open minded, and none of them really thought that any of the three of them was entirely straight.

They finished their lunch, the topics flowing from their fans to what their next video would be. When they briefly touched on the topic of Dream’s face reveal, he dodged the questions Sapnap and George had, claiming that he was still thinking about it.

Silence fell between them as they finished their food. Dream pushed the cardboard bowl away, his green eyes glancing first at George then settling on Sapnap, “So… should we open our presents?”

“I’m only getting to open one.” Sapnap let a fake pout take over his expression as he slouched back in his chair, “Someone opened one of mine for me the other night.”

Dream’s hands shot up into a defensive gesture, “It’s not my fault George came in you and you two didn’t want to take a full shower. I was just using the tools I knew I had at my disposal.”

“You could have offered to eat my cum from his ass.” George piped up, his tone way too innocent for the words he was speaking.

A hot flush raced through Sapnap at the words and he quickly stood up from the table before they could devolve anymore. They had presents to open and if they kept going on the track George was starting, he knew they wouldn’t get to it.

“Okay,” He drew out the end of the word, gathering up the items scattered across the table to throw away. “Let’s clean up and then head to the couch.”

As Sapnap walked to the trash can with his hands full he heard Dream mutter to George, “I think he liked that idea too much.”

“We might need to store that thought for later.” Was George’s response, a thoughtfulness to his tone.

Honestly, Sapnap wasn’t sure why he thought dating his two best friends was a good idea. They knew all his buttons far too well and would have no qualms using them against him. It was going to always be too easy for them to take him apart even if they were just having a normal conversation.

Then again, maybe that made it all so much better.

He glanced back at them as he threw away his armful of trash. Both Dream and George were watching him with dark looks, their eyes tracking his movements. George had trash in his hands, like he had been idly gathering it up as he watched Sapnap. Dream was covering his mouth with one hand, his eyes shone with something way too thoughtful with how lustful they also were.

“Guys, presents. Come on.” Sapnap snapped at them, trying to dislodge whatever thoughts were brewing behind their eyes.

George rolled his eyes, standing up from the table, “We can mess with him later.” He said, turning to look at Dream, “After we let the baby open his single present.”

“Spoiled brat.” Dream agreed with amusement lacing his tone, when his hand dropped to scoop up his own third of the trash a small smile was also curling the left side of his mouth up.

“He is.” George agreed, his eyes going back to Sapnap as he walked up to him. The way he leaned around Sapnap to get to the trash left his breath coming short, their bodies not quite touching anywhere, but his eyes heavy with intent as he dropped it in without looking. “That’s your fault, Dream.”

“I know.” Dream’s voice came from much closer than Sapnap expected, and he had to tear his eyes away from George’s heavy gaze to find Dream standing next to them, dropping his trash into the can too.

There was always something about the way that they tended to talk about him like he wasn’t there that sent hot bolts through Sapnap, leaving his legs feeling a little weaker and his mind a little emptier.

“Whatever.” He manages to gasp out as he slipped sideways away from both of them, “Let’s just finish up this stupid calendar. We made it this far.”

He didn’t check to see if they followed him to the living room. They would have to if they wanted to keep messing with him, and if they wanted to open the presents they had gotten. He settled onto his chair, letting his legs spread open slightly.

George plopped onto the couch moments later, “I get why Dream calls you princess now.”

“Oh?” Sapnap asked, watching Dream grab the presents he had set down only a short while ago, along with three other packages. He jerked his eyes back to George as Dream started to set them out for them to open.

“Mhm.” George let himself fall sideways on the couch, his eyes pinning Sapnap in place as he brought one hand up to rest his cheek on his fist.

Sapnap waited for him to reply, only to end up with Dream tossing one package onto his lap.
“Okay, so should George and I open one first?”

“Um.” Sapnap glanced at the two packages on George’s lap, “Yeah. Then I can open my one and then you two can open your second ones.” He settled back into his chair, glancing down at the messily wrapped package in his lap.

“Okay, I’m going first.” George’s voice pulled his eyes to him just in time for him to see the paper rip away from the package holding the cock rings he had picked out for him. “Someone wants to be denied.” George commented lightly, his lips twisting into a sideways smile as he glanced up at

Sapnap again.

Heat rushed to Sapnap's cheeks and he looked away from George to find Dream looking at the cockrings, "Dream? Your turn." He was never going to admit to how bad his voice cracked over Dream's name.

Thankfully, for once Dream and George didn't tease him for his voice crack. To be fair, they had plenty of other things to tease him about at that moment. Sapnap's choice in presents was more telling than he thought it was honestly.

Dream ripped open the messy packaging that covered George's present to him. He held up a pair of handcuffs, a snort leaving him as he flipped them around. Sapnap recognized them. They were the same lime green fuzzy handcuffs George had been looking at in the Spencer's two days before.

"When did you get those?" He asked, looking away from the handcuffs to George's face.

"I ordered them the day the calendar told us too. I just thought it was funny that they were in that Spencer's so I was looking at them." George had a matching smile to Dream's on his face, the small petal pink blush on his cheeks complimenting it.

"What are you two talking about?" Dream asked, sliding the handcuffs onto their coffee table.

"I was looking at them in the Spencer's before you had Sapnap turn the vibrator on." George explained quickly before tilting his chin at Sapnap, "Open yours."

Sapnap licked his lips, dropping his eyes to look down at the package in his lap. Curiosity filled him as he pulled the paper away from whatever George had gotten for him. He threw the paper to the side, looking over the present with amusement. It was a bright red pair of fuzzy cat ears.

"Oh." Sapnap breathed out, something hot rushing through him at the very image it brought to his mind leaving him feeling breathless. Red ears perched on his ears while Dream and George did whatever they wanted. He never thought he would like the thought of something like that, but he seemed to always surprise himself when it came to his boyfriends.

There was a low hum that could have come from either Dream or George, he honestly wasn't paying enough attention to know for sure.

"Looks like he liked that." That was obviously Dream, his words slow like an innocent observation.

Sapnap looked up at them, swallowing heavily before he spoke, "One of you should open your next one."

George gave him a long slow look that made the fire in his stomach burn brighter with hot lust. "We are definitely using that one today." He commented in a low tone.

Sapnap lost any words he could have said in reply to that, instead he looked pointedly at the package in George's lap and clutched uselessly at the ears. With the toys they already had opened he knew that it was going to be an intense scene, still he needed to know what Dream got George and see Dream's reaction to the collars he had gotten for him.

Long fingers peeled open the wrapping of the red paper Dream had used to wrap his presents. Slowly George pulled out three packages of silk rope. A contemplative look took over his face as he examined them slowly.

“You, uh, you’ve made it pretty obvious you like tying us up so I thought I would get you more rope.” Dream’s words were rushed as he explained it, obviously more nervous about his present than George or Sapnap had been.

George’s eyes flicked up to examine Dream, “Yeah. I do like that. It’s-” He paused, his eyes turning up towards the ceiling. “Exhilarating.”

“Big word.” Sapnap muttered, trying to aim for teasing but his voice cracked over a whiny tone instead.

The look George shot him was sharp, but intent. It made Sapnap shiver and tuck his legs up more. “Unlike you, baby, I can keep my words when we have sex.”

Dream snorted loudly, “Don’t make fun of him for going speechless because of us. We do that to him.” There was a ripping noise that pulled Sapnap’s gaze away from George to Dream. The blue paper on the collars was thrown to the side as Dream lifted them up.

One of his fingers ran over the soft leather before his green eyes lifted to pin Sapnap in place, “You want to be collared, Princess?”

“Tied up, collared and denied until he’s crying and shaking.” George’s voice dipped into a low slide, like liquid chocolate pouring over Sapnap.

Sapnap couldn’t help the whine that bubbled in his throat as something hot shot through him at the idea, “I- please.” His eyes flicked restlessly between first George then Dream, unsure where to look. Unsure which one of them was in charge this time.

“Can’t even get through opening presents, can you, Baby.” George stood up, walked over to the chair and kneeled down in front of Sapnap, “You are just so cock-hungry for us, huh?” He slid his hands up Sapnap’s thighs, a small smile on his face as his dark eyes took an assessing look once over of Sapnap.

“Yeah.” Sapnap agreed way too easily, his gaze traveling over George’s too pink lips, damp with spit. He must have licked his lips before kneeling down in front of Sapnap.

Gentle fingers traced along the column of Sapnap’s throat, “He’s our cock-hungry boy.” Dream’s breath ghosted across the side of Sapnap’s face, his lips pressing gently against Sapnap’s cheek.

“True.” George cocked his head to the side. Gently he pried the red ears from Sapnap’s grip, “Let’s put these on, I want to see what you look like with them.” He slid them over Sapnap’s head, the metal band pressed lightly into the side of his temples and the weight of the ears settled easily on top of his head.

“He’s a cat boy.” Dream huffed out a chuckle, his fingers disappearing from Sapnap’s throat only for the soft leather of the collar to settle against his skin.

“Don’t-” Sapnap’s voice cracked and he had to clear his throat roughly before continuing, “Don’t let Twitter hear you say that. They all think I’m a dog boy.”

George pressed forward into Sapnap’s space fully, forcing his legs to spread wide in order to accommodate his frame, “You are our kitten.” He said in a low, dragging tone.

There wasn’t a moment to think as his lips pressed into Sapnap’s roughly. Their slide was as addicting as ever. He pulled back slightly and flicked his tongue out against Sapnap’s lips, “Open your mouth.”

It was easy to listen, to obey Sapnap let his lips fall open, his mind foggy with need and heat. He shuddered as George slid a finger between his lips, pressing down on his tongue roughly. It made Sapnap's jaw ache, but he didn't mind it, not when Dream was pressing wet dragging kisses along the line of the collar, his hands drifting down Sapnap's chest to tweak at his nipples through his shirt.

"So good for us." Dream mumbled quietly, the words muffled by Sapnap's throat.

Sapnap knew he was visibly hard in his shorts, but he didn't really care how easy he was for them. He just wanted them to hurry up and pull his clothes off. He wanted to feel their skin on his. He wanted so much.

He found he couldn't even think about what he wanted anymore when one of George's hands tangled in his hair and pulled his head back into Dream's chest. His fingers drifted out of his mouth, dragging across his bottom lip and down his chin. "So fucking—" George cut himself off, a shuddering breath leaving him.

"What if," Dream moved his head away from Sapnap's neck, his chin digging into Sapnap's shoulder, "What if we didn't use the cock rings right now?"

"Why not?" George's tone was borderline annoyed but mostly curious.

One of Dream's hands drifted up to press two fingers under the leather of the collar around Sapnap's neck, "Because I want to see him cum until he's sensitive from it and begging for us to stop."

The words made Sapnap shudder. If George hadn't already forced his head back, Sapnap would have let his head fall back. Sometimes he forgot that Dream could be just as demanding as George. It was easy when George was so much louder about what he wanted. Dream's words would hit so much harder than George's because of that.

A rough hand ground against his cock, "Yeah, baby? Want to see your Princess cum until he's crying from it?"

The weight of Dream's head moved off of Sapnap's shoulder and teeth grazed over his ear, "Yeah." His breath was hot and moist against Sapnap's skin.

Another shiver ran through Sapnap, his hips arching off his chair into George's hand pressing insistently into his hard and aching cock. It was so much so fast, waves of punishing pleasure washing through him over and over.

"You gonna cum in your shorts, Kitten?" George's fingers wrapped around the line of his cock in his shorts, continuing the motions of his palm grinding against the base.

It took a moment for Sapnap to realize the question was directed at him. His breaths were coming out in soft pants as he tried hard not to just wildly buck his hips into the stimulation of George's hand. "Yeah, please." He managed the words around a high needy moan.

The heat coiling in his stomach was overwhelming. Maybe it was too fast for him to surrender to his first orgasm, but it felt so good. He couldn't control himself.

Sharp pressure on his skin just under the line of the collar pushed him over the edge. Dream's teeth would probably leave indents, but the small spark of pain added to the rolling pleasure was all Sapnap needed to tip over the edge.

His head was hazy and fogging with the pulsing heat as his shorts started to stick to his now cum-damp skin. George didn't stop in his continuous moments until Sapnap was letting out haggard sobbing moans, his hands flying from where they had dug into the sides of the chair to squeeze George's wrist.

"So pretty." Dream whispered into his ear, pulling back away from the chair.

Sapnap immediately missed the heat pressed into his back. He turned his head, pulling his hair from George's loose grasp. His eyes found Dream as he roughly pulled his sweater over his head, his dirty blond curls falling over his forehead.

A hand wrapped around Sapnap's upper arm, "Why don't we get you up and stripped down, Kitten?" George pulled him up gently.

His knees felt a little weak when he put his full weight on them, but George's guiding hands got him up right without issue. He pulled Sapnap's shirt over his head, fixing the ears when they got knocked askew.

Sapnap blinked his eyes slowly, tracking them first to Dream then back to George, "What—" His voice came out a lot softer than he intended and he had to take a moment to collect himself as George's deft fingers slid under the band of his shorts.

"Yes, Princess?" Dream asked, stepping out of his sweat pants. His cock hung heavy and half hard and it was very distracting.

Sharp pain pulled Sapnap's mind back to George, one of his blunt nails digging into Sapnap's bare nipple. Cold air hit Sapnap's damp cock as he roughly pulled his shorts down, the fabric dragging roughly over his ass.

"What about the handcuffs?" He managed the full question this time, even though his voice was still quieter than he intended.

Heat pressed against Sapnap's back and his mind was pulled to the line of Dream's cock pushing against the curve of his bare ass. He couldn't help but slowly grind back into him, wanting Dream to be just as messed up and sex dumb as he felt.

"You want us to handcuff you, Baby?" Dream asked, his big hands grasping onto Sapnap's hips to stop the movement of them. "Not tie you up?"

"I actually agree with him right now." George pressed a kiss to the corner of Sapnap's mouth and dragged his teeth against the line of his jaw before stepping back, "Rope will take longer than I'm willing to wait right now."

"Impatient." Dream breathed out a laugh, the rumble of it vibrating against Sapnap's back.

George glanced back at them as he grabbed the handcuffs off the table, "Maybe, but we have the rest of forever for me to tie both of you up." He pulled the handcuffs roughly from the cardboard holding them and tossed it to the side.

"Hm, I guess that's true." Dream shifted down, the weight of his body pressing into Sapnap's upper back. His stubble dragged against the side of Sapnap's neck, prickly and perfect. A soft kiss was pressed against his jaw before Dream's mouth dipped lower to mouth at the skin neck to the collar again, "'m fucking obsessed with you in this, Sap."

"We will have to get more then." George came back up in front of him. He pulled first one of

Sapnap's wrists then the other forward, sliding the handcuffs on with an easy fluid movement.

Dream groaned quietly, "I like that idea." His teeth scraped against Sapnap's skin as he tugged at the collar with them.

"Color, Sap?" George's hand tugged slightly at the cuffs as the other cupped at his cheek.

Sapnap pressed his cheek into George's hand, taking a moment to bask in the soft affectionate gesture before answering with a quiet, "Green."

"Good." Dream breathed, pulling him back and away from George by his grip on his hip. He danced around Sapnap's body, hooking two of his long fingers around the chain connecting the cuffs. "Come on, Princess."

He walked backwards, dragging Sapnap with him, until his back hit a wall. The hand that wasn't tugging at Sapnap's cuffs wrapped around Sapnap's hip again. He pulled him fully forward, flush with Dream's body.

It was very distracting, the warmth of Dream's skin pressed fully against Sapnap. He couldn't help but cant his hips forward, pushing his still only half hard cock against the hard line of Dream's thigh.

He let his head fall forward against Dream's shoulder, losing himself in the rolling movement of his hips. Dream dug his fingers in, small pressure points of pain, forcing his hips to follow his guiding rhythm.

Heat pooled in Sapnap's gut. He let out a small hiccuping whine. Part of him desperately wanted to grab onto Dream's arm, but his hands were trapped uselessly between their chests. All he could do was dig his nails into the skin under his fingers and lose himself into the feelings coursing through him.

Dream didn't let up, even as hands slid up the back of his thighs to his ass. Fingers dug into the meat of his ass, cruel and intentional in the way they pulled his cheeks apart. "Gonna eat you out while you get off on Dreamie's thigh, Kitten." George's voice was low as he spoke, his breath ghosting over Sapnap's sensitive entrance.

He shuddered uselessly in Dream's grasp. He was struggling to process everything happening, his mind torn between heat and pressure and now wet warmth against his ass.

George pressed an open mouth kiss to one cheek before pressing his tongue into Sapnap. He didn't bother going slow or easing into it, starting up a quick rythm of tongue fucking to match the gringing motions Dream was forcing Sapnap to make now.

"P-please." He hiccuped out, already too close to cumming again. It was swirling, spiraling heat pushing him towards the edge at break neck speed.

Dream and George were too good at taking him apart.

"Cum for Daddy, Princess." Dream's words came out with a broken moan.

Almost as a secondary thought he realized Dream was fully hard against his hip now, damp with his own pre-cum. His second hand that had been loosely looped around the chain holding the cuffs together flew down to also grip onto Sapnap's hips.

He had a feeling he would have twin finger bruises pressed into his skin to match the blotchy

bruises they had pressed into his skin already over the past few days.

His thoughts slid away from him as George pressed a finger in next to his tongue. It wasn't enough to make him full, not with how loose he knew he was from the vigorous fucking they had been doing, but it was a small tease of what was to come.

Sapnap pressed a messy wet kiss against the damp skin of Dream's chest, before biting down as the hot wave of his orgasm washed over him. The tide of it cresting and falling with oversensitive burning waves.

His eyes felt damp when he finally let go of the skin clamped between his teeth. He pulled back and examined the mark with tear blurred vision. There were obvious indents in Dream's shoulder. Sapnap wanted to raise a hand to press a finger against the indents. He was fairly certain that they would bruise from the look of them.

He tugged at the cuffs, looking down at them briefly before lifting both hands together. Part of him was happy George had cuffed him in the front so he could still sort of use his hands, the other part of him longed for the inability to do anything.

Dream let out a low noise when he pressed his thumb into the indents. One of his hands let go to tug Sapnap's hand sharply down by the chain on the handcuffs, "None of that, Princess."

The tongue that had been slowly fucking his ass pulled out and George's voice drifted up to Sapnap's ears, "What is our little kitten doing?" His breath was somehow hot and cool at the same time as it ghosted across Sapnap's sensitive hole.

"He's just leaving marks on me." Dream sounded amused, enough so that Sapnap dragged his eyes away from the mark on his shoulder and up to his face. His lips were quirked in a half smile, his curls hanging sweat-damp across his forehead.

George let out a low hum and a sharp prick of pain raced through Sapnap as his teeth sunk into one of his ass cheeks. It made Sapnap's sensitive cock twitch uselessly against Dream's cum-damp thigh.

A soft whine bubbled up from his throat and he pressed his face forward into Dream's neck. "Gogy, please." He wanted to grab onto Dream again, to hold something as the finger that had been just resting in his ass began to slowly move again.

"George." Dream's voice dipped into an annoyed groan, "Come on get on with it." He sounded impatient, for what Sapnap didn't know. He couldn't dwell on it or pick it apart, his mind sinking into waves of too much too fast as George dragged his finger purposefully over his prostate.

"Ugh." George let out an equally annoyed noise as Dream, dragging his finger out of Sapnap. He stood up, pressing the line of his now naked body against Sapnap's back.

Sapnap wasn't even sure when George had stripped.

The tip of George's cock teased against his oversensitive, heated entrance. "Color, Kitten?" He asked, his chin digging into Sapnap's shoulder.

It took a long moment for Sapnap to catch his breath, his whole body twitching with heat and too much and not enough. He did manage to gasp out a rough, "Green," his voice sounding ruined over the word.

He hadn't even been aware that he had been making enough noise to make his voice sound so

wrecked.

“Don’t cum in him this time, George.” One of Dream’s hands tugged at the cuffs, forcing Sapnap’s hands to lower, his wrists rotating in the cuffs as they went.

The texture of the fuzz dragging along the skin of his wrists was distracting, pulling his focus until his arms were straight down. His fingers grazed along the ling of Dream’s cock clumsily. He could already tell Dream had to be aching from how hot and damp the skin felt at just the barest brush.

“I won’t.” George’s words were hard to process, but part of Sapnap knew he was talking to Dream. It was in that way that Dream and George tended to do. Like he wasn’t there.

He liked that.

His body jerked forward on instinct as George pressed the length of his hard cock into him. He felt like his entire body was an exposed nerve, raw and sensitive. It made him shudder as hands gripped roughly at his hips and held him still for George.

“F-fuck.” Sapnap breathed out against Dream’s neck. His eyelashes felt damp as heat rushed through him again, too much like a roaring wildfire whipped up by strong winds.

A big hand forced his clumsy fingers to wrap around Dream’s dick. “Come on, Princess. Put those hands to use.”

Sapnap really hoped Dream wasn’t expecting him to give him a good handjob. He couldn’t make his mind focus on one thing long enough to give a good handjob.

He didn’t have to worry long as the big hand still wrapped around his fingers slowly started forcing his hand to pump along Dream’s cock, clenching down around his finger to force him into putting the correct pressure and keeping up a good pace.

Sluggishly Sapnap’s dick started to catch back up with what was happening. The overwhelming hot pleasure pulsing through his groin as his cock started to chub up. He wasn’t entirely sure how he was going to manage to cum a third time, but he knew he was well on his way to it.

George didn’t spend any more time teasing him. Maybe he was impatient to chase his own pleasure. Sapnap couldn’t find it in him to care as every racing brutal thrust made the over sensitive skin of his dick grind into Dream’s slick thigh.

Sweat dripped down his back, hot and sticky as heat coiled tighter and tighter in his stomach. He vaguely registered that he was trembling. His entire weight was being held by either Dream or George or both.

He couldn’t contain a loud whining moan that burst from his already hoarse vocal cords. His body felt taut and he threw his head back, his eyes shut tight against the overwhelmed tears that started to gather and leak past the corner of his eyes.

“P-please.” Sapnap gasped out brokenly, feeling strung tight, like he was about to snap. “D-Daddy. G-goggy. Please.” The end of his plea trailed off in a hiccupping whine, being punched out of him by George’s brutal pace.

“Come on, Kitten.” George moaned out against his ear, his lips brushing against his skin, “Cum for us one more time.”

Sapnap wasn’t sure why that did it for him but the building pressure in his body snapped into a

racing hot flood. His entire body twitched with his orgasm, his arms jerking weakly against Dream's manhandling hold on his hand.

Just as he was starting to edge towards too much with the overstimulation of George still fucking into him, George pulled out. He pushed Sapnap's shoulder forward until he was pressed against Dream.

"So fucking good for us, Kitten." He moaned the words before he devolved into panting gasps. Wet heat splattered onto Sapnap's heated skin. It felt almost cool with how hot Sapnap felt.

A big hand laced into his hair and forced his head back from where he had let it land against Dream's chest. The kiss that Dream pressed against his slack lips was sloppy and wet. There were moans that he swallowed down as Dream held him tightly in place. A moment later his mind sluggishly registered dripping wetness sliding down his thigh and dripping off his still cuffed wrist.

"What-" Sapnap paused at the sound of his ruined voice, he wasn't even sure clearing his throat would do anything for him, "What is y'all's obsession with cumming on me?"

"You look so pretty covered in our cum, bitch." George didn't even hesitate to answer, one of his hands rubbing the cooling cum on Sapnap's ass and back into his skin.

Dream's laugh was half a moan. When Sapnap cracked an eye open he saw Dream had a contented happy look plastered across his face. "You two aren't even giving me a moment to bask in this feeling, huh?"

"Nope." Sapnap popped the 'p'. Mirth filled his tired body when Dream rolled his eyes, his head thunking against the wall behind him. "Heh." He couldn't help but breath out the half laugh.

"Fuck." Dream laughed again, his doe eyes fluttering closed, "I don't know why I love you two idiots."

"We like your big dick." George supplied, draping his body back over Sapnaps. He reached one hand forward and grabbed onto Dream's chin to pull him in for a slow kiss.

Sapnap let his eyes close, just giving himself a moment to relax between his two boyfriends. He knew they would uncuff him in a moment and gently guide him upstairs to clean him up. Then they would figure out which of their beds was actually clean and cuddle up on it and take a long nap, but for a moment he just let himself bask in the moment ignoring how sore he already felt and how sensitive his cock was as it brushed against Dream's hip.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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Day 13: Open Presents and use them

The End

Chapter Notes

Like I said in the previous chapter. I was going to wait, but for my own mental health I'm just posting everything. I can't keep holding onto this fic and let myself figure out what to do next considering everything.

Thank you everyone who made it this far and who stuck with me until the end. I appreciate you.

I promise this won't be the end of me writing. I'm going to write more. I'm active on my author twitter there if you want updates from me. I'm still figuring out what exactly I want to do next but I think I'm going to write a PunzNap fic for now.

I love you all so much. Thank you for all the support.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

December 25th:

“You know why Dream calls you Princess?” George started the morning off with a question as Sapnap shuffled into the living room.

He had a fluffy blanket wrapped around his shoulders. The only reason he was even up was because Dream’s family was going to be there soon to open presents and celebrate Christmas with them.

Sapnap hoped Dream’s mom had cooked Christmas lunch and was bringing it too. She made the best meals and he could go for some honey glazed ham on buttery rolls.

“Why?” Sapnap asked in a low sleepy tone as he let himself sprawl across Dream and George’s legs. He could have easily curled up in the chair, but he wanted to cuddle his boyfriends. Sue him.

“Because you walk around like you own the place but don’t do anything to help out.” George’s voice went high and mocking, his hand drifting to Sapnap’s sleep mused hair to tug at it roughly, “And you mooch off his money without anything in return. And-”

“It’s because you look pretty.” Dream interrupted George, finally cuing them in to the fact he was actually listening to their conversation despite being focused on his phone.

Sapnap sat up slightly, slapping George’s hand away from his hair, “What has you so distracted on Christmas morning, Dream?”

Dream sighed heavily, locking his phone. “Sorry, I’m just- I don’t know,” He ran a hand roughly through his hair, his curls getting mussed into a fluffy mess, “Trying to decide what I want to do for my face reveal.”

“What are you thinking?” Sapnap laid back down, turning so he could look up at Dream from his position. He pulled his fluffy blanket tighter around his shoulder, watching Dream’s face intently as his eyes darted around in thought.

"Um—" His brows rose to his hairline, his eyes dragging up to the ceiling before freezing there as he spoke, "I was thinking like a video but also maybe like a livestream with both of you? I don't know. I want to like—" He gave a frustrated sigh, jerking his eyes to look first at George then at Sapnap, "I want to be able to like, edit it so it looks good but also like, I don't know, do something where I can talk to the fans live? But have both of you there with me, because I'm nervous."

"Yeah? We can do that." Sapnap gave Dream a slow tentative smile, "Whatever you want us to do, Dreamie."

George rolled his eyes, letting his head fall to the side so his big brown eyes were peering up to look at Dream, "Well, I don't know about whatever you want, I kind of like to do what I want too. But—" He raised his voice over Sapnap starting to protest, "We can do that if that is what you want to do."

The smile Dream flashed at both of them was bright as he leaned forward and pressed a kiss to the top of George's head, "I love both of you so much."

December 31st:

Sapnap watched Dream spin slowly in his chair, the video he had recorded and edited the day before playing in the background. He knew this was a massive moment for Dream, as much as he had teased him about not face revealing before now.

They had talked more about what Dream wanted to do the evening after Christmas after everything had calmed down. The three of them cuddled up in George's bed as Dream spoke into the darkness of the room.

He had waited a week, staring at the camera for long periods of time while Sapnap and George sat on the bed in his streaming room. They were there as quiet support as Dream worked through all the emotions around face revealing to his millions of fans.

Dream didn't really talk about what he was thinking in those quiet periods of time. He would just stand up, grab their hands, and pull them out of the room to go watch something. He would talk then, about everything that had nothing to do with his face reveal.

He ended up recording it while Sapnap and George were streaming. When George had pressed, asking about why he had done it without them, Dream just shrugged and offered a quiet, "It just felt right."

The video ended, fading to a black screen with text thanking all the fans for their love and support. Sapnap pulled his eyes away from the screen back to Dream, "Ready?" He asked, turning his own chair all the way to the side to look fully at him.

Dream let out a long breath, spinning around one last time before pulling himself up to his desk and clicking over to his OBS. Sapnap glanced at the screen, a small smile drifting across his face as he took in the sight the three of them made in the camera. Dream in the center with him and George on either side.

"As ready as I'll ever be." Dream breathed out a shaky breath and hit the go live button.

George leaned into him, his eyes on the screen. "You really should have a starting soon screen."

"I'm a scuffed streamer." Dream rolled his eyes, casting a fond look over at George. "Face revealing won't change that."

Sapnap leaned into Dream's space, watching the chat start to fly as their fans poured in. Most of them had already been there since Dream had tweeted out that he was going to go live on twitch after the video was done, but it was going significantly faster now that they were live.

"Hello. Hi." Dream shifted back in his chair, raising both arms and letting them fall around Sapnap and George's shoulders, "This is me. This is us all together. I guess it's nice to be able to finally just be us three out in the open now."

Sapnap snorted, not able to ignore the sly look George cast to the side at Dream's words. He leant forward over Dream's desk to hide the heated blush covering his cheeks. Really Dream's words were very innocent and if it wasn't for George's dirty mind and expressive face Sapnap wouldn't have thought anything of it.

As it was though, his mind was lingering over the day he streamed with Dream under the desk and George tormenting him with a vibrator.

"What?" Dream huffed out before he too devolved into wheezing laughs, "You two are horrible, oh my gosh! I'm breaking up with both of you."

"No you aren't." George replied right away, way more collected than either Dream or Sapnap.

Sapnap sat up, ignoring the way the camera definitely showed off his still pink cheeks, "You can't get rid of us now, baby." He pressed a sloppy smacking kiss to Dream's cheek before quickly ducking out of the way as Dream reached up to smack him.

He settled back into his chair a moment later, letting his head rest onto Dream's shoulder as George read off some dono message with a soft look on his face. Really, he wasn't ever really sure why he had been so certain he was a third wheel when he looked at their dynamic live on camera. It was obvious they belonged together, their personalities complementing one another perfectly.

He couldn't find it in himself to regret it though, otherwise he would have never bought the calendar that had ultimately brought them all together. Even if it was originally supposed to be a joke he used to torment Dream and George with.

"Why did you all play along with Sapnap's calendar?" Dream read off the dono message slowly, his nose wrinkling and his eyes darting around as he tried to come up with a message.

Sapnap glanced at George and when he found him with his cheeks stained red and his eyes to the side with a slow smirk on his lips he knew he wasn't going to help Dream out with that question.

Instead he leaned forward and to the side so that he was center frame in front of Dream.

"Tis The Season, I guess."

Chapter End Notes

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End Notes

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